QUÉBEC

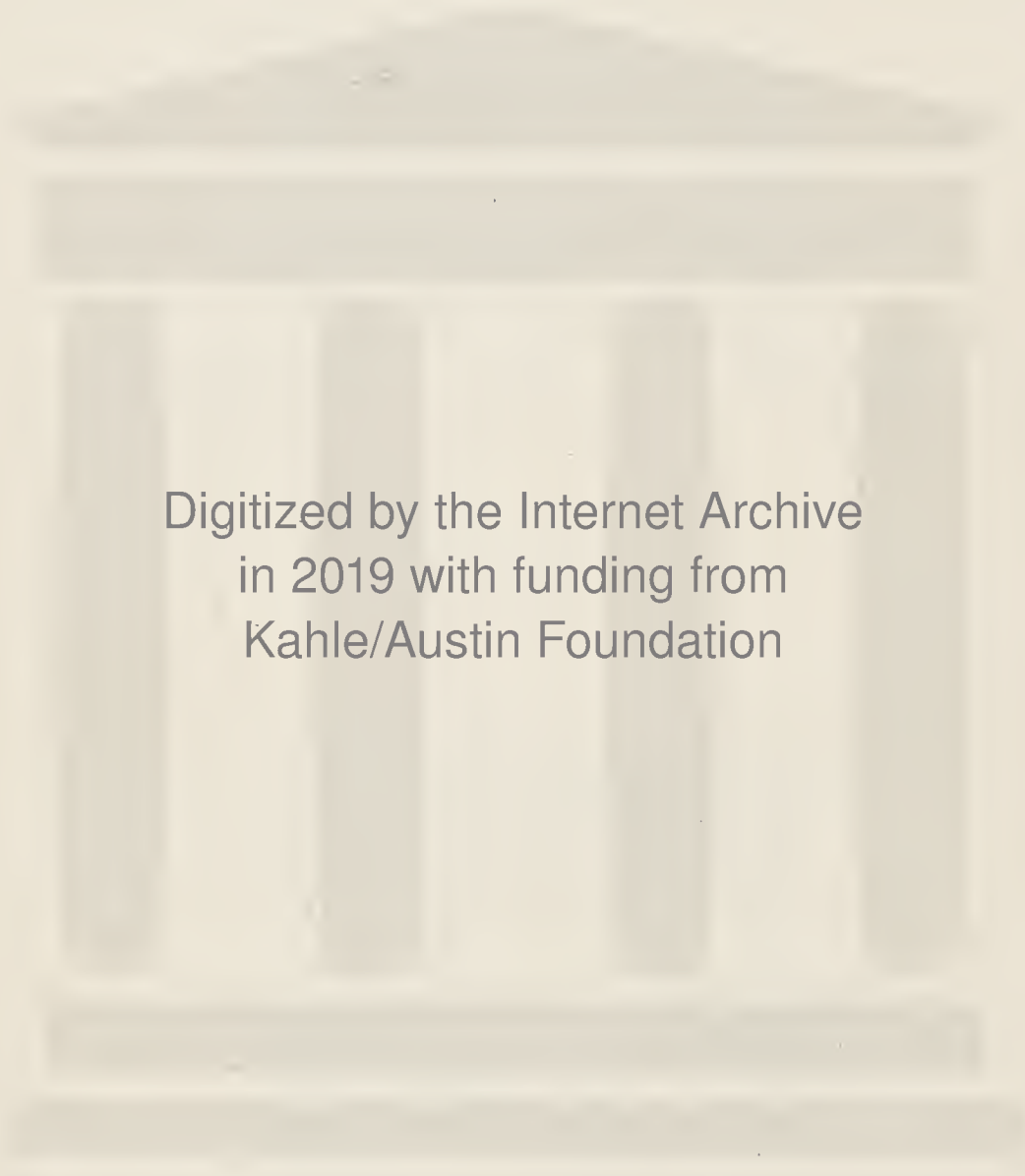
NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



QUEBEC



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/quebecquaintmedi0000rout



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

Founder of Quebec.

QUEBEC

A QUAINT MEDIÆVAL FRENCH CITY
IN AMERICA

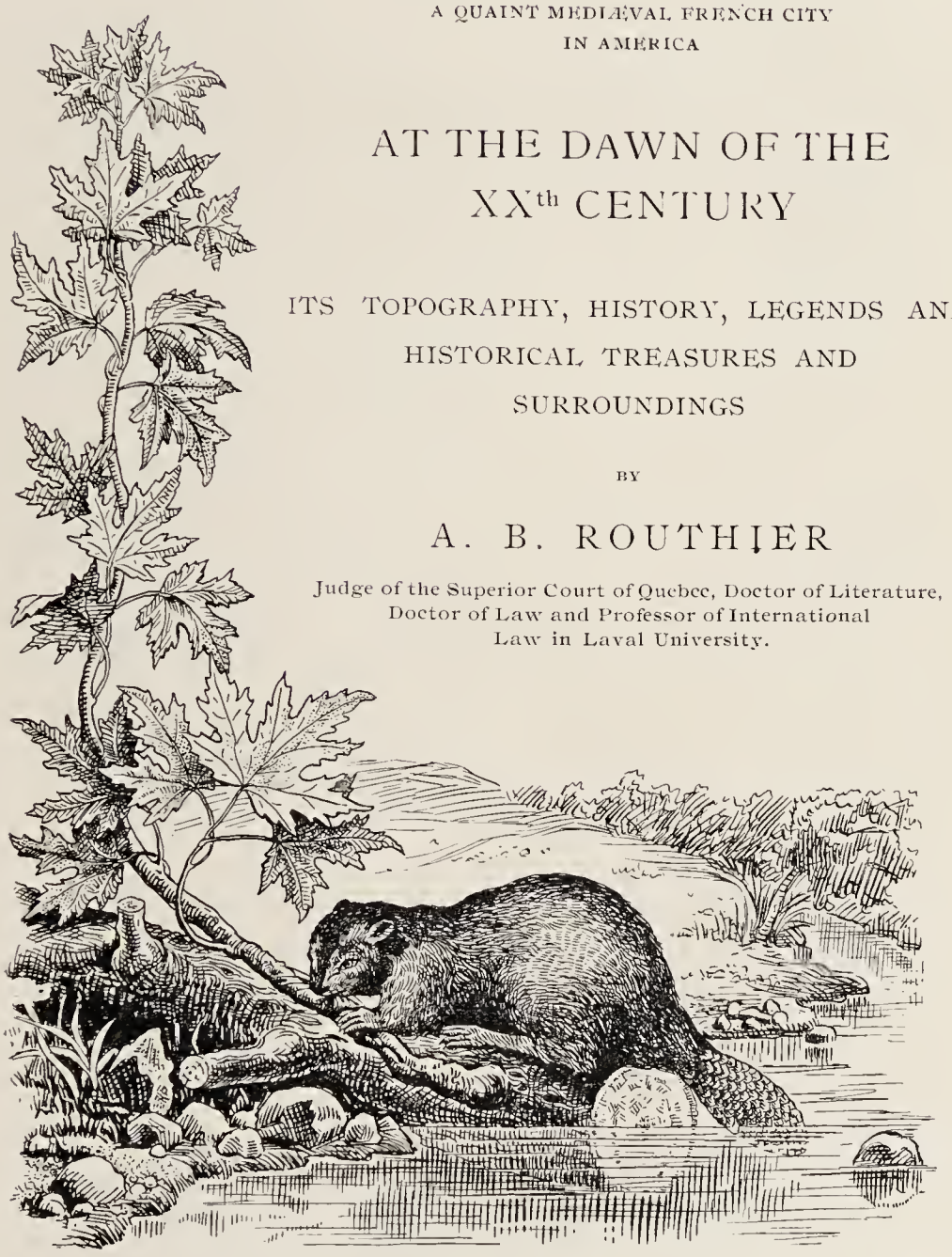
AT THE DAWN OF THE XXth CENTURY

ITS TOPOGRAPHY, HISTORY, LEGENDS AND HISTORICAL TREASURES AND SURROUNDINGS

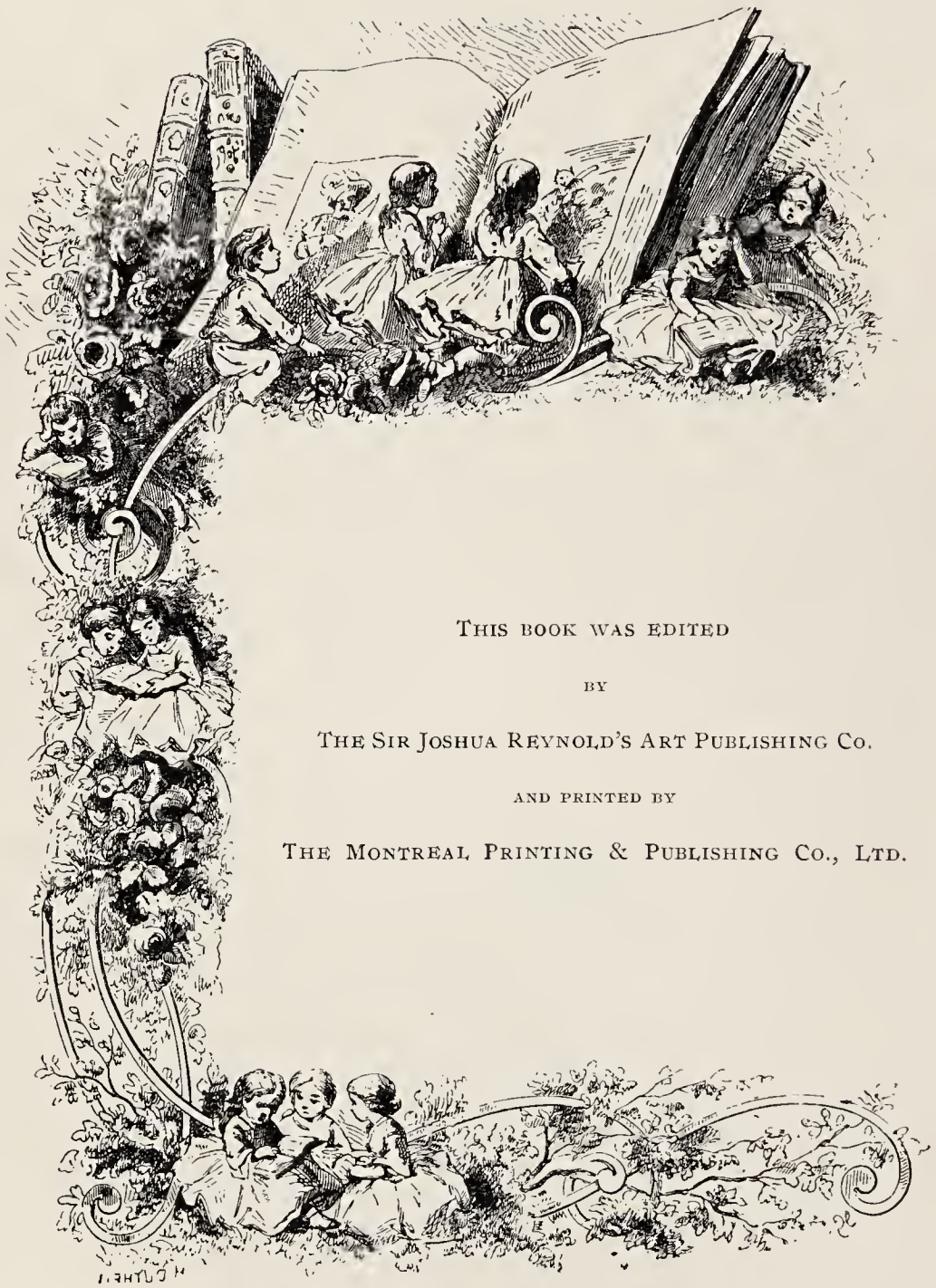
BY

A. B. ROUTHIER

Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, Doctor of Literature, Doctor of Law and Professor of International Law in Laval University.



French Canadian Emblems, the Beaver and Maple Leaf.



THIS BOOK WAS EDITED

BY

THE SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S ART PUBLISHING CO.

AND PRINTED BY

THE MONTREAL PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the year nineteen hundred and four, by the SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S ART PUBLISHING CO.,
of Montreal, at the Department of Agriculture.

DEDICATION

To Her Excellency the Countess of Minto.



Lady Minto,

You have often expressed to me in the beautiful French language which you speak so well, your admiration for our old and picturesque city.

From your terrace on the lofty citadel, you have often looked down on its incomparable beauty, whilst at the same time you contemplated its delightful historical associations.

Your womanly taste and your artistic sensibility have caused you to become deeply attached to old Quebec, from which I conclude that you will appreciate a volume which endeavors to describe the rugged old rock bound object of your admiration and attachment.

I humbly ask you, Lady Minto, to accept the dedication of this book, and to permit your portrait to adorn it.

Accept, Your Excellency, my respectful homage, and the assurance of my sincere devotedness.

A. D. Routhier

185933

Government House, Ottawa.

To the Honorable M. Routhier,
Judge of the Superior Court,
and Court of the Vice-Admiralty,
Quebec.

Your Honor,

It is with pleasure that I accept the dedication of a book, which will cause me to know better, and more fully appreciate the good old City of Quebec.

I would wish each year to reside still longer within its walls, for I have learned to love and admire this beautiful city.

I love it for its picturesque surroundings, its essentially French character, and its glorious historical traditions.

Accept, Your Honor, the expression of my sincere respect.

Mary Minto.



INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD Canada ever produce a poet, who would give to the world a national epic, Quebec might well be chosen as the scene of its narrative. Everything connected with the old City, its site, its history, traditions, are all ready for poetic crystalization; and this ideal City made sacred by the blood of its great men, would be rendered doubly so, through the genius of poetry.

The work would not be difficult; the outline has already been largely sketched in our history. Would it not be easy to transform into demi-gods, the heroes of our wars? Need we invent names and deeds, as Homer and Virgil were obliged to do, in their immortal works? Certainly not, for our national poet would find in our archives the names and exploits of our heroes; he would find them inscribed on our monuments and on our edifices, and deeply engraved in the hearts of our people.

Nor would the marvellous or supernatural element be wanting; for he might easily trace in his poem the hand of Divine Providence, slowly but surely, leading a nation to its destiny. In no other history, perhaps, in no other country, has the finger of God been more visible; while the incomparable beauty of nature on this blessed soil of Quebec, renders

God more present than elsewhere. In a word, it is the summary of the national epic of the Canadian French.

O Quebec! What great and touching recollections does the mention of thy name awake in our souls! What glorious rays shine forth in the luminous halo which crowns thy brow! What endearing shadows play around thee, and stand out in majestic proportions in the mirages of our past!

Quebec is for all lovers of the ideal, a casket of precious stones; a shrine of historical relics, which if approached by sacrilegious hands, would call forth from all sides, a cry of protest.

It is a gallery of paintings, whose pictures bear the mark of the Divine Artist, surpassing in beauty the works of all landscape painters of the world.

Quebec is to the French Canadian what Mecca is to the Mussulman, Jerusalem to the Jew, Rome to the Italian, and Paris to the native of France.

It is the French Canadian national monument, preserved in a block of indestructible granite.

Formerly the capital of a French colony, to-day the capital of an English Province, in the future an independent or colonial city, Quebec has been, is, and will be, by its character, its language and its blood, the France of America.

It is an offshoot of France cultivated by Albion, on American soil, the vitality of which shall survive the primitive forests, whose grateful foliage throws a shadow over the Laurentian hills.

And still harmony prevails, notwithstanding the antinomy of the foundation, and the antithesis of expression of English France and French New England.

An original and charming city, the most interesting of the new world,—with the exception, perhaps, of Mexico,—Quebec is cosmopolitan and attracts to its shores the tourists of the world by the contrast and diversity of its views and its beauty.

It has a touch of the New York Summer, of the Winter of St. Petersburg, and throughout the year, it reminds us of some beautiful city of France, transplanted to British soil.

Being an inland city, and bordering on the coast, Quebec is at the same time maritime, commercial, industrial and military peopled by the aristocracy, as well as the working class; a sea-port frequented by the fleets of the world; a fortress enclosing a city of churches, monasteries, schools, colleges, great edifices and public places.

In attempting to describe Quebec, we compare it with the most picturesque cities of the world: Edinburgh, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples and Constantinople.

Yet all these cities, differing as they do, one from the other, resemble Quebec only in certain points; and all considered, they are inferior to it as regards picturesque and natural beauty,—excepting perhaps, Constantinople, which the writer has not seen.

The Citadel of Gibraltar is higher and more formidable, but in other respects, the superiority of Quebec is incontestable.

The castle of Edinburgh is not unlike our own fortress; but it is much less elevated, less picturesque, and has not the St. Lawrence bathing its base, and encircling it as a girdle.

Viewed from the sea, Algiers is a city of dreams, dazzling with light and colour, and its Kasbah adorns it like a brilliant crown; but if Quebec has not the same eclat, nor the same richness of coloring, this deficiency is certainly made up by the variety of its views, the beauty and grandeur of its surroundings, and the diversity of its perspective.

Naples may be more favorably compared with Quebec, and, beheld from the sea, or from the castle of St. Elmo, it calls forth the admiration of all lovers of beauty.

Each city has its own particular beauty; yet the writer prefers Quebec as seen from Point Levis, the Isle of Orleans, and Charlesbourg; and the panorama which presents itself to the eye from the height of the Citadel and Dufferin Terrace, is in all respects, more lively, varied and interesting.

From whatever point of view we consider it, the characteristic feature of Quebec is its picturesque beauty. But its situation is such, that it is impossible to take it in wholly at a glance. No artist could paint it in a single picture; and a

series of them would fill a gallery of the picturesque, under all its forms; yet it would still be an incomplete picture of this remarkable city.

In order fully to appreciate the beauty of Quebec, and the variety of its aspects, it is indispensable that we should make a tour of it,—not once only, but several times. The tourist should approach it from the East and the West, by land and by water, from the North and from the South; he should leave it, and return to it, now by one entrance, again by another; he should traverse its streets, sometimes driving, but especially on foot, stopping at the corners, glancing at the cross streets, for all are as so many doors opening on new perspectives, some on the country, others across the river; here, over the suburbs, or the wharves; there, over the valleys and surrounding mountains.

He should take in the environs, by boat, by rail, or driving; at night, as well as by day. He should visit the ramparts, on account of the views which they present, and the Citadel, which is a marvel, the public edifices also, as well as the hospitals, the churches, the convents, and the University.

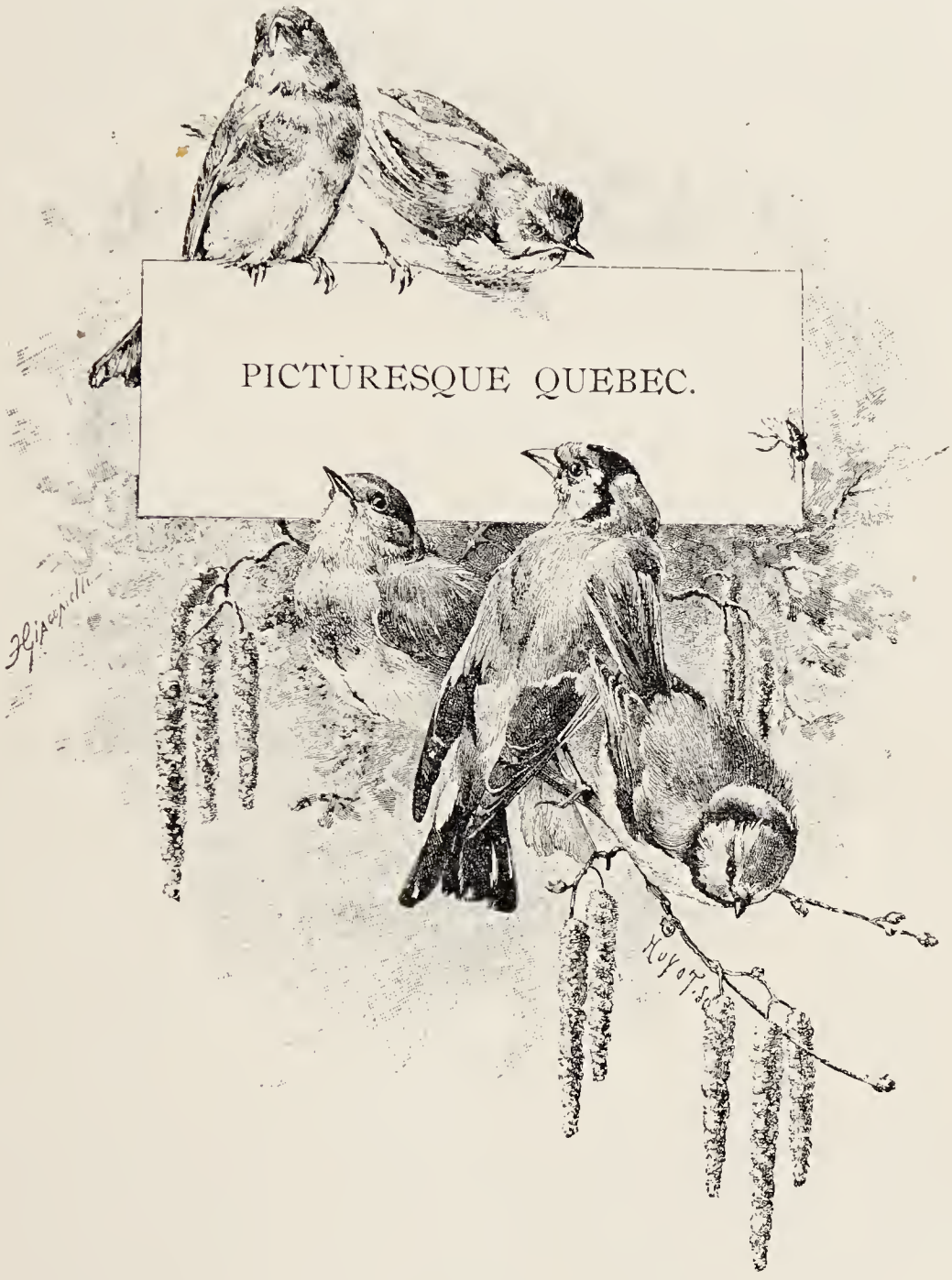
He must linger near the old walls, and make them speak,—stroll through the public places, the gardens, and Dufferin Terrace. Here, above all, his archæological or sentimental promenade should begin and end; this spot is most favorable for him, who loves to soar in the regions of poetry and inspiration, dreaming of the great recollections which are ever associated with this ancient city.

Here, the tourist is captivated by the unknown charm, wafted on the air by the evening breezes. This enchantment is irresistible, and the longer he remains in Quebec, the more it grows.

He who has known and loved Quebec, never forgets it. The characters of the old city become engraved in his memory, as print on paper. Nothing can efface these impressions, and they remain so distinct, that he could never confound them with those of any other city.

To relate its dramatic history, and its legends; to speak of its misfortunes and its grandeur, to paint the beauty and charm of its picturesque nature; to make those places speak which have existed for three centuries; to interrogate the stones of its monuments and of its ruins,—such is the work which has been confided to the writer, and which he undertakes with love, admiration and enthusiasm.




PICTURESQUE QUEBEC.

I

ITS INCOMPARABLE SITE.

"Natura fortis.... et pulchra."

VERY rarely do we find that the picturesque is the work of Art alone; in this particular form of beauty, nature is the great artist. Without compass, chisel or brush, she builds, carves and paints, at every step, marvellous works of beauty.

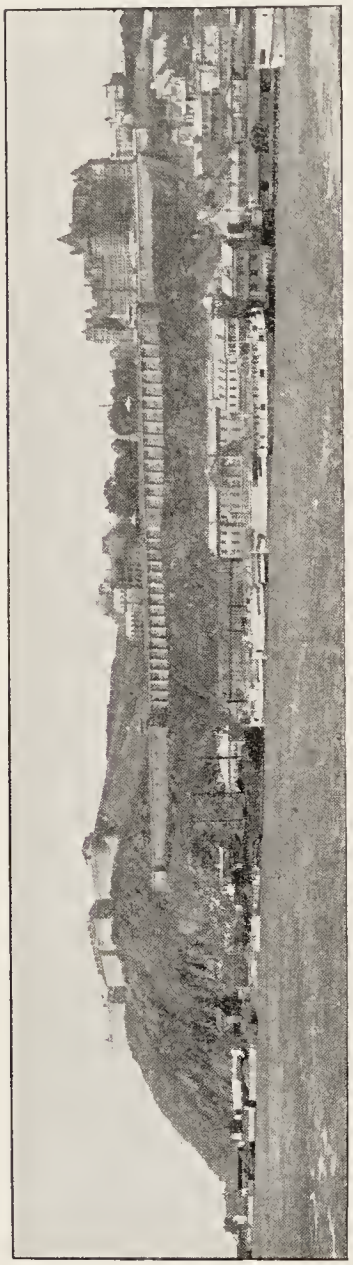
In order that a city which is the work of man, should strike the imagination of the artist, nature must come to its aid, and give to it, waters to bathe its shores, mountains and elevations to serve as a fitting background.

Cities built on the borders of the sea, by a river, or great lake,—or at least on a prominent elevation, can alone be termed picturesque.

A mountain is to a city what a pedestal is to a statue; it is necessary for the setting of the picture.

Great waters serve it as a mirror; they purify, irrigate, and give to it life, movement, and a vast variety of aspects.

Take away the sea from Naples, or the Bosphorus from Constantinople; level the hills, over which rise the cupolas and domes of Rome, and those cities will be despoiled of their artistic appearance.



The Citadel, Dufferin Terrace and Chateau Frontenac.

The Thames and the Seine are not rivers of great extent; and yet without them London and Paris would be shorn of much of their beauty.

The city of Quebec is in this respect, the spoilt child of nature, —built upon a promontory, which is at the same time, a mountain and a peninsula. Encircled almost entirely by the noblest river in the world, and by the humblest of its tributaries, this superb promontory serves as a pedestal to Quebec, having for its boundaries on the south, east and north-east, the River St. Lawrence; on the north and the north-east, the river St. Charles.

This last named stream is not one of great dimensions; yet it does its best to please us; coming down from the summit of the Laurentian Mountains, it gracefully feels its way through woods and prairies, until its fresh salubrious waters reach the city which it loves.

The St. Lawrence, on the other hand, is an admirable work of nature,—a marvel of grandeur and of beauty. In its onward course to the sea, passing by the city of Champlain, it turns towards this charming spot, as though it would linger to caress it still longer,—as though it would extend its arms to embrace it, seeming to regret its

separation; and, if the travellers who glide over its surface, could understand the language of this king of mighty waters, they would probably hear it say: "Behold, my well beloved city, the most beautiful jewel of my crown!"

One would often imagine that it is at rest; yet nothing is so lively, so varied in its movements, as this inexhaustible outlet of the great waters of the West; it is ever advancing to the Ocean, where it is completely engulfed, even as man and his works are swallowed up by death.

Marching onward unceasingly, its waves pass,—sink and disappear, but are replaced by others which impel them. This noble river is the ornament, the charm, and the great attraction of the picturesque city of Quebec.

It surrounds it like a girdle, it fertilizes, nourishes and purifies it, bringing to it wealth and the admiration of all countries.

So immense is it, that in a part of its course, we call it the sea, so powerful, that when a chain of rocks bars its route, it bounds like the Niagara, or breaks forth into tumultuous rapids, the roaring of which can be heard from immense distances.

Anon it is wild, and plays in the midst of solitary forests, mountains, and on uninhabited shores. We might almost imagine that it dreams of those far distant ages, when the Indians alone ploughed its waters in their light canoes.

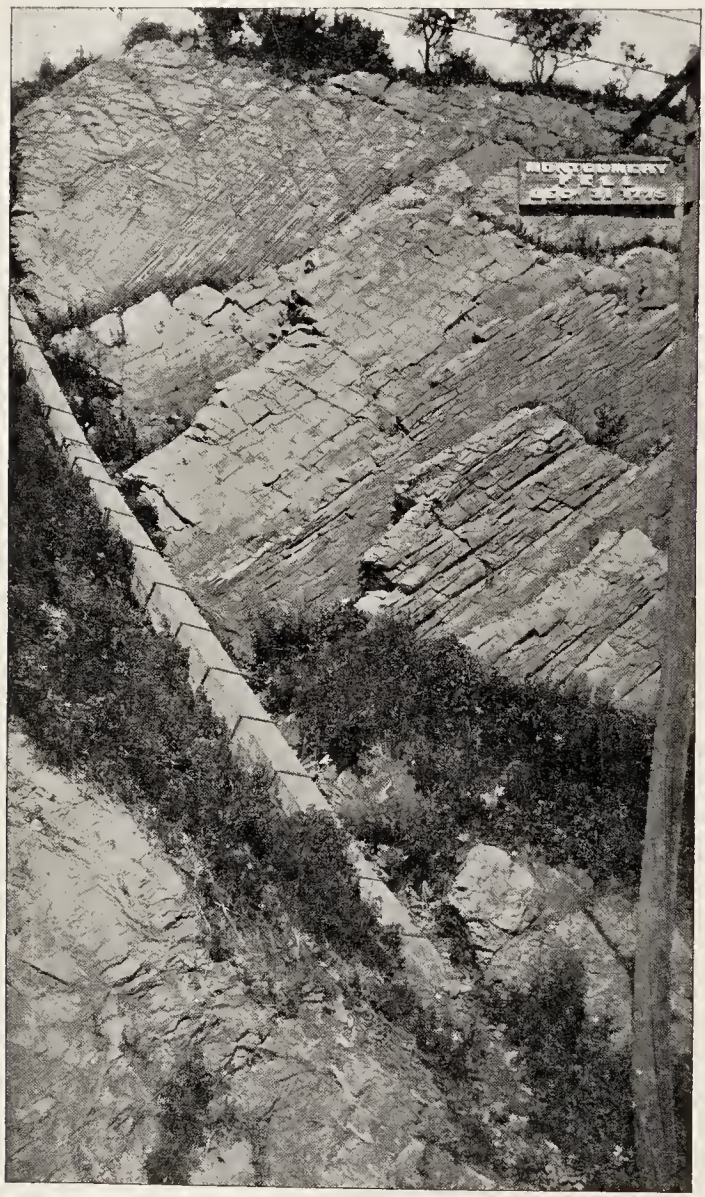
Again it smiles at civilization, becomes the motor power of industry and commerce, and the principal factor of the prosperity of great cities.

Active and indefatigable, it employs its strength in the service of man, and bears on its surface the wealth of nature and the products of human industry; yet it will not permit us to reduce it to slavery, or to stay it in its passage. It wishes to be free, hastening onward untiringly to the end of its course. Adverse winds have struggled against it, but their only effect has been to make it break forth in rapturous song, expressing its triumph in marvellous stanzas.

Old as the world, young as the springtide, it dates back to

prehistoric epochs, bearing in its memory the days when the first sons of Adam lived on its coasts, and pagan races adored the sun. To-day it lavishes its wealth on Christian people, who gather on its shores.

It brings to Quebec the wealth of the East and the West. It transports to other countries the products of Canadian fields and forests, and bears along, with the ebb and flow of its deep waters, the rich and the poor, seeking other lands.



Inscription showing the spot were Montgomery fell, on the 31st December 1775.

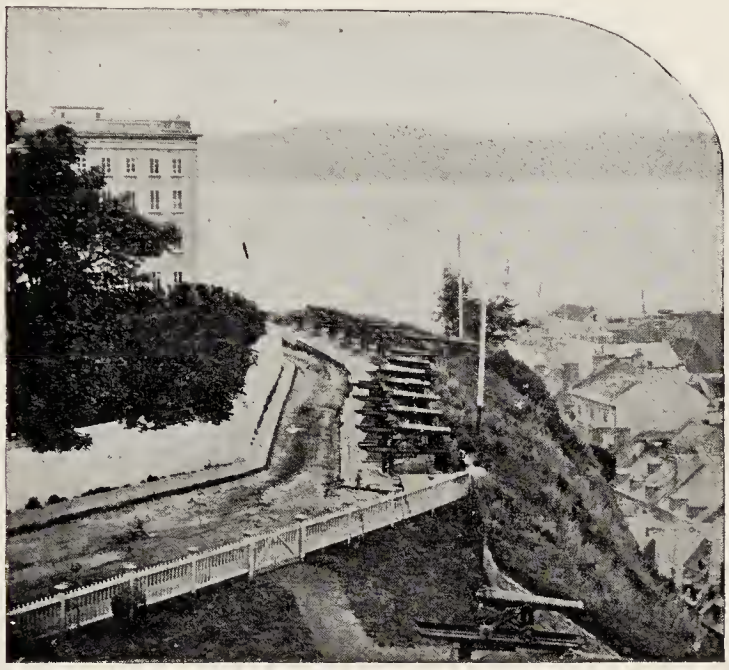
But this charming river is not the only attractive point in the picturesque beauty of Quebec. It has also its mountain, its rocks towering one above the other, harmoniously grouped, through whose castellated sky lines, sunshine and shadows play in fantastic forms at dawn and in the twilight.

This lofty promontory is also, for the City of Champlain, a natural fortress, — a marvellous rampart, beyond the power of man to construct, — sinking deeply beneath

the river, and sloping upward to the height of a hundred feet.

It is not only remarkable for its formidable dimensions, but also for its artistic appearance, and forms a worthy pedestal for the beautiful city that lies peacefully on its bosom.

As an observatory, its site is without an equal, and it is unrivalled in its ever-changing perspectives. So striking are the features of this natural outport guarding the entrance of the St. Lawrence that, as we stand on its summit, watching this noble river flowing at its feet, our thoughts are raised to the Eternal and unchanging God, who wisely directs the movements of nature.



The University Battery.

From the South, where the enemy would naturally approach, it is cut perpendicularly, and rises like a Chinese wall. Montgomery paid with his life, the daring attempt he made to scale its heights.

On the North side, it gradually becomes lower, forming as it were, the most extensive and regular of amphitheatres having for its arena, the river St. Charles and its pleasant valley, and for its horizon another amphitheatre still more colossal and elevated, the Laurentide hills.

As we scale its heights, the horizon grows under our eyes, and offers to us at each step, new objects for our admiration. At every turn, we discover new beauties. Perspective succeeds perspective in a train of dazzling and majestic gradations;

and contemplating the grandeur of the spectacle, together with the variety of its aspects, we are at a loss which to admire most.

The superb chain of the Laurentides away in the North, the graceful Isle of Orleans, with its wood-clad hills on the East, the high promontories of Levis on the South, and finally the rock of Quebec, at the base of which the great St. Lawrence, with its tributary the St. Charles, murmur and sparkle,—all form a majestic panorama, whose giant-like proportions stand out silhouetted against the sky.

Certainly, this colisenm of nature is a magnificent work, and the man who laid there the foundations of a city, had within him a love for the grand and the beautiful.

In no part of America, would he have been able to find a more picturesque site, or one more in harmony with his designs; for the great Champlain was not a man of haphazard, and it was not by mere accident that he founded our city.

The plan he had in view, was to make of it, what it is to-day: a maritime city, that is, a sea-port, and a powerful fortress, impregnable before an enemy, and a site of unsurpassable natural beauty.

Our city proclaims itself by its coat of arms, as well as its motto: "natura fortis," and the writer would add: "et pulchra;" for nature has made it beautiful, as well as powerful.

It is a curious fact, that the inhabitants of cities, built on lofty places, or on the sea-shore, are proud of these advantages. Jerusalem, Rome and Paris have only hills, but the inhabitants of these cities have dignified them with the name of mountains.

Take, for instance, London extolling the Thames, Bordeaux the Garonne, or Marseilles the Rhone. How reasonable would be the pride of those cities, if they had the River St. Lawrence, or Cape Diamond.

Man's taste for mountain heights, finds its origin in God Himself, who showed his preference for them. David calls them the foot-stool of the Lord; and almost in every case, it

was from their summits that He manifested Himself to the world. To prove this, it will suffice to mention the names of Sinai, Horeb, Thabor, Calvary and Olivet.

We have, therefore, good reason to proclaim the site of Quebec incomparable. The mountain, on which this city is built, the rivers which bathe it, the promontories of the South with their high cliffs, the Isle of Orleans, with its graceful hills, its woods and its villages, and all that varied outline of the North, with its chain of mountains, its range of white houses and fertile valleys, reaching even to the borders of the rivers, form together a work of picturesque beauty.

Jerusalem has been surnamed the Holy land; Rome, the Eternal City, and Naples the Beautiful. We may call Quebec, the Picturesque City.

II

ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC.

We may enter Quebec by land or by water, by rail, or boat and the aspect of the city differs very much, according to the way we reach it. Approaching it by the river, it strikes us as being enveloped in a certain mystery, somewhat wild and uncouth, but full of grandeur. Lofty undulating cliffs, covered with sombre woods, profoundly enclose our majestic river. Between these two giant-like ramparts of verdure, the boat glides rapidly. Silently and solemnly, as to a sacred place. All the passengers are on the deck of the steamer, eagerly scanning with curious eyes, the city they are approaching, but as yet we have not reached it, and promontories succeed promontories, more and more rugged and wild, enveloped in forests, uninhabited and sombre.

Finally houses are presented to our view, in the calm and shady recesses along the shore. Points of land project into

the water as though to arrest the giant in its course; but as it narrows, the river becomes more rapid. Villages squatted at the feet of the cliffs and perched on projecting headlands, invite to repose. Steeples of churches may be seen towering over the waters, whose placid surface reflects as a mirror, those long graceful sentinels pointing to heaven.



Church of Saint-Colombus, at Sillery.

Here is St. Felix of Cap-Rouge, concealed in a solitary recess, between two promontories clothed in sombre colors....

There is Sillery proud and erect on its Cape of Slate, and doing centry duty at the gates of Quebec.

To the right a procession of steeples lines the flanks of the hill; Saint-Romuald, Saint-David de l'Auberivière, Notre-Dame and Saint-Joseph; it would appear as though the two promontories of Quebec and of Levis joined together in the distance and quite closed the horizon. But the river, in its almighty and powerful flow, laughs at these obstacles and if it appears to conceal itself before the high rocks of Levis, it is but to twine around Cape Diamond and to amorously clasp the City of Champlain in its deep waters.

To the left, the promontory suddenly becomes steep and no

signs of vegetation are visible. The bare rock stands out at a height of nearly five hundred feet and assumes quite a wild and primitive appearance. Its denuded flanks full of crevices and ravines, look like petrifications of antediluvian monsters upon whose backs are seen colossal bones.

At the foot a single row of poor and crumbling houses, lines the rotting wharves whose worn out foundations drag in the river as would a fringe in tatters.

At the summit are haughty bastions, massive walls and the mouths of guns.



Convent of Jesus-Mary, at Sillery.

Is that Quebec? No. The City is so situated, that coming from the west it is reached without being seen. Wait a moment. The boat is about to round this Cyclopean Cape and you will then behold a most picturesque corner of the city.

See, there are wharves which stretch out in succession at the foot of the steep perpendicular bank; there are vessels seen on the widened horizon; there are markets, stores, shops and large warehouses; it is a portion of the commercial and maritime city.

Now raise your eyes and see how grand the scenery suddenly becomes. It is as though some mysterious magician

had by his wand, caused this fairy-like transformation, and each revolution of the boat's paddle-wheel causes new splendours to be unveiled to your vision.

Gradually the promontory subsides and upon its verdant declivities the city presently appears.

Gaze up there and admire that row of stone pillars surmounted by an iron railing and elegant kiosks ; that is Dufferin terrace which is about thirteen hundred feet long, it is suspended two hundred feet above your head, and promenaders lean over its railing to witness your arrival.

Contemplate that chateau, the architecture of which is of the middle ages, boldly perched on the edge of the cragged rock, above lower town and the suburbs, and see the staggering height of its turrets, towers and steeples ; that is the Chateau Frontenac.

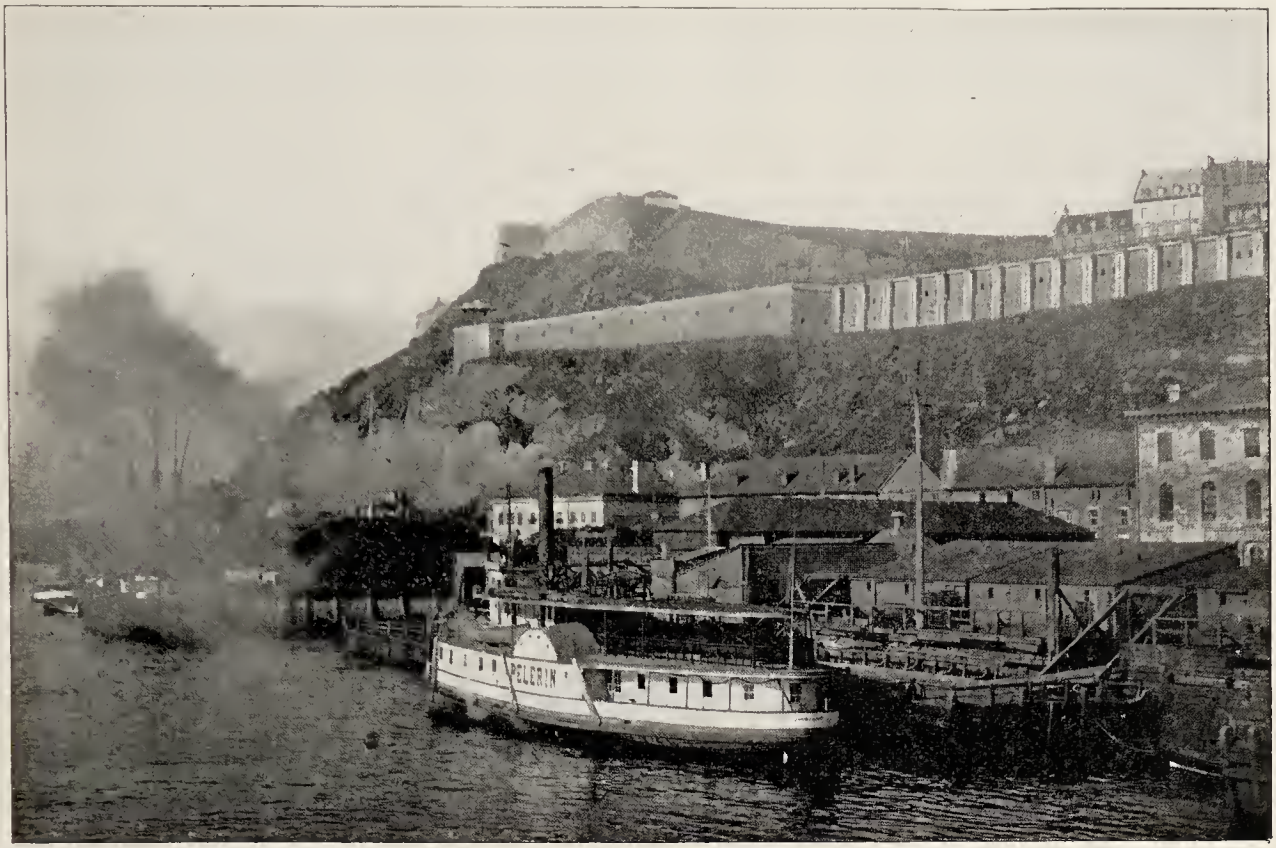
Near by is a garden full of huge trees and through this mass of foliage can be seen an obelisk of stone.

Further on, behind a curtain of great elm and poplar trees, long buildings crowned with cupolas appear ; these are Laval University and the Quebec Seminary.

And there, on a level with the river, is the Custom House, watching over the port from the height of its harmonious vaults and bathing in the waters its handsome Corinthian colonnade.

But it would appear as though the boat was about to pass on without stopping at Quebec. That is because the tide is going down and in order to make up to the wharf and thereby face the swift current which bears her on, she must go far out of her course.

The view then becomes more extensive, and soon do you see the larger buildings of Upper town : the two cathedrals English and French, with their lofty steeples, the Court House with its majestic portico, the City Hall, the roof only of which is in view, and the Parliament Buildings, with their high towers proudly projecting on the distant horizon, in the midst of a group of churches, the steeples of which alone are visible.





The Citadel viewed from the Port.
The Terrace and lower Town viewed from the Citadel.

Before you, the Isle of Orleans sets forth its harmonious curves between the two arms of the river in which it is clasped. To the right the cliffs of Levis and their pretty villas claim your attention and seem to say : " Give us at least a glance as you pass by ! " To the left the shores of Beaupre smile upon you, the Montmorency Fall Waves its white robe and calls you, and further north are green mountains and gentle undulations ; valleys are open to your view displaying their smiling villages, with white houses dotting the green meadows and the uneven beach, while the edges of the river are lined with points, creeks and steeples.

This is the ideal picture with which Quebec will greet you if you reach it from the west by boat. But should you reach it from the east your first glimpse of our picturesque city may perhaps appear to you still more seductive as you will then view it suddenly and entirely.

No doubt you have visited museums or basilicas in which some celebrated painting was kept carefully concealed by a curtain. That is no doubt the most beautiful, most uncommon and most valuable of the whole collection and your emotion is but natural when you are waiting for the keeper of the museum or the sexton, to remove the veil which conceals from your view the famous master-piece.

Well ! this is the kind of emotion which greets the arrival of Europeans in Quebec, as they get within a very short distance of the famous city, Point Levis veils it for a long time from their view.

But the psychologic moment at last comes when this thick veil is suddenly raised and the enchanting scene is then presented to view with all its picturesque beauty.

If it be morning it glitters and stands out with admirably pure lines and colors. If it be at the close of day the setting sun throws upon the front of the scene, a ray of light, and shades of the azure skies, intermingled with flashes of gold, serve but to enhance its beauty.

Towards the end of May 1884, one Saturday night at about six o'clock, I was returning from Europe on board the Parisian

and never shall I forget the fairy-like scene which greeted my fond and admiring gaze.

The panorama was an ideal one, assuming a regular form, and displayed from the luminous watery surface to the vaulted azure skies, upon which were expanded, as a huge adornment the stone, copper and slate projections of our Monumental City.



Montmorency Falls.

It had the appearance of a poem in stone, written in cuneiform type and embossed upon the faint pink evening glimmers. It was a mountain of buildings in varied shapes from which were seen projecting porticoes, facades, colonnades, steeples, towers, conical shaped roofings, steep pinions and domes, the whole crowned by the old fortress whence floated the British ensign at a height of five hundred feet.

Slowly the steamer was making way through the deep waters of our port, the most beautiful in the world, leaving bright flashes on her track. Behind, Levis appeared as though

on fire owing to the reflection of the sun's rays from the windows of the houses. Forward the shores were lined with wharves to which were moored steamboats and sail boats; large warehouses and factories were also in sight. The high funnels of vessels, red, yellow, black or striped in various colors intermingled with masts and riggings, and in the air floated flags of all nations.

The sight was one never to be forgotten.



Mountain Hill.

But to land on the wharf at Quebec is not all. It is not a city like others which you can suddenly penetrate. One must ascend its heights or scale its walls. Metaphorically speaking, the tourist must arduously conquer it and reach it by stages.

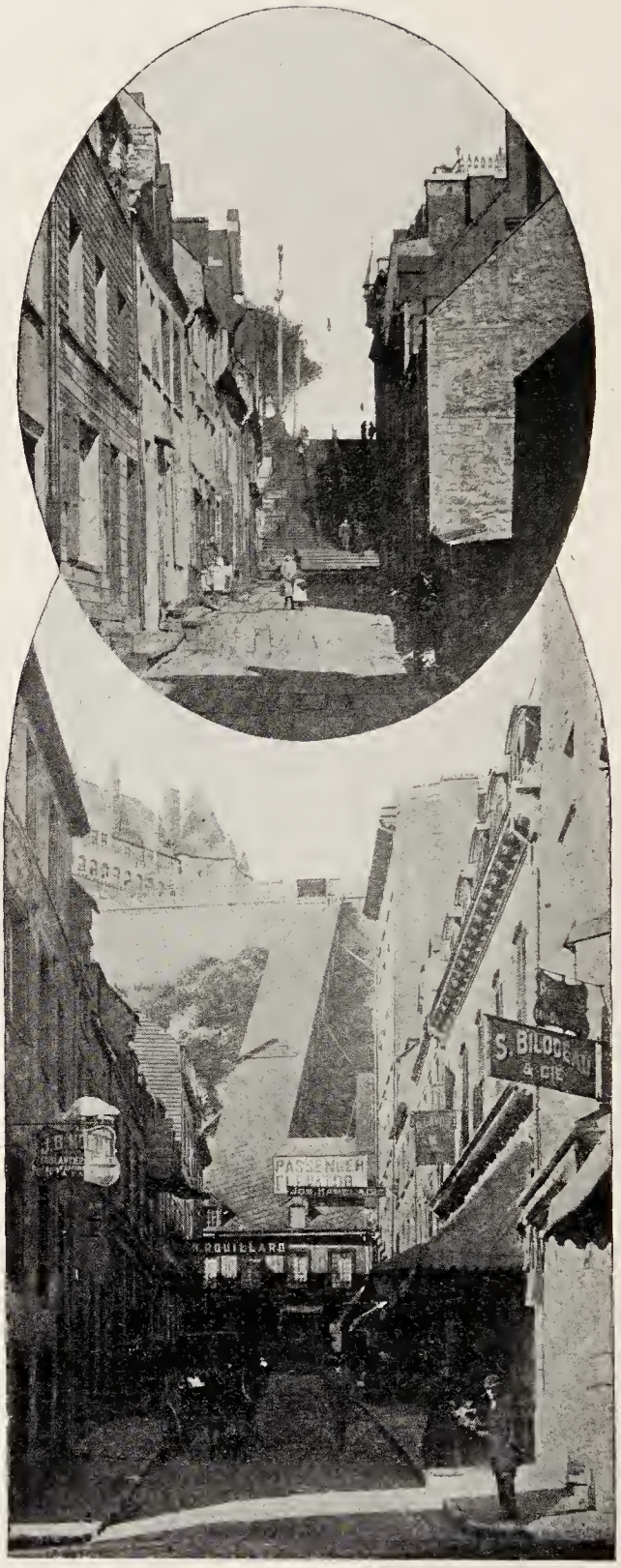
But in stopping at each landing, and looking around, the sights which he beholds amply reward him. And upon reaching the summit he proudly exclaims : "At last I have conquered it, that proud and mighty city." Truly, but his own conquest has also taken place.

Supposing the tourist arrives from Montreal, Levis, or from

the lower ports by boat, and that he wishes to treat himself to the pleasure of climbing up on foot through the mass of suspended gardens, terraces, esplanades, bastions and towers which he saw from the river.

On leaving the wharf, he sees before him an inaccessible rock, straight cut and of about one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, and surmounted by a wall and a kiosk upon which some solitary dreamer is musing.

Oh! how he longs to reach that point! How beautiful the scenery must be from such an elevation! But how to get there? A road to the left; it is Mountain Hill. And the tourist walks on while his body is forcibly bent owing to the steepness of the land. He however wishes to see, and



Little Champlain street and Under-the-Fort street.

after a hundred steps or so he raises his head. Before him is a shop of humble appearance, from the roof of which is suspended a scout turret and a hand bearing the inscription "Look here and up there." Here is a huge iron staircase having the appearance of an immense funnel which descends into a tubular shaped street known as Champlain street.

Above, a corner of the terrace and the upper stories of the Chateau Frontenac are in view. This is the first stop and after casting an admiring glance on his surroundings the tourist resumes his upward march to the right, passing by a series of houses built against each other and having the appearance of a colossal staircase.

See, there is a suspended garden where urchins are yelling at play. It is on a slope and looks as though it would tumble down the hill. But no, its foundation is so solid that it serves as a support for a second suspended garden. The tourist continues his up hill walk, but stops again and wonders what to do next. Will he take a rest among the flowers and trees of the garden, will he go on following the steep round with many windings as though it were an enormous spiral ? Or will he climb that other iron staircase on his left, in order to get sooner to his journey's end ? If he be young, sprightly and in haste, he will rush for the cast iron steps, and after having reached the top, if he wishes for another staircase to shorten his road, he will find two or three of them to the left, which will lead him to the terrace. "At last ! I have reached the extreme summit," will he inwardly say, transported with admiration, and expanding his lungs at the sight of the marvellous spectacle which will be presented to his view.

But no, this is not the extreme summit, more steps to mount will bring him in view of another garden in rear of the Chatean Frontenac ; and finally another staircase, the last but not the least, as it has upwards of a hundred steps, will bear him to the crest of the glacis, above which still stands the citadel. That is where he will be rewarded for the pains he has taken, and we can readily predict that he will forget all fatigue and

stand enraptured, finding but these words to express his delight : " Oh ! how beautiful ! Oh ! how beautiful ! "

He will then indeed have before him a sight, quite unique, and of wonderful magnificence and beauty.

Select the most polished genius amongst artists, and ask him for a painting comprising the greatest beauties both natural and artificial, and every strain of his imagination will fail to produce anything so vastly enchanting.

Below, at the foot of a steep declivity, which it would make one giddy to look at, the river Saint Lawrence proudly flows and upon the surface of its deep waters are seen rays of light and deep shadows. In looking at it you are fascinated as by an abyss, of which you are tremblingly measuring the depth.

Perhaps for years past has it been this tourist's dream to visit Quebec and he is now awe-stricken at its fascinating beauty, now that he may gaze upon it to his heart's content. Will he be undeceived ? On the contrary, he will exclaim : " It is still more beautiful than I should ever have fancied."

He seeks comparisons, and if he has seen Constantinople, he will be enraptured with Quebec which will awaken in him all his memories and enthusiasm. Levis will remind him of Scutari, and the river Saint Lawrence, of the Bosphorus. " I am at Stamboul," he will imagine, "on the point of the Serail, and that river called Saint Charles, with the northern arm of the Saint Lawrence, is the Golden Horn."

No doubt the villages on the shores of Beaupre, have not the appearance of large cities such as Galata and Pera, and Levis has not such proportions as Scutari. But the Cape of Quebec is much loftier and more picturesque than the point upon which Constantinople is built, and the heights of Levis present a much bolder and imposing appearance than the hillocks of Scutari.

No doubt the wonderful basin formed by the two arms of the Saint Lawrence and Saint Charles, is not as rich in light and color as the confluent of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus ; the picture which they present, together with the Isle of Orleans, Levis, Quebec and the shores of Beaupre, is dull



THE ESPLANADE.

D'AUTEUIL STREET.

ABRAHAM HILL.

CITADEL HILL.

and stern, as compared to the Oriental cities clothed in white, purple and gold. But its style of beauty is singular, it astonishes the beholder and is beyond all description.

No doubt, Constantinople as seen from the Golden Horn or from Pera with its bright monuments surmounted by pink cupolas, its numbers of ivory minarets, its series of kiosks, its clumps of cypress and turpentine trees, its denticulated walls, and its gardens, presents a more original and dazzling appearance than Quebec. But the irresistible seduction of the Ottoman capital is soon replaced by the most complete disenchantment ; when one has entered the city, and has sauntered around for a few hours, he is disgusted.

At Quebec it is quite the reverse, the more you see of it and the more you study it in its minutest details, the more you admire it. Every step, every street corner, discloses new beauties to you, and unexpected, original and picturesque scenes are met with.

Quebec lacks, what is seen in Constantinople, that is, the disorder of an Asiatic encampment or of a caravansary with its myriads of unwashed people and its ill shaped hovels, that ruin the most beautiful sights. The capital of our Province is built for centuries, with symmetry, with order, and with such harmony as to make of it an architectural synthesis perpetuating its history and allowing one to foretell its future destiny.

This will strike tourists when they see Quebec from the heights of the glacis. From that point they will view the whole city and port with its marvellous surroundings and their vision will be extended as far even as the wooded slopes of the Laurentian Mountains, and they will then be bound to admit that never did they behold a more picturesque or more admirable sight.

III

QUEBEC AT NIGHT

One evening last summer I reached Quebec, by the Lake St. John Railway, shortly before ten o'clock and I was so charmed with the view by night that I wish to describe it, in order to better demonstrate the many beauties which meet the eye of tourists upon reaching our city.

When night comes, every body knows what takes place in the gay world where people are supposed to be amused, though in reality they are very often bored. The great ladies array themselves in their richest gowns, for dinners, theatres or balls. They are clothed in silks and laces, and precious stones sparkle in their hair, on their necks, bosoms and ears.

Well! in summer Quebec assumes the appearance of these grand ladies and at night really presents a most admirable view, when the incandescent rays of Montmorency's electric sun fall upon the city.

Thousands of luminous clusters hover above it. Scintillating stars crown its head and encircle its neck, as though with a tiara of diamonds, and its massive walls appear as if inlaid with carbuncles of dazzling brilliancy.

It is no longer a warlike city but the city of light, the astral city, with its constellations so grouped as to present the picture in all its proud beauty.

They are arrayed one above the other and spread out in parallel lines upon the architectural amphitheatre, they rise in clusters from the shores of the river, up to the mountain top, as processions of vestals bearing the sacred fire.

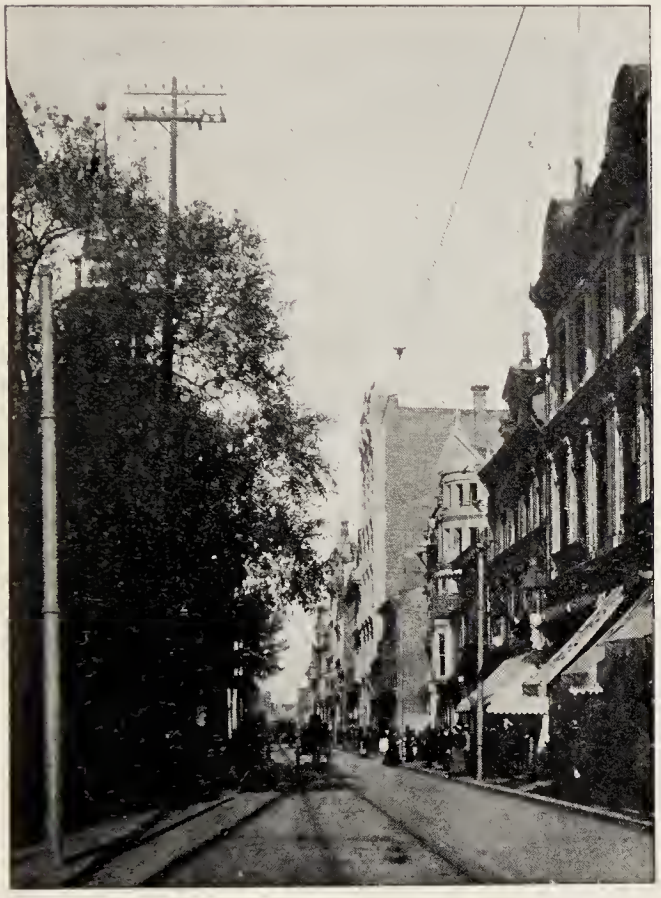
It is a fairy-like illumination, as artistic as an operatic display, and as broad as a part of the starlit heavens. No other city can boast of such wonderful stellar effects.

Coming out from the Laurentian woods, in a dark night, and suddenly viewing this wonderful array of constellations,

one feels as though he had just emerged from the kingdom of death and was suddenly brought in view of the heavenly Jerusalem.

The apparition is so wonderful that it seems unnatural and unearthly.

But no, you are really on earth, beautified by the genius of man, and if you will kindly follow me you will soon ascertain that you are really in the world of the living with all its attractions and joys.



Saint Joseph Street.

We cross the river Saint Charles, in which the bright lights are mirrored and when coming out of the railway station, take an electric car up Saint Joseph street, which is the main thoroughfare of Saint Roch's suburb; from this car are seen crowds of people passing on by the brilliantly illuminated shop windows.

There is enough activity to keep one busy looking around, but we soon leave it and begin our ascent towards the upper town.

The car goes up the first hillock at full speed. Then turns to the left, grating its wheels on the rails and starting off again rapidly.

It goes up and up, the bell rings, the wheels grate and moan, and another lively thoroughfare is passed, Saint John street. Excelsior! higher still we go, there are the Esplanade

and Saint Louis street extending in a westerly direction and sloping towards the east.

Do you now wish to see a spectacle which is unique in the world? Follow me. I will leave the car, go up d'Auteuil street, and climb the glacis.

'Tis cool, solitary, silent. Under foot the sod is thick and the breeze from the heights is fanning my face. It becomes



Saint John street and the gate before its demolishment, showing the famous old bakery.

sharper as I near the cragged edge of the mountain below which flows the great river; and soon the sound of music is heard as though arising from the bottom of an abyss.

An abyss indeed is beneath me and it extends to the sombre depths of the river. But the Terrace is built half way up the mountain and a tremendous crowd is promenading upon it, seen by the glimmer of the electric lights.

The moon rises on the horizon and appears to travel through

the heavens with wonderful speed. But no, it is quite motionless and contemplates Quebec in mute admiration. The black, white and transparent clouds pass it by at great speed and travel west, like a flock of terrified sheep.

Man is made up of shade and light; but he prefers light to shade, and when he suddenly finds himself surrounded by light, his heart expands, and the light effects which I am now allowed to gaze upon are of the most varied and beautiful kind.

When the veil of clouds is lifted from the silver moon it shines in all its beauty upon the sombre heights of Levis, and casts its bright beams upon the waters. Then all other artificial lights vanish and the river assumes the appearance of a huge dark green mat, upon which invisible gamblers seem to be tossing their millions in silver coins.



Place d'Armes Square.

But when the moon becomes hidden by the clouds, the artificial lights are again allowed to display their brilliancy.

Red, green or white stars are mirrored in the river and trails of brilliant clusters hover between Quebec and Levis. Serpentine forms crawl over the waters and their flaming eyes emit phosphorescent glares.

I now descend to the Terrace and am lost in the crowd—for one is as easily lost in a crowd as in the woods—and my mind then finds the time for reflection which it needs. I now go and lean on the railing, looking into the night and inhale the fragrant and balmy air.

The river is at rest and upon its broad surface mottled with lights and shadows are seen the outlines of vessels which also seem at rest, with their night lights hanging from the fore-masts, while other vessels flanked with red or green lanterns silently glide over the waters.

Before me is drowsy nature, peopled with unknown beings, behind me the moving human mass, boisterous and lively with an exuberance of life; thinking, feeling, dreaming and speaking, very often in a meaningless strain.

This scene, illuminated by the wan rays of the moon and by electric lights, has about it a sweet influence seeming to impart a feeling of serene beatitude.

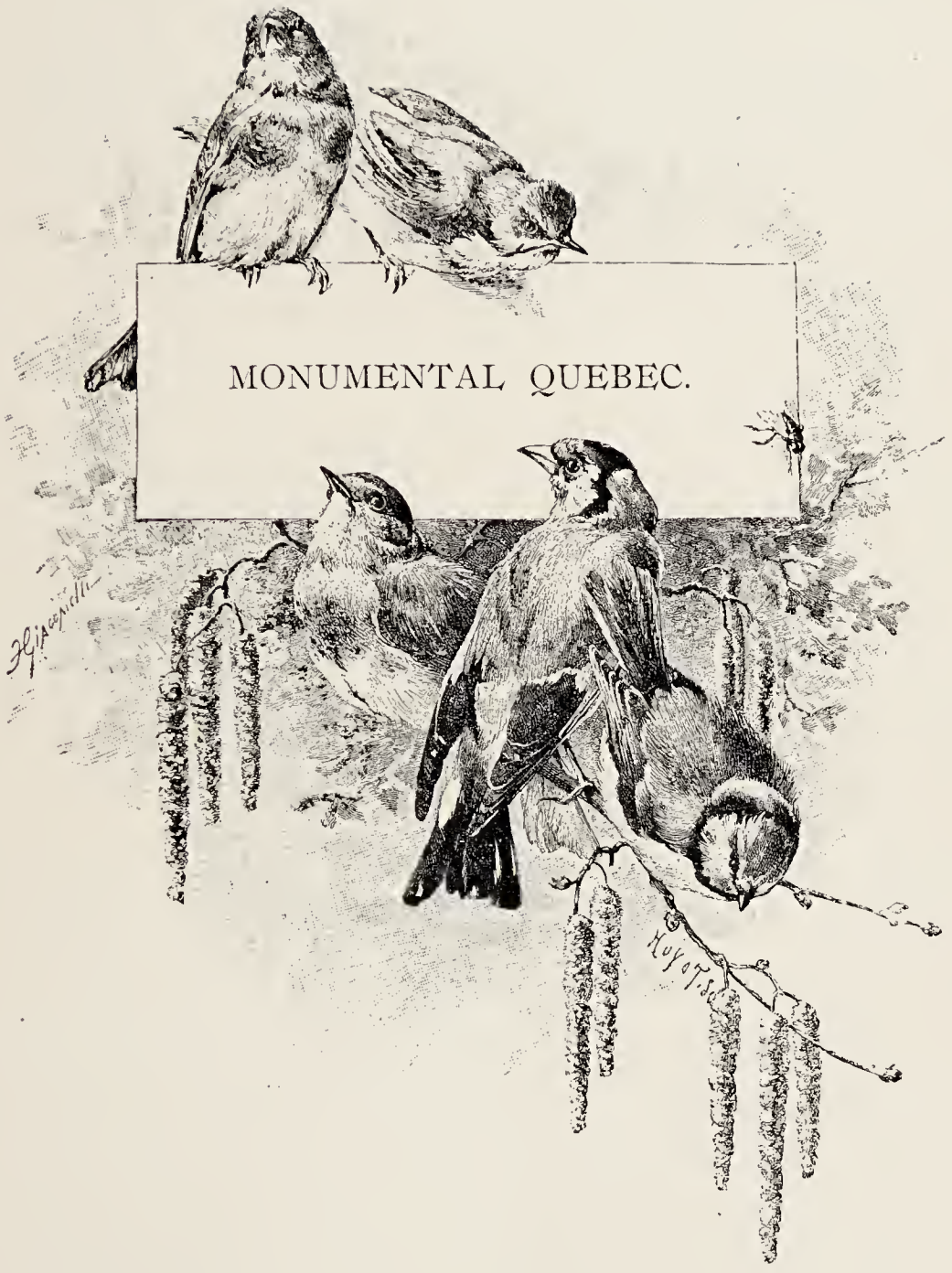
Thousands of women in light and wavy gowns and thousands of men and children now in the uncertain twilight and then in the full moonlight are promenading and meeting there.

Strains from the military band and from the Frontenac orchestra are heard, now the music is loud and warlike and then are heard the soft and captivating strains of a sentimental waltz.

It is long since, the citadel gun has sounded. Eleven o'clock is about to strike from the towers of the Parliament Buildings and City Hall, the crowd gradually disperses, fully resolved to return on the following night.

"C'est l'heure,
Chacun dans sa demeure
Doit s'en aller dormir."

I also am going to bed, and perhaps have I made my reader drowsy; but my inward reflection is "There is no other city in the world which can afford its inhabitants so gorgeous a spectacle on summer nights.


MONUMENTAL QUEBEC.

I

GENERAL VIEW.

THE rock upon which it is built vastly contributes to the beauty of Monumental Quebec. Not only is the foundation solid and boldly carved, but it is also so gracefully graduated that it gives a grand appearance to the most insignificant edifices.

If the houses were built upon a uniform plan and spread along the valley, instead of being perched on top of each other as in a cyclopean stair-case, no notice would they attract and they would lose their special features.

Thanks to this natural slope of the land our great buildings and streets have a particular quaintness which is not met with elsewhere. All the streets extending from east to west might he compared to the landings of a giant stair-case; and all those extending from north to south are hills, most of them steep, so much so that they are in many cases replaced by iron stair ways.

This is a certain disadvantage from a commercial standpoint; but from an artistic point of view and as far as beauty is

concerned, it is an invaluable advantage, thanks to which Quebec, at a distance, has the appearance of a colossal pyramid consisting of structures, facades, pinions, cupolas, turrets and steeples.

Content with its natural beauty, our city has long neglected resorting to artificial embellishments. It was vain enough to exclaim : " I was born beautiful and require no adornments ; simplicity is my leading charm."



Demolishing old Quebec. From a sketch taken outside of the Saint-Louis gate, in 1871.

However, by repeatedly hearing itself called, the old City of Champlain, Quebec began to believe itself an antiquity which could not be touched, and through a spirit of contradiction began to say : " I am old but beautiful " and without other ambition, rested on its laurels, enveloped in the reminiscences of her past glory.

But one fine day, Progress approached her and gently said : " Wake up City of Champlain ! Thou art not a mummy sleeping thy last sleep in a stone pyramid. No, no, new blood is still in thy veins. Rise and go ahead. Widen thy gates,

open those thick walls in which thou art buried as in a tomb, let the air reach thee, enjoy the sun, life and animation."

And the old City of Champlain started. She felt her youth returning. A new spirit seemed to animate her and kindle her dead ambitions. Her old walls were opened, her iron gates unhinged, her streets were widened, levelled and swept. The ruins of old structures were demolished and replaced by more modern buildings, the old Jesuits' College was replaced by the City Hall, and the Chateau Saint-Louis by the Chateau Frontenac.

Where there was nothing, monumental buildings have been put up. And where nothing but hovels and brushwood stood, the Legislative Palace has been erected.

On all the vacant lots, gardens have been laid out and, where at one time there was nothing but weeds, now are seen masses of bright and fragrant flowers.

Churches and houses have sprung up here and there and the building craze has taken possession of our old city to such an extent as to alarm all the antiquarians.

I am neither an antiquarian, nor am I a progressive enthusiast. I love ruins, yet I am pleased to see fine buildings put up. I admire all the improvements which Quebec has undergone, and still I grieve at seeing the old things pass away. I am myself at a loss to account for these feelings.

When I behold the old houses disappearing I am full of conflicting emotions. I am pleased to see them replaced by fine shops and sumptuous dwellings; yet I regret the dear old ones.

I took pleasure in looking at these primitive structures with single stories, pointed roofs and thick walls. "This was built at the time of the French possession of the city," said an old French Canadian to me one day, "see how thick the roof is."

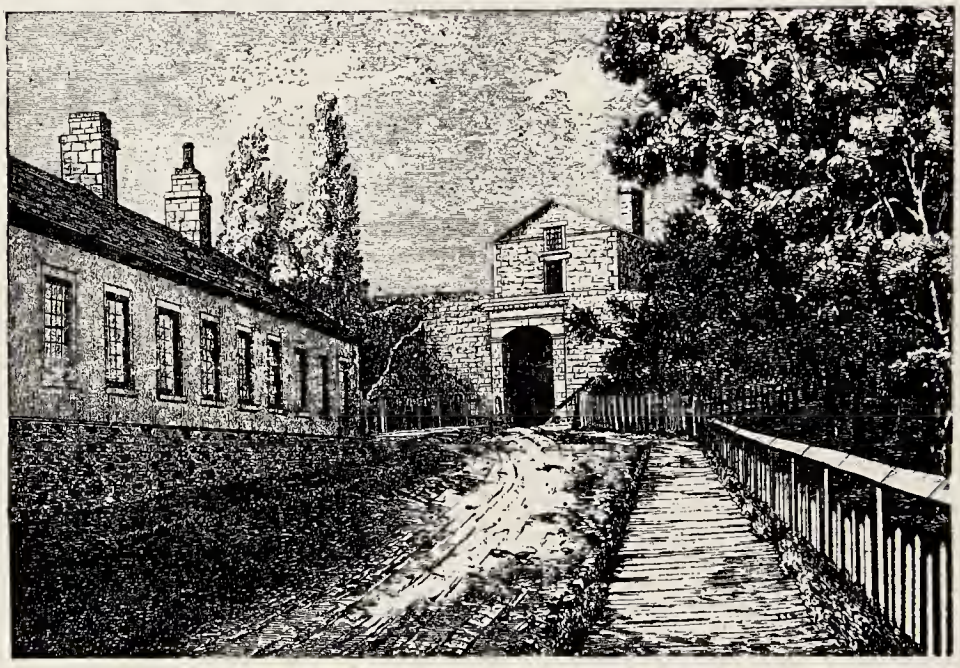
Yes, I regret these old dwellings of days gone by. They are monuments of the past, and never will that style of building be seen again, it has entirely died out and it would no doubt appear absurd to rebuild anything of the kind now.

But we also are old and will soon go, and be replaced by

younger men; the young ones however, will have the same appearance. With houses it is different, the new do not resemble the old ones.

God's work never changes; but human works are essentially variable. Change is a want which our nature feels and if we could and had the power, we would no doubt form men differently than they were in previous centuries.

Oh! how we would have disfigured the work of God, had we been allowed to do so.



Inside of the old Saint-Louis gate, Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.

Last September I saw some artistic young American ladies, they were seated on an elevation on d'Auteuil street, near St. John street, and with easel and brush in hand were sketching the quaint old bakery, which stood at the angle of both streets: "These ladies have taste," thought I, "there is a relic of old Quebec which will soon disappear and never will the like of it be seen again." This old bakery was quite weighed down with reminiscences! So much so that it sank deep into the ground, and in order to stand on its floor one had to descend two steps. Could it have spoken, what tales it would have related of the French domination. But it was mute

and is now only a souvenir, because the die is cast, Quebec is being rebuilt and will before long be a fine modern city.

Notwithstanding all these new improvements, Quebec will not lose its own particular features and will never be like any other city.

The style of architecture of certain houses, and the language you will hear should you cross the threshold, will make you fancy yourself in England. But further on, as you lightly step upon the asphalt, you will fancy you are in Paris.



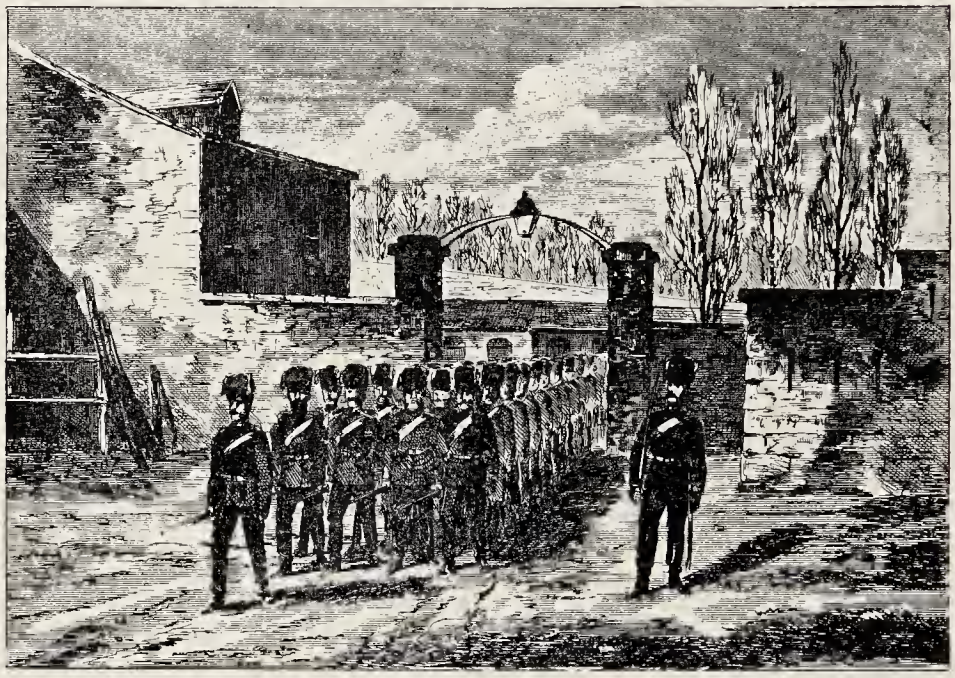
Old Prescott gate, Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.

In January, it might be compared to Saint-Petersburg, but on summer nights, when everything is still in the solitary streets, you are put in mind of an Oriental city.

A short while ago, I was admiring Saint-Louis Gate, so monumental and picturesque, with its square tower and round turret surmounted by a spire. The night was serene and the new moon appeared as though it had hung its silver crescent on the corner of the turret, it had the aspect of a mosque surmounted by its minaret. I could almost fancy myself in Algeria and wondered if the muezzin would not suddenly appear on the lofty battlement and chant Islam's prayer: "Allah! Allah! La ilou Allah!"

Kent Gate is also worthy of much admiration, and these two monuments prevent us from regretting the old military gates. They were no doubt original and curious, with their guard, watch-towers, and stern armed sentries, as though our city was being perpetually besieged.

But these gates were very clumsy and as they could not boast of any artistic value they had to be done away with.



The Royal engineers departing from there barraeks in Quebec.
From a sketch taken in 1871.

The new gates are totally different, they are broad, artistic and allow free passage. The old were stern and meant : " No admittance." The new ones are more cordial and seen to say : " Come in, and be Welcome."

Tourists cannot help being enraptured, when at a glance they see our citadel, ramparts, bastions, monumental gates, our wonderful terrace, our gardens, our palaces and our churches.

But there are things in Quebec which seem to have a more magnetic influence upon tourists, and therein their good taste shows itself. There are hovels which are gems, ruins quite pathetic, artistically crumbling walls, and old tumbling masses

which have a certain charm, and irregular pinions which one would fancy had been built to please a fanciful eye.

Why should all these things which would be considered ugly elsewhere, be admired in Quebec? It is because they have a history. Because they are haunted by spirits. Because they speak as though they had tongues. Because they mourn a dead past which they flood with bitter tears : *sunt lacrimæ rerum.*



The 60th Regiment departing from the Citadel of Quebec.
From a sketch taken in 1871.

They are not bandaged nor embalmed as mummies, nor are they encased in sandal wood caskets. The sun beats down upon their faded colors. They are ending their career in the open air, and that is the way we love them, perhaps not on their own account, but in memory of those to whom they were dear and who lived within their walls, and of whom they remind us in their mysterious way.

This is a mystery which none can fathom, and yet we are bound to remain under the influence of that mystic spell. It is due to this mysterious intercourse of things spiritual and material that certain places become so dear to us, and that whole nations will congregate around a tomb.

I have seen Oriental cities and Arabian villages, the appearance of which never changes. They are made of earth, dried by the sun, are cubes in shape, flat on the ground, having no windows and but one low door.

But in the midst of these dusty colored groups is always seen a white cupola which stands above them, a Koubah, that is the tomb of a Marabout.

That is the mysterious attraction, in fact the soul of these villages.

The City of Champlain has that strange fascination : it has been the cradle and the tomb of a race ; but it is a living tomb.

II

FORTIFICATIONS AND TERRACES.

We think it has been sufficiently demonstrated that our city is really beautiful, taken as a whole and from a monumental point of view. But as a study of detail it enters into the category of ordinary cities ; and though several of the buildings can boast of their own particular style of beauty, comparisons are excluded, and in most respects they are similar to those of other cities, and many of them are inferior in style.

Let us begin by examining those that are not found anywhere but in Canada.

The Citadel, the ramparts and bastions joined together by forts and batteries, remind one of times already very old and forever dead. These colossal stone structures are readily classified as fossils of other ages, and time will tell whether they can ever again be revived.

Meanwhile however, they are strange to look upon, and

when one contemplates the city in all its formidable warlike array, perched upon its mountain, crowned by its Citadel, and surrounded by lofty walls, it reminds one of the ancient Minerva standing before the Pantheon with her helmet on her head and clad in armor.

From the very beginning, the City of Champlain assumed a warlike aspect. Its first fortifications were constructed at the time of its foundation, and after having built himself a house, Champlain immediately constructed a fort, on the very place where his statue now stands.



Old war materials exposed for sale on the Queen's wharf, Quebec.
From a sketch taken in 1871.

Montmagny had it rebuilt in stone, adding to it a bastion and an enclosure.

Frontenac converted the fortifications into a Citadel which then extended through the whole of upper-town, but the forts which joined the bastions were simply fences supported by terraces.

The real fortifications, which lasted up to the time of the conquest were not begun until the beginning of the XVIII century under the supervision of Chaussegros de Léry, and the work was continued by Le Mercier and Pontleroy, govern-

ment engineers, in accordance with plans drawn out by Vauban the famous fortification general in the time of Louis XIV.

In 1759 and 1760 the ramparts were much damaged during the two sieges of Quebec.

After the surrender and particularly in 1775, the English made the most urgent repairs; but the work was still very imperfect and incomplete. In 1795 however, and in the following years, the British government set to work again and the gigantic task was resumed; with its completion was established the greatest bulwark of British power in America.

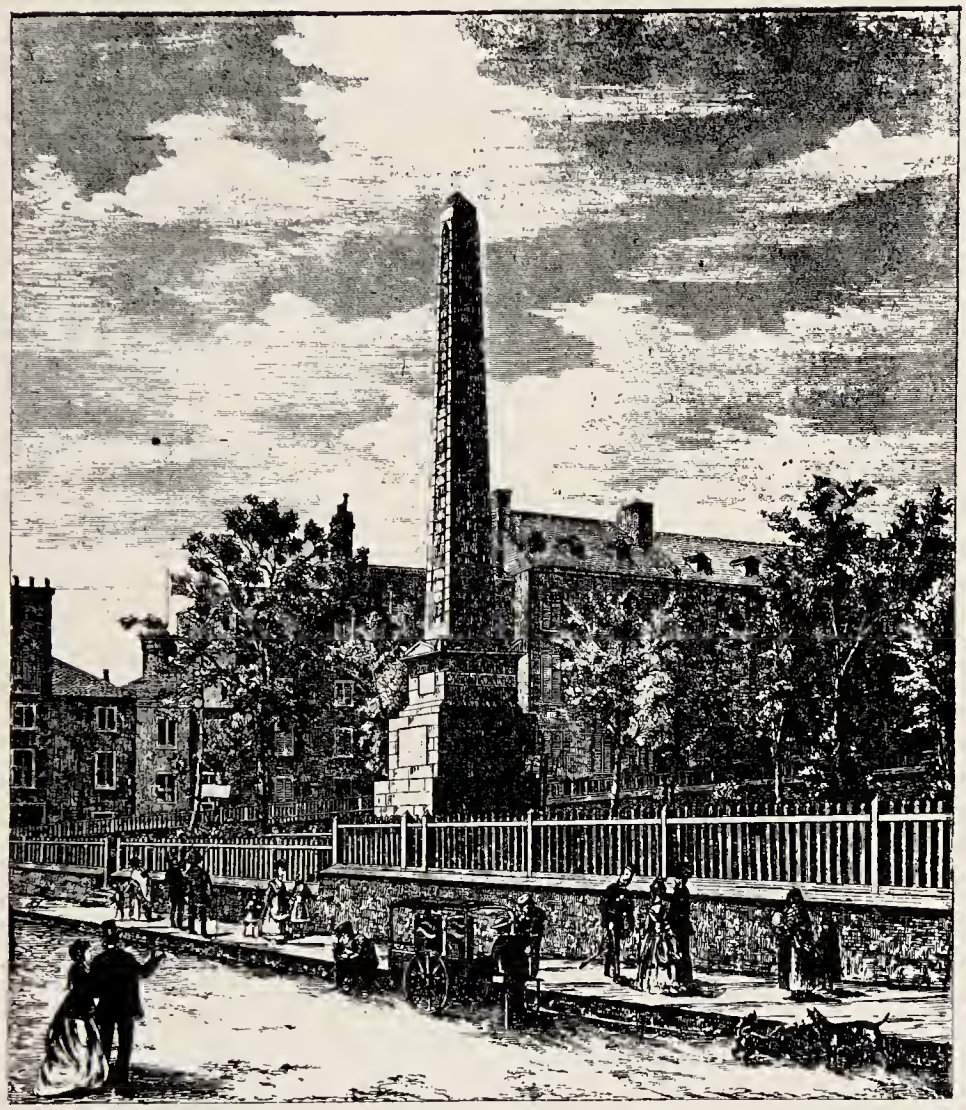
It is then that the present Citadel was built with its formidable earthen and stone facings, which hide and protect it with its batteries and guns hidden by the glacis; its deep ditches, its thick walls with loop holes; its underground passages, secret doors, its magazines, arsenals and threatening bastions set on the edge of the cragged rock above the river. It is at that time also that the walls surrounding the upper town were rebuilt, with new bastions and new gates, and that the system of defence was completed by the erection of the four Martello towers on the south-west side which are now considered as archeological curiosities.

It is very doubtful however, whether all these fortifications would now serve us as a protection, since modern artillery is so powerful. But they are interesting and picturesque, and as far as I am personally concerned, I would grieve to see them demolished. Even if our ramparts were used but as terraces and public walks, they would still be useful and moreover these terraces are quite uncommon.

Tourists are soon convinced of this when they have taste enough to visit them. Nothing could be more charming than a stroll through them. The entire semi-circular line of bastions is a sequence of terraces, and in the distance can be seen the rivers Saint-Lawrence and Saint-Charles and the surrounding country. These are places suitable for musing and love-making, and upon each bastion are seen amongst the guns, couples

who are certainly not conversing on warlike subjects, nor discussing military tactics.

The broadest of all these terraces built upon our fortifications is Dufferin Terrace. It forms one of Quebec's monumental beauties. It was built as it now stands in 1879, but as



The Wolfe and Montcalm monument, Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.

far back as the times of Louis de Buade, there had always been a terrace at the edge of the cliff facing the old Chateau Saint-Louis.

In 1838, Lord Durham had it lengthened, but in 1878 Lord Dufferin managed to carry out the plans which he had formed,

and had the terrace extended to four times its original size. It was completed in the following year and inaugurated by the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. It was then officially christened " Dufferin Terrace " and the five kiosks named: Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac and Plessis.

This terrace is to Quebecers, what the Forum was to the Romans. It is the general rendez-vous. It is there that news and rumors circulate, and that social, literary, political and religions questions are discussed.

It is from this point that steamers are sighted. How sorry everybody is when, at the end of November, the season is quite over and the birds seek more genial climes, not to return before spring ! But how joyfully we greet them when they once more come northward in April, and their bright songs again charm us !

It is from the terrace that are witnessed all the nautical celebrations, yacht races, and the manœuvers of the visiting war ships ; from there also is seen the departure of grand personages and of military forces.

It is from there that quite recently Quebec witnessed with pride coupled with apprehension, the departure of a thousand Canadians bound for South Africa, and bade them adieu and God speed, mid demonstrations never to be forgotten and which could only take place in Quebec owing to its peculiar and unique site.

Our terrace is not only a public promenade of uncommon beauty ; but it also can boast of being like a drawing-room, where society meets and chatters ; it is an observatory, a music hall, a lounging place, a smoking place, a study. Artists go there to sketch. Students study there for their examinations, and teachers prepare their lectures.

Young ladies go there to gossip, to flirt or read novels. Their presence often takes the law student from his studies and his mind is given to wandering from his attention to legal procedure which then appears to him altogether too civil. He is then given to confuse the court of justice with another courtship which has nothing in common with quarrels.

Poets go there to seek inspiration, speakers to rehearse their discourses; lawyers to prepare their pleas, and journalists go there to get news and seek subjects for sensational articles.

In fact Dufferin Terrace is the centre of social life in Quebec. Even before the Chateau Frontenac was built such was the case, but naturally it is still more so since that picturesque Chateau has been erected, and it is no doubt one of its very greatest charms.

Another terrace has being made, which is rather a broad veranda, suspended as it were above the abyss and placed about two hundred feet above Dufferin Terrace, this allows tourists to pass outside the Citadel walls and walk as far as the extreme west end of Cape Diamond.

Nervous people, or others subject to vertigo, would not venture so high; but those who have strong and muscular limbs walk there for greater isolation, to see how it feels to be on the mountain tops, and to admire the scenery.



III

THE PALACES

THE LEGISLATIVE PALACE

Our Legislative Palace is the most beautiful structure in the city after the Chateau Frontenac, and its site makes it most picturesque.

From all the windows of the main and northern facade, visitors have before them a splendid panorama ; from the first floor they see all the most picturesque part of the city, from the second floor the rivers Saint-Charles and Saint-Lawrence, Levis, and the Isle of Orleans, beyond are seen the shores of Beaupre, and the huge chain of the Laurentide Mountains.

The land surrounding it is planted with elm, oak, maple, birch and other trees, and beds of fragant flowers fill the grounds.

This palace forms a regular quadrangle with a central court. Projecting pavilions on the four facades tend with the ledges of the corners to dispel a monotonous uniformity.

The central tower, which shoots up from the fore-part of the main facade, is of exquisite beauty. It extricates itself from this rather crushing mass of stone, in a queen-like fashion, and the iron crown above it seems to attest its dominion.

The whole palace is a remarkable production which does great credit to the architect, Mr Eugène Taché ; but the central tower is his master-piece.

There is only one part of this building which appears to me defective ; I regret that the fore-part of the main front should not project more, or that the ledge of it should not be bolder. I also believe that had it been one story higher than the remainder of the building it would have been an improvement.





The Parliament building.
The City Hall.

Possibly also the grand entrance and main portico are a trifle too narrow.

Nevertheless, the facade is an imposing one and in order to complete its beauty, I would like the addition of a double or quadruple colonnade similar in style to that of Bernini in Rome ; this colonnade to encircle, as a hemicycle, the fountain erected in honor of the Indian races.

Decorations and embellishments cannot be too freely lavished upon this facade of our Legislative Palace, since it should be our Pantheon. A great number of niches have been carved wherein to place statues of our great men and already those of Frontenac, Montcalm, Levis, Wolfe, Elgin and de Salaberry are there.

These bronzes, modeled by our sculptor Mr. Philippe Hebert, are superb in expression and attitude, but his group representing "An Indian Family" which crowns the portico of the fountain, is really a splendid work of art.

Besides the bronze statues, a great number of armorial bearings and devices carved and embossed on stone decorate the main front of the palace.

In fact the whole building is decidedly French in style of architecture, and bears a strong resemblance to the palace of the Tuileries.

I could not very readily describe it in detail, nor could I dwell at length upon the interior and exterior decorations. Should these details interest you, they are to be found perfectly accurate in a little volume written by Mr. Ernest Gagnon and published by Darveau in 1897.

THE CITY HALL.

The style of architecture of our City Hall is simple, austere and without ornamentation. Notwithstanding, it is a very handsome building and when we consider the price it cost, less than $150,000 it is really a marvel.

Though not a gem fit to put in a case, such as the City Hall of Louvain ; or a marble giant, towering over the city

and almost vast enough to contain ours, as is the City Hall of Brussels, it is harmoniously proportioned, and as a substitute for decoration, the architect has put in an extra number of ledges and embossments. It is particularly imposing as a work of architecture when seen from the foot of Fabrique street. The whole of the northern facade is monumental, and with its little octangular tower, its half turret and its high square tower surmounted by a belfry really presents quite a graceful appearance.

The building is surrounded by walks edged with flowers, which serve to enhance the variety of the facades and the sobriety of its style.



The old Jesuits' College (Converted into barracks in 1776).

Our City Hall is erected upon a very historical spot, full of souvenirs and if the stones with which its walls are built could speak, what a number of interesting anecdotes they could relate, as a great number of these stones belonged to the original Jesuits' College founded, in 1635, by René de Rohaut, Marquis de Gamache.

Our Mayor, Hon. Mr. Parent, referred to these reminiscences in the speech which he made on the 15th August 1895, at the laying of the corner stone.

" We are," he said, " on the site where stood the old Quebec College, founded and directed by the Reverend Jesuit Fathers; on this spot the oldest sanctuary of science and literature in the new world once stood ; we are within a stone's throw of

the Quebec Seminary which is also an educational monument and which together with the Jesuits' College, shared the task of bringing up and educating the youth of our country.

" Before us stands the venerable basilica of Notre-Dame, the mother and grand-mother of the hundred dioceses which are now spread over North America.

" Well, Gentlemen, I am pleased to see that we are to have in Quebec, as they have in the old European capitals, our City Hall facing the old cathedral ; the house of the people facing the house of God. And here also, as over there, we shall be under the subtle charm of this close proximity."

It is from here that the heroic missionaries started on their journeys to throw the light of the Gospel amidst the Indian tribes or to accompany explorers on their long journeys. They were seen in all directions, east, west, north and south, going through wild and solitary forests, and navigating the great lakes in bark canoes, bearing no other arms but their crucifixes and seeking everywhere for infidels to whom they could make known the name of God.

Here they returned—when they did return, to recuperate their strength in prayer, and render an account of their labors, successes and troubles, and also to acquire a deeper knowledge of the various Indian dialects.

Occasionally however, they never returned, and it was afterwards learnt that they had been put to death by the Indians.

It is here that those men, who are still considered as the world's greatest educators, taught our ancestors, languages, literature and science.

But the day at last dawned, when these walls which had heard so many wise lessons, so many eloquent sermons and holy prayers became silent. The illustrious " Society of Jesus " was suppressed, and the government seized its property, in 1776.

Of the chapel they made a Protestant church, then a provision depot, and the college was converted into barracks.

It is well known how this property afterwards came into the possession of the Imperial Government of Canada and passed

later to the Provincial Government of Quebec; it is also a well known fact that after having paid to the Jesuits an indemnity which they claimed for many a long year, the Quebec Government sold this land to the City of Quebec, on the 2nd of November 1889.

The terms of the sale were that the city should build a City Hall on the site of the old college, within the five following years. The construction of this building had already been spoken of for five or six years previous.

In January 1890, the city of Quebec, paid the price agreed upon ($20,000) and took possession of the land. Portions of it were used for the widening of Fabrique and Saint-Ann streets and a new and wide street was also opened, in rear of the building which was to be erected.

Four years elapsed, during which the details, plans and probable cost of the building were discussed.

Finally at the end of November 1894, the contracts were signed, and on the 15th August 1895, the first stone was laid mid great celebrations.

Exactly thirteen months later, that is on the 15th September 1896, the new City Hall was completed and opened with great solemnity. This date is a most important one, as from that time the old City of Champlain really awakened and ever since has progressed with wonderful speed.

On this occasion His Worship the Mayor made another very fine speech. He said that the building of this monument had been for those who assisted in it not only a work of labor, but a work of love. He again referred to the by gone days, and said that he "loved our old Quebec, as it was, with its dusty streets and crumbling buildings"; he asserted "that he was fully determined not to mar its peculiar features, still he would comply with the demands of modern requirements as much as possible."

He finally ended by saying: "We have here a precious inheritance of traditions and souvenirs. And though our intention is to guard it with love, yet we have not renounced the ambition to enrich our city with the good things of this

world. We wish to see it expand, prosper, increasing in population and weath, and providing for the working classes all conveniences which will enable it to compete with the sisters cities by which it is surrounded. In order to accomplish this, the two shores must be joined near Quebec. The bridge which has been the dream of all Quebecers, is being built and Quebec will be on an equal footing with its rivals and in a position to battle with them for commercial and industrial supremacy in the valley of the Saint-Lawrence."

This dream of the City of Quebec has not yet become a reality but soon will be; and in the meantime the City Hall is a proud sight for Quebecers.

THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

This chateau is really beautiful, and the more one sees it, the more one admires it. That it is built on the site of the old Chateau Saint-Louis is a well known fact. Not only is this site of incomparable beauty; but it is most interesting on account of its historical traditions, for the events of which it has been the scene and on account of the illustrious personages who have lived there up to the present day.

In a well written and most interesting book, entitled "Le Fort et le Chateau Saint-Louis," M. Ernest Gagnon ably describes all the traditions which relate to this eminently historical spot; demonstrating to what an extent it has been identified with our social and even our national life, this history of the "Chateau Saint-Louis" is almost a history of Quebec.

Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy is President of the Company by which the Chateau Frontenac was built, and Mr. Bruce Price, an architect from New York, drew out the plans, and directed its construction.

It is quite evident that this artist's talent is not of vulgar degree; as he has harmonized his work to perfection and suited it to the site and character of our city.

"He is an eclectic" says Mr. Gagnon: "as his chateau

represents the architecture of the middle ages, the French Renaissance and the German Renaissance.

" His object in the main portions of this building, has been to copy a chateau of the middle ages ; hence the castle-keeps finished with machecoulis, the hexagonal tower flanked with watchtowers, the pointed roof, the uneven battlements, similar to buildings of a different age.

" Elsewhere the decorations of the main entrance, the portico with its graceful colonnade and arched vaults, the subjects which ornament the pavilion and campanile etc., are purely in Renaissance style."

Mr. Gagnon regrets that the main tower should not be more lofty and that it does not shoot about twenty feet above the roof. I agree with his opinion, and find the same defect, though not quite so apparent, in the handsome round tower in the new wing.

If they were each but one story higher, their graceful spires would be seen rising up towards the skies.

Unfortunately this is the main defect with most of our buildings and it gives them the appearance of apoplectic subjects with their heads sunk in between their shoulders.

Nevertheless our chateau is admirably beautiful. It is harmonious, well proportioned and its different sections are in wonderfully varied styles, All these irregular shapes charm the eye, and on the whole it is most artistic in appearance.

Walk around the exterior, then inside the court-yard and the inexhaustible varieties in style and decoration will astound you.

There are two porches, both totally dissimilar. There are, I know not how many towers, turrets, fore-parts, angles and apertures, all unlike yet in harmony. There is no flatness, nor uniformity, varied shapes and proportions break the monotony. Embossments are everywhere to be seen.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

This is a simple structure built in suitable though modest proportions. Its facade is of fine cut stone and three stories





The Terrace and Chateau Frontenac.
The Chateau Frontenac viewed from Laval University.

in height, a well set pediment, a handsome and unpretentious portico formed by four projecting columns.

Inside, the same simplicity is met with. On the ground floor a lobby, parlors, a chapel, offices and a few other rooms. On the first floor a large hall, hung with paintings and Roman photographs, several bed rooms, a library, and a grand reception room. It is richly furnished and is a regular historical portrait gallery.

There are two large oil paintings by Italian artists representing Gregory XVI and Leo XIII. Other smaller paintings of the Bishops and Archbishops of Quebec from the



Archbishop's Palace.

time of Monseigneur de Laval up to the present day, also decorate the walls. Many of these paintings are very far from being master-pieces; but the interest taken in them is readily understood when one thinks of the very important parts that many of these personages have played in our history.

The three latest additions to this gallery are the portraits of Cardinal Taschereau, of Archbishop Begin and of Mgr. Marois. These are really master-pieces painted by Mr. Wickenden. They are very true to life and bear a perfect

resemblance. There are no flaws in this artist's work. All the colors harmonize perfectly. He has the gift of painting ideal faces, perfectly true to nature however, both in feature and expression.

This palace which is the third, was recently constructed. It was originally built in 1844, but in 1895 it was improved upon, the garden was enlarged, the elegant gates rebuilt, the handsome facade in Doric style was decorated and the rear wing was joined to the cathedral.

The second Episcopal residence of Quebec was situated on the site of the garden which is now on the south side of the street, facing that of the seminary; it was bought by the government who converted it into a parliament house. The first Episcopal palace was situated on the west side of the present presbytery beside the cathedral and grand seminary. Their history will be found later on in the description of "Archeological Quebec."

THE COURT HOUSE AND PRISON.

It is a singular fact to note that most of the public buildings in our old city have been recently put up. And our Court House is among them, having been built in 1887.

But the spot upon which it stands has very old judicial traditions, there stood in 1663 the Sénéchaussée, and their meetings were held there during many consecutive years.

Later on, up to the time of the conquest, justice was administered in the intendant's palace, and the site of the old seneschal's court passed into the hands of the Récollets.

In 1681 they built their convent on that lot and in 1693 they erected a beautiful church, "the steeple of which," says Mr. Ernest Gagnon, "was on the very spot where the main entrance of the Court House now stands."

In 1763, after the conquest, the government having taken possession of the greater part of the Jesuits' College, established a Court House there. In 1796 the Recollet church and convent were burnt down, and in 1800 the property of the

order was escheated, owing to the death of the last Recollet commissioner.

The governor then appropriated their land and built a Court House upon it ; this was reduced to ashes in 1873. The Court House was then transferred to the old military hospital between Saint-Louis' street and Saint-Geneviève Avenue. Finally, on the 21st December 1887, the present Court House was inaugurated.

The slope of the land obstructed to a certain extent the erection of this building, imparting to it a peculiar individuality of which otherwise it could not perhaps have boasted. The two main portions of the structure, one of which faces Place d'Armes and the other Saint-Louis street are joined together at right angles by a fore-part forming a portico, where the main entrance is placed, and above which is a tower shooting higher than any other portion of the structure.

It is solidly built with large blocks of stone and the architecture and decorations are in Renaissance style.

Inside it is well laid out and furnished, and large enough for the Civil, Criminal and Admiralty Courts, it also provides room for registry offices, the sheriff's office and offices for all the court officials and employees.

As sanction is imperative to the carrying out of the law, a prison is an imperative need to a court of justice. In the one, crimes are disclosed and guilty ones held up; in the other, they meet with their punishment.

" The first prison ever built in Quebec," says Mr. Ernest Gagnon, " was situated at the corners of Saint Louis and des Carrières streets, on the spot now occupied by the houses of Messrs Dunbar and Jones."

Later on, towards the end of the French regime, the prison was situated in rear of the intendant's palace, on a lot known by the name of " Parc au bois."

From 1784 to 1810, prisoners were confined in vacant rooms in the Recollet convent, and during the following years they were kept in the out-houses of the arsenal, near Palace Gate.

In 1810 another prison was built and was used until 1867,

this afterwards became the Morrin College, on Saint-Stanislas street.

Above the main entrance was placed an inscription reading as follows : *Carcer iste bonos a pravis vindicare possit.* " May this prison avenge the innocent, from the perversity of the guilty ! "

Several executions took place there. The new jail was begun in 1861 and completed in 1867, it is situated upon the Plains of Abraham within a stone's throw of the spot where Wolfe was killed.

It is the first public building seen on the heights of Quebec, on arrival by water from the west.

It is a block of cut stone, with dented decorations, very imposing, it is three stories high and has three wings, the architecture is severe and no ornamentations are seen ; it is quite spacious and is surmounted by a rather odd hexagonal tower.

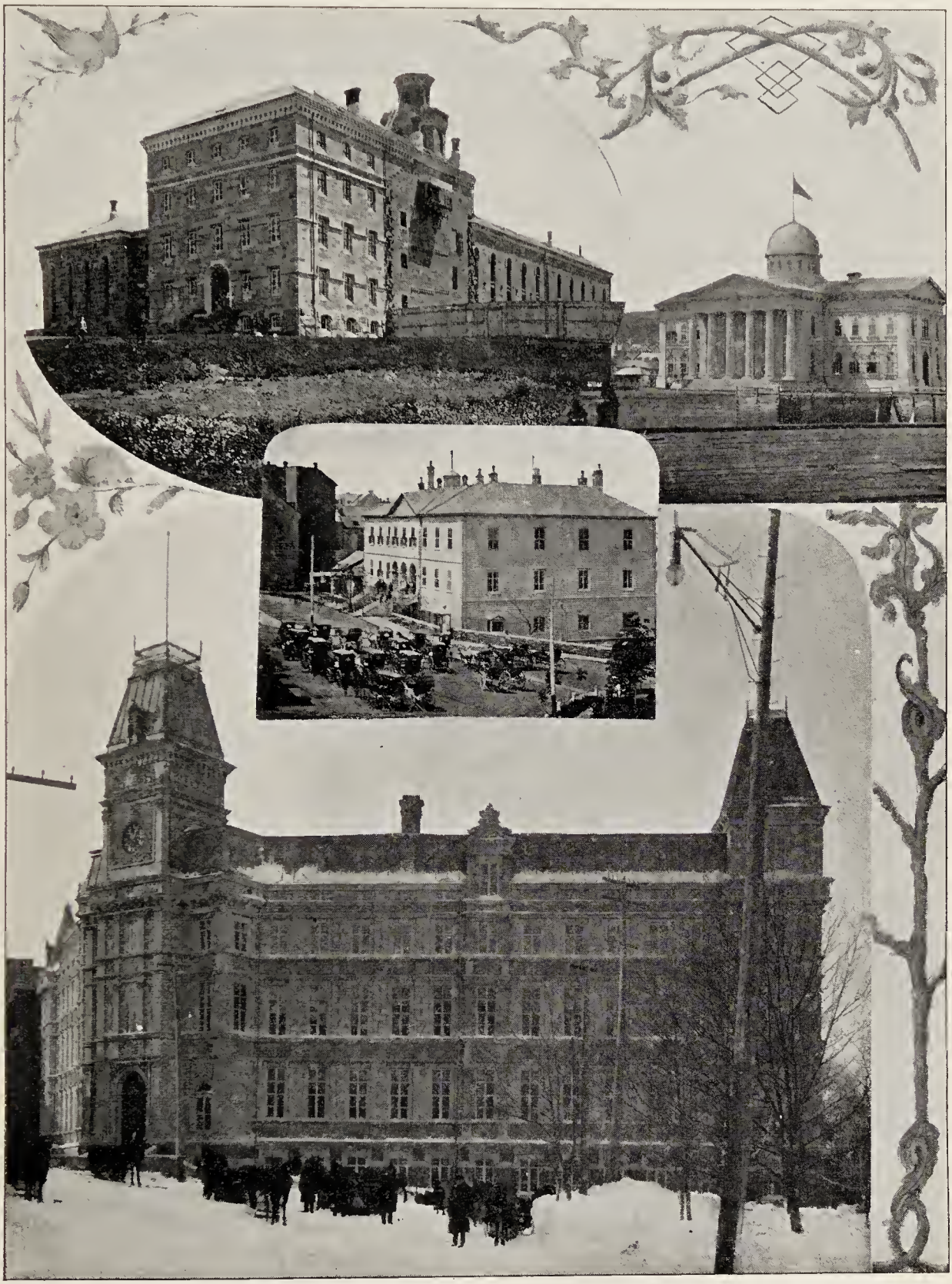
The site is an admirable one, and our convicts may boast of living in a most beautiful spot which is as well, sunny, healthy and fragrant.

One is almost tempted to envy their lot when visiting this ideal place on the Plains of Abraham.

But the more beautiful nature is, the more the convict must crave for his liberty. When, through the bars of his cell he sees this magnificent spectacle, the Saint-Lawrence flowing at his feet, the green meadows the emblem of hope, the trees and the flowers which perfume the air, and when he sees the throngs of people walking around in freedom over these historical grounds, how he must mourn his fate realizing that by his own fault he has denied himself all these privileges.

And is not his prison still more gloomy when compared with this garden of Eden which surrounds it.

At the foot of the graceful hillock upon which this sombre structure stands with its iron-barred widows, another object is seen and relates a sad tale : it is a garbled column, sur-



THE PRISON, CUSTOM HOUSE,
OLD COURT HOUSE,
AND NEW COURT HOUSE.

mounted by a warrior's helmet crossed through by a sword, upon the pedestal of which this inscription is engraved:

HERE DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS
SEPTEMBER 13TH,
1759.



IV

THE CHURCHES

THE BASILICA

The Catholic cathedral, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the name of Queen of Angels, is the oldest church in Quebec; as the chapels of Champlain and of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, which were its seniors have long since disappeared.

It is exactly two and a half centuries ago since Mass was celebrated there for the first time. It was in 1650 and the building had been begun in 1647. During its long life it has shared the fate of other monuments in the old city of Champlain and has undergone many changes. It had originally the shape of a Latin cross, with a nave one hundred feet long by thirty eight wide, and one transept.

In 1687 it was lengthened by the addition of a portal surmounted by two square towers, one only of which was crowned with a belfry.

A century after its foundation from 1745 to 1748 the greater part of it was rebuilt and the plans furnished by Mr. Chaussegros de Léry, side wings were added to it and the present side

naves were built, and large openings made in the walls, which were arched in order to transform them into two rows of heavy pillars.

During the siege of Quebec in 1759 it was unfortunately set fire to by some of the shells from the British men-of-war ; and it was not before 1768 that it was again rebuilt, still retaining the old walls. But the sanctuary was somewhat enlarged, thereby giving that venerable cathedral its actual proportions, that is a length of two hundred and sixteen feet by ninety four in breadth.

Finally in 1843, the portal was built over in cut stone, and the handsome lantern in the old steeple was again put up as it had been prior to 1759. It is only since 1874 that this church is a minor basilica.

Artists as a rule, think the portal rather heavy ; but the slender and elegant shape of the old steeple is much admired, together with its two light, delicate and aerial lanterns hanging above each other. The interior is spacious and does not lack majesty. It is separated into three large naves, divided by enormous square pillars.

These pillars are rather striking at first sight and one is astonished that they should have such huge proportions. But the reason of this is that the central nave constituted the whole of the original church, and that the two side aisles were only subsequently built. The thickness of the walls of the first church in which huge bay windows with Roman arches had to be opened, rendered the massive pillars unavoidable. Besides it was imperative that they should be strong enough to bear the weight of the masonry of the upper story of the central nave, as the side aisles are only one story high, whereas the big central one is two stories high, with arcades suspended from the walls between the two stories.

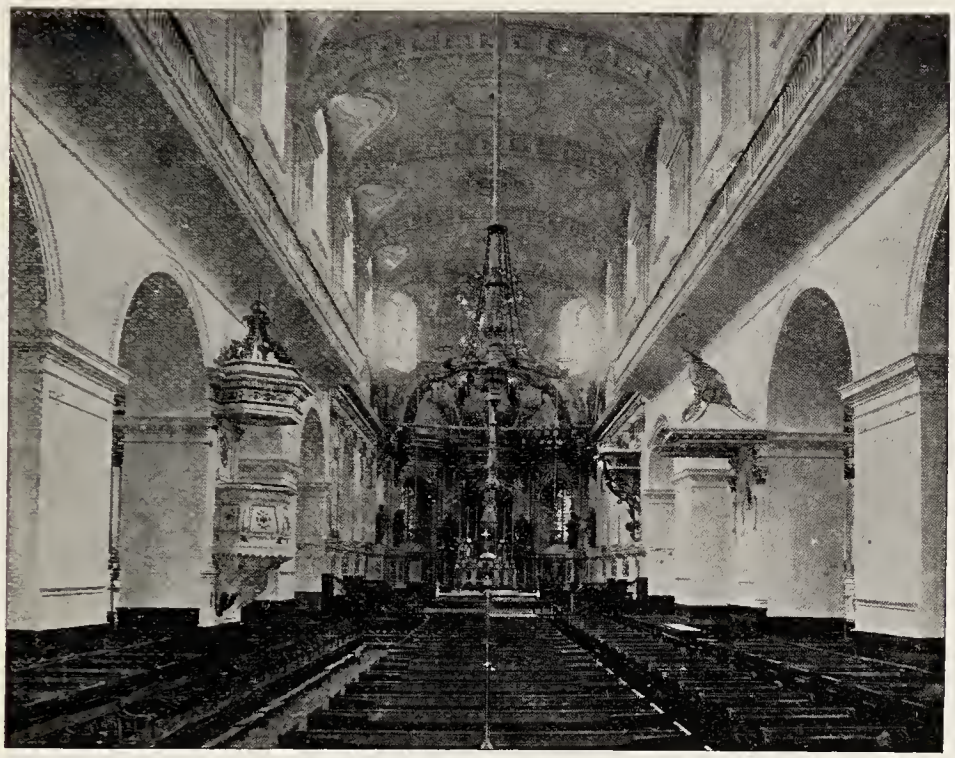
The beauty of this nave is its height. The high vaulted ceiling of white and gold is full of light and serenity.

A rather heavy but well carved golden canopy supported by angels, serves as a crowning for the main altar, which is spherical in shape.



The Basilica.

There are several other altars in the different parts of the church. That of the right nave is dedicated to the Holy Family and that of the left to Saint Ann. To the left nave is also adjoined a chapel of the Sacred Heart, which is a gem. The altar is in beautiful marble, the floor polished, it has frescoes and decorations, and above the altar is a beautiful statue placed in a luminous niche, which together with the rich balustre by which the chapel is surrounded, makes of it a monument by itself.



Interior of the Basilica.

Two other chapels are situated near the two vestibules of the church. One of them is consecrated to Notre Dame de Pitié and the other to Saint Joseph, one is tempted to compare this latter altar to the Janitor's lodging in the house of God. Women pause before it and pray Saint Joseph to bless their families, while mothers kneel before the former to weep over their sons. Both are decorated by paintings, which unfortunately lack sufficient light. There are some most valuable works of art decorating the walls of the Basilica and

particularly a Van Dyck, representing Jesus on the Cross, which is a great master-piece.

It is rich in relics and alas ! in tombs. Many inscriptions serve to enlighten one as to the treasured remains it contains, and tell of the illustrious men who are laid to rest beneath it.

The Basilica, as other large churches is an image of heaven with its numerous saints. It is not the solitary abode of a terrible, invisible and mysterious God ; it is the hospitable palace of a great monarch, full of faithful and devoted servants always ready to welcome visitors.

As soon as you have crossed the threshold, you see on the right Saint Joseph, who is really the guardian of the house and continuing the work he began at Nazareth. He is tall and silent and his kindly face seems to greet you as though saying : " You are welcome to my family, advance, fear not, the Mother and Child are there ready to greet you."

On the right hand nave you indeed do see above the altar, a picture of the Holy Family while on their journey to Egypt. You also, are a traveller through the barren desert of life, pause at this oasis and join this pilgrimage representing the holiest people ever known to the world.

Then go and kneel in the central nave, between Van Dyck's Crucifix and the Nativity, by Annibal Carrache, and then measure, if you possibly can, the distance and the contrast between the beginning and the ending of human life.

You will then meet the eminent personages that surround you, and who are ready to submit your petitions and prayers to the great King, the master of the house.

You have left behind you, two wonderful prodigies, the pride of monastic seclusion : Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Antony of Padua. On the right shine the two most glorious representatives of the Society of Jesus : Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis Xavier. On the left, two Fathers of the Church, are tendering you their immortal works on Christian Apologetics : Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustin. Facing and grouped near the main altar are, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Joseph and Saint Louis, King of France ; further on are

two allegorical statues of Faith and Religion; and still further is the Queen of this palace holding her sceptre above angels kneeling at her feet; and finally in the vaulted heights, in altissimis, Jesus Christ borne on clouds, coming down to judge mankind.

Such is the court of the mighty Sovereign, and I will now leave you to draw your own comparisons between them and the courtiers and princes who surround the most dashing and haughty of worldly monarchs.

OUR LADY OF VICTORIES.

When from the height of the terrace, the eye searches for the spot where the " Abitation de Quebec " was built, the first seed of the City of Champlain, a mere grain of mustard seed of New France, one sees emerging mid the warehouses of lower town the steeple of a humble little church, the walls of which support some small shops.

That is the spot upon which the founder of Quebec built his first dwelling, on a point which at that time projected out into the river.

Nothing however is left of it and Champlain's chapel was not near the " Abitation " but in upper town, probably on the spot where the Post Office now stands.

The little church in lower town known under the name of " Our Lady of Victories " was built long after Champlain, in 1688 ; but it looks much older than it really is and though very unassuming in appearance, it is yet very odd and interesting.

It contains old paintings by unknown artists : on the right a " Descent from the Cross " and on the left " Jesus bearing his Cross " and meeting his Mother and Saint Veronica.

Some dauber cleaned these paintings, and ruined them in trying to improve them, however they are still most strikingly realistic.

In the chapel dedicated to Saint Genevieve, two paintings represent the celebrated virgin of Nanterre surrounded by

her father's sheep which she had in keeping. In one of the paintings she is spinning and in the other she is looking over a book in a solitary spot near Paris, which is represented in the distance.

The altar is very odd and curious, and is intended to remind one of the military character of the city and of the victories of Notre Dame.

It represents a citadel with its towers arrayed in battlements, and joined together by fortified ramparts, full of loop holes. Fifteen towers and turrets well grouped and placed lend a graceful effect as a whole, and the central tower which is higher than the others and in which stands a statue of Our Lady of Victories is called the tower of David: *Turris Davidica.*

A brief history of this church is contained in the inscriptions on its walls. The record of its foundation appears in such terms as to make of it an event; as therein is stated that the church was founded at the time of Pope Innocent XI, during the reign of Louis XIV, while François de Laval was bishop, and at the time that the Marquis de Denonville was governor of New France the first stone was laid.

It was then dedicated to the Infant Jesus. But barely had been opened for worship, when admiral Phipps reached Quebec with his powerful fleet which was bound to destroy it.

M. de Denonville had been succeeded by Count de Frontenac, and the painful incidents of that siege are well known. For many consecutive days the bombardment of the city was continued, and the colony was in imminent danger. The ladies of Quebec were terrified and earnestly prayed the Blessed Virgin to save the city and vowed a pilgrimage to the church in lower town. Three days later Phipps raised the siege and this event was celebrated by the population with religious festivities and processions.

The little church was on this occasion named Our Lady of Victory.

Louis XIV was so pleased to hear the news that he had a medal struck in order to perpetuate the memory of the



Our Lady of Victories.

event. A painting of it still hangs above the altar in the church. It is a very odd and unpretentious little picture.

France victorious is represented in it, seated mid trophies and standards at the foot of two trees; a beaver is cuddled up beside her, and the Indian god of the waters has upset his urn at the feet of France, which he contemplates with admiration. The following Latin inscription is thereon engraved: *Kebeka liberata M. D. C. X. C.*, and around the medal: *Francia in novo orbe victrix*. Quebec liberated 1660. France victorious in the new world.

Twenty-one years later Quebec was again threatened. A formidable British fleet commanded by Admiral Walker, sailed towards Quebec to besiege it.

But the fleet was wrapped in a thick fog and many of the vessels were wrecked on Egg Island.

This event was regarded by Quebecers as another intervention of Providence and the annual pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de la Victoire was quite solemn and imposing that year (1711).

The name of the church was also somewhat altered on that occasion and was afterwards known as our Lady of Victories instead of the Victory. The year (1711) and the incident are commemorated by a second painting in the same style as the first and which is hanging over the altar, to the right of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The picture represents Admiral Walker's ships being tossed about and sinking under furious waves, in the dead of a dark night, and the Guardian Angel of New France floats above them as though casting them to their doom. Inscription: *Deus providebat.*

The church built in 1688, lasted until 1759 when it was set fire to by the shells from Wolfe's guns. The citizens of lower town were dreadfully distressed about it. The victorious period had come to an end.

But the walls still remained and when the war was over, this beloved shrine was immediately rebuilt and reopened for worship in 1765.

A few years later the interior was completed; and ever since, that sanctuary which bears such glorious traditions, has

witnessed many festivities and it is a favorite place for pilgrimages. Its second centennial was solemnly celebrated in 1888.

The church possesses many valuable relics and ex-votos. One a painting which hangs near the entrance, is anything but artistic, yet it does homage to the faith of the giver who no doubt was saved from shipwreck.

The picture represents a raging sea upon which many ships are sailing, one only of which reaches the wharf, and upon the wharf itself the following inscription is read: "Ex-voto.—L'*Aimable Marthe*, in command of Maurice Simonin, 1747."

THE SEMINARY CHAPEL.

The old Seminary Chapel was destroyed by fire in 1888. From an architectural stand point, there was nothing remarkable about it; but it formerly contained most valuable paintings which unfortunately became the prey of flames.

The exterior of the new chapel is very modest in appearance; but the interior decorations which are most elegant and pleasing to the eye make it one of the most graceful sanctuaries that can be seen. In style it is decidedly Roman; but the material used for its decoration is a novelty.

All the coatings of the walls, vaults, pilasters, columns, and also the mouldings and sculptures are of embossed zinc painted over. The ten altars are of marble; and the wood-work of the windows is in red cherry. The baluster is in gilt brass and white marble.

It is divided into three naves and has no transept. The choir which is rounded off and somewhat raised is much narrower than the naves.

An organ loft mostly all occupied by a fine organ, and two side galleries are borne up by semi-circular arches and massive pillars dividing the main nave from the smaller ones.

The richly decorated and vaulted ceiling is supported by a row of columns placed above the galleries. These columns are all similar, and all are elaborately carved, yet they lack the beauty of genuine sculpture.

Some connaisseurs claim that these little columns above the galleries should not be there and consider them out of place; others maintain however, that they were urgently needed in order to be in keeping with the semi-circular arches and to throw out certain parts of the ceiling.

The railing of the organ-loft and galleries would look too heavy without the decorations. But it is so richly ornamented and painted in such bright hues that it appears to be quite graceful and light.

The greatest wealth of this chapel is represented by its fine collection of relics, and its ten marble altars. The main altar is consecrated to the Holy Family and it is well proportioned and in itself quite a monument. It fits in well at the head of the sanctuary and placed above its pretty little columns and colored marble pannels is a superb stucco group representing the Holy Family. The other nine altars, which are placed in the side aisles are dedicated to the Sacred Heart, Saint Ann, Saint Francis of Sales, Saint Antony of Padua, Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Thomas of Aquin, Saint Aloysius Gonzagua, Saint John the Baptist and the Holy Angels.

The sculptural ornamentation and the coloring of the nave are most striking and in keeping with modern taste. One cannot help admiring the delicate tints and the gracefully harmonizing colors.

The pillars are in malachite and the columns of Sienna marble or of Oriental alabaster.

In the Middle Ages, temples were supposed to inspire sadness and the thought of human misery. But modern ideas insist upon churches being full of light and decorated like palaces. The object in view is to please the eye of Christians entering the house of God, to charm them with the effects of light, color and art, and make them feel happy there.

Protestant churches still keep up the austere style of the mediæval times. Like the Bible, they are full of obscurities.

But Catholic churches shine with crystal, flowers, gold, decorations and light. The former rather tend to inspire fear of the Lord and the latter court love.

Such is the style of decoration in the Seminary Chapel. It is not apt to remind one of Sinaï nor of Calvary, but rather of Mount Thabor, and one is rather inclined to exclaim as did Peter : " Let us here pitch our tents." Like the Cathedral, it is also full of holy images.

The colored windows throw good light. They are tinted in warm, lively and radiant colors. The sun triumphantly casts its bright beams through the Gothic rose window above the portal, which represents Saint Cecilia playing the organ, as though under the spell of an inspiration. In the choir windows are seen the radiant faces of Saint Thomas of Aquin, Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Francis of Sales and Saint John the Baptist. In the other six windows are represented the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary, as a child; the arms of the Seminary, of the University, of Leo XIII and Alexander VII, who was Pope at the time of the foundation of the Seminary; the arms of Bishop de Laval and of Cardinal Taschereau are also represented. The circular recess in the apsis is reserved for a large painting representing the apotheosis of Monseigneur de Laval, which will be placed there later on ; two other paintings decorate the walls of the choir : the Immaculate Conception, which is the work of an Italian contemporary, and Philippe de Champagne's beautiful Saint Jerome.

Numbers of electric lamps cast around their colored rays and throw out the beauty of the sculptures and of the paintings.

This chapel was inaugurated on the 15th of March 1900 mid great solemnity, and a large throng of Bishops, priests and laymen attended the function, the greater number of these being old pupils of the seminary.

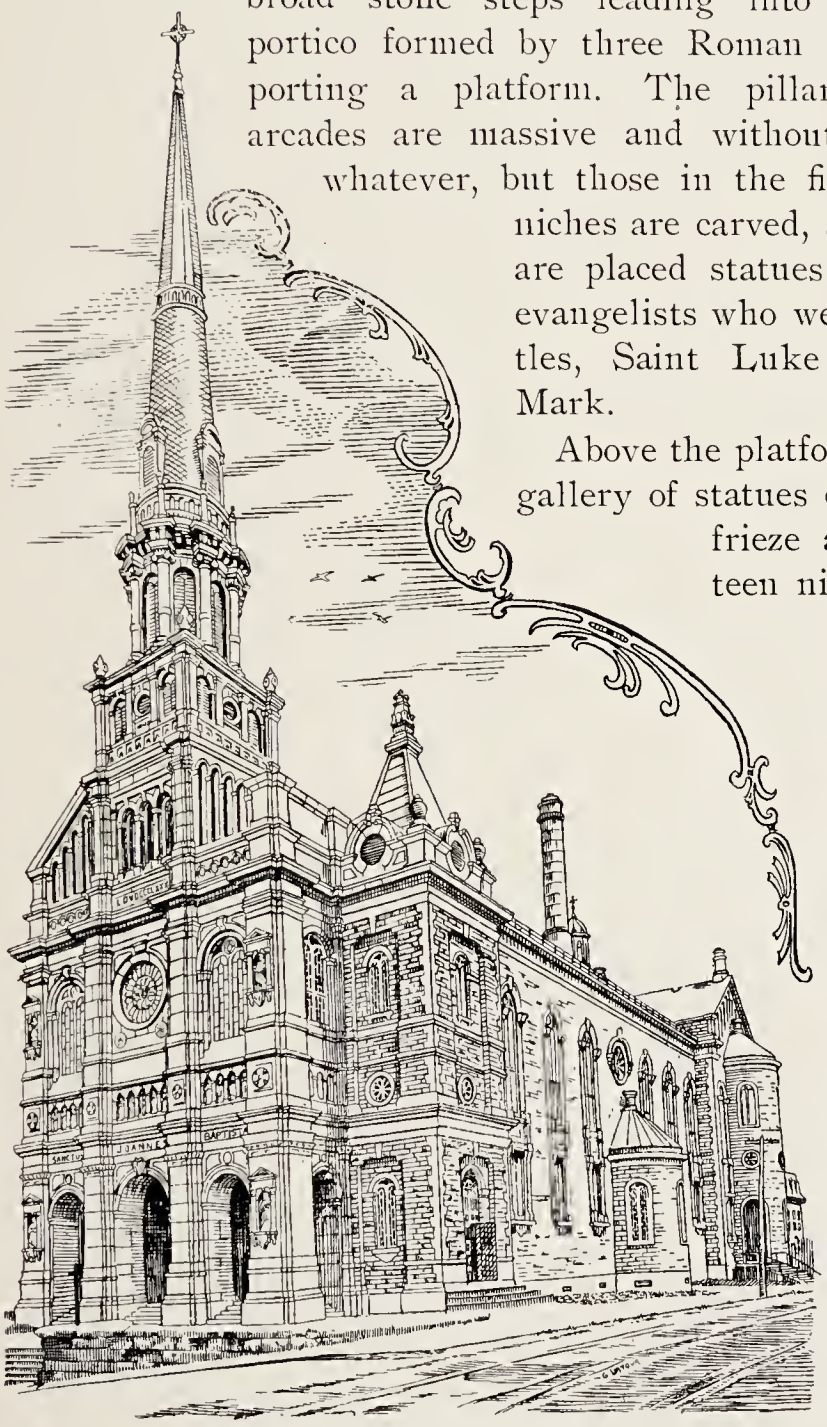
CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

This is one of the largest and most monumental churches in Quebec. It is two hundred feet long and the steeple is the same member of feet in height.

Perched on the summit of the mountain, upon the northern slope of which Saint John's suburbs extend, its elevation is about four hundred feet higher than that of the suburbs of Saint Roch or of Saint Sauveur.

Its front, facing west is composed as follows, the base of broad stone steps leading into a spacious portico formed by three Roman arches, supporting a platform. The pillars of these arcades are massive and without decoration whatever, but those in the first and last niches are carved, and in them are placed statues of the two evangelists who were not apostles, Saint Luke and Saint Mark.

Above the platform, a whole gallery of statues extends as a frieze and in thirteen niches statues are seen representing Jesus Christ and his twelve apostles. Then is seen a row of windows in Renaissance style. Still higher is a large bull's eye window; and from its triangular front the Roman steeple



Church of Saint-John-the-Baptist.

shoots up bold and slender. In the upper angles of this severe though graceful portal, are two more niches in which are placed busts of Saint John the Baptist and Saint Joseph.

The shape of the church is that of a Latin Cross, the upper extremity and arms of which are rounded off so that from the outside, the apsis and the transepts have the appearance of a huge dungeon flanked by two towers. The uniformity of the walls is broken by two other turrets inside of which are built the stairs leading to the galleries.

The interior decoration is in Roman style. The lower part of the large central nave is divided from the side aisles by pillars supporting the balconies and above by slender columns. The sanctuary columns are square. The three vaults are in Roman style with raised semi-circular arches. Above the galleries the arcades stand between the columns thus bearing up the side vaults.

The walls, pilasters, columns and their decorations, balusters, railings of the organ-loft and balconies, are all in white and gold. So also is the temporary altar.

The exterior is the most striking part of this church. It is similar in style to Trinity and Saint-Augustin churches in Paris; the architect Mr. Peachy has every reason to be proud of his work.

CONVENT AND CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCAN LADIES.

The architect to whom we are indebted for these two new buildings had a great deal to contend with when he undertook the task. The convent was already in existence, and was nothing but a big square four story red brick box, with a flat roof. It had not the slightest pretention to architectural beauty and appeared more like a barn than a dwelling. When looking at it people could wish for nothing better than to see it demolished. But this was quite out of the question; the Franciscan ladies were settled there, and it was impossible for them to move. But that was not all.

Not only was it out of the question to destroy that ugly structure, but the entrance of it had to be converted into the

portal of the projected church. The church had to be built behind the convent and joined to it so as to allow the nuns to go about the different flats in their house without coming in contact with the public, and also in such a way as to allow the public to enter the church by the front entrance, without having to pass through the convent.

Such was the problem to be solved; and what rendered it still more complicated was the lack of funds which necessitated having everything done at the lowest possible figure. These draw-backs did not frighten our eminent architect Mr. F. X. Berlingnet and he pluckily set to work.

Soon however, behind the poor and humble convent a red brick church was seen emerging, and at first it looked quite out of proportion to the Monastery. People gazed at it critically as they went by and said: "Who is building that barn, behind the shed?"

By and by however, these big brick walls were opened and elegant semi-circular windows were put in, soon also was seen shooting up in the air, a majestic dome surmounted by a graceful gilt lantern and a cross which sparkled in the sun.

The convent was then lengthened and an elegant mansard roof was put on it, the fore-part of the building was crowned with small turrets.

Finally a colossal porch was made to cross it from end to end, thus forming a broad entrance to the crypt and to the nave of the church; this porch was then framed into a monumental projecting portico, the front of which was decorated with a large statue of Saint Antony of Padua patron of the church, and the whole was crowned by a steeple and cupolas towering above the building and city.

The problem was solved and the work completed by a master hand.

The material used was still unpretentious, yet the appearance of the building was completely transformed. The dome, portico, steeple and turrets are really elegant in shape and well proportioned.

Passers by were astonished at this sudden change and exclaimed: "Well really, it is quite handsome now!"

But on entering the church, they grieved at its poverty stricken and bare look. It reminded them of the grotto at Bethlehem, and they were given to wonder if any Magi Kings from the East would come laden with gold and convert the church into a palace.



SAINT ANTONY OF PADUA.
Patron of the Church of the Franciscan Ladies.

These monarchs have not yet put in an appearance and most probably never will. Those kings of finance, who are anxious to see the house of God properly furnished are very few and far between.

Yet there are always shepherds ready to pay tithes for their flocks, and pastors may usually rely upon their generosity.

Therefore, the interior of this church has eventually been finished, and those at the head of the enterprise presuming on the future, wished the interior of this church to be beautiful and rich.



Convent and Church of the Franciscan ladies.

Alas! real marble was beyond their means; but there is now manufactured a composition, just as hard and highly polished as real marble, this is the kind used in the decoration of the church of the Blessed Sacrament.

The architect has now achieved his work, which is really very fine. The style being that of the French Renaissance.

The nave is broad and imposing, covered with a lofty semi-circular compartment ceiling supported by two rows of high columns. Sixteen columns resting on winged angels are grouped around the dome, which is built over arches also

supported on columns and pilasters. The canopy forty feet above the altar in held up by six beautiful columns.

This little church of the Blessed Sacrament is really splendid, especially when lit up by the lavishly distributed electric lights, and people visiting it will be unable to refrain from exclaiming with David : *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine !* " How lovely, are thy tabernacles ! O God of Hosts ! "

OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE.

Seen from Saint Louis road, this little church seems to you

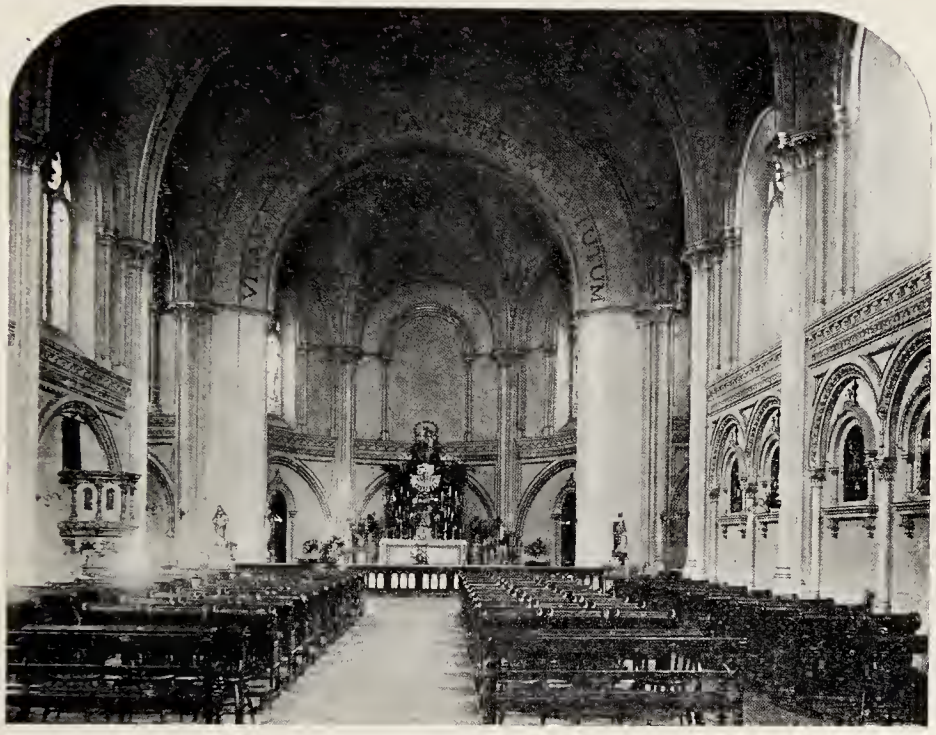


Church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside.

more than humble. It is flat and the almost square steeple which crowns it, does not appear to be of the proper height.

But seen from Saint-Foye road it has a totally different aspect. The land rises, the steps appear high, so do the portal and the steeple; it is seen through the foliage of the great trees which surround the temple as in mute adoration.

The sight of it is an appeal to your soul, and you immediately wish to enter, and feel as though the interior



Interior of the church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside.

would suddenly reveal to your view a glimpse of the blue heavens. Ascend the steps and you will be charmed. Nothing of darkness, terror or austerity will greet you. All there is bright, gay and graceful.

The name of this little church is really well chosen. Situated as it is on the road-side it seems to beckon to travellers to go and seek rest; and on the steps is a huge image of the Blessed Virgin, holding her divine son in her arms whence he showers his blessings upon the passers by.

This statue is a copy of a very old and miraculous image venerated in Rome and under the patronage of Notre-Dame du Chemin : " Our Lady of the Wayside." *La Madonna della strada.*

It is maintained that this statue dates as far back as the V century, and that it was originally painted on a wall forming part of one of those niches frequently met with at street corners in Rome.

It was deeply venerated owing to the miracles which were attributed to it; and one fine day, the cement which held it to the wall was sawed through and the image was removed to the



Villa Manresa

church of the Gesu, where it is still specially honored by the Jesuits.

There is but one nave, crossed by a rather narrow transept, and this imparts to the Church of Notre Dame du Chemin the appearance of a Latin cross.

No side balconies nor colonnades, but on the walls tapering half columns forming as many pilasters elegantly crested, bearing up semi-circular arches, and serving as a frame work to the painted stations of the Way of the Cross as well as a most graceful decoration.

A row of windows, divided by lattice work stands above the arches, and from the shelving over them, the tapered columns

branch out forming a series of arches which appear as though supporting the broad vaulted ceiling.

A very elegant pulpit made of carved wood, painted and gilt is nailed to the wall. The preacher reaches it through a door, hidden by a curtain. This style is new in Canada, but in Italy several churches have their pulpits placed in like manner.

The side chapels are formed by the two transepts, one of them is consecrated to Saint Joseph and the other to the Blessed Virgin. On the whole Our Lady of the Wayside is a charming little sanctuary which does great credit to the architect Mr. George Tanguay.

Beside the church is a garden in which stands a statue of Saint Ignatius of Loyola. In the back ground there is a graceful villa called Manresa, which is used as a presbytery, and also as a place of retreat for converts, or for those who wish to spend a few days in prayer and meditation.

CHURCH OF THE PATRONAGE.

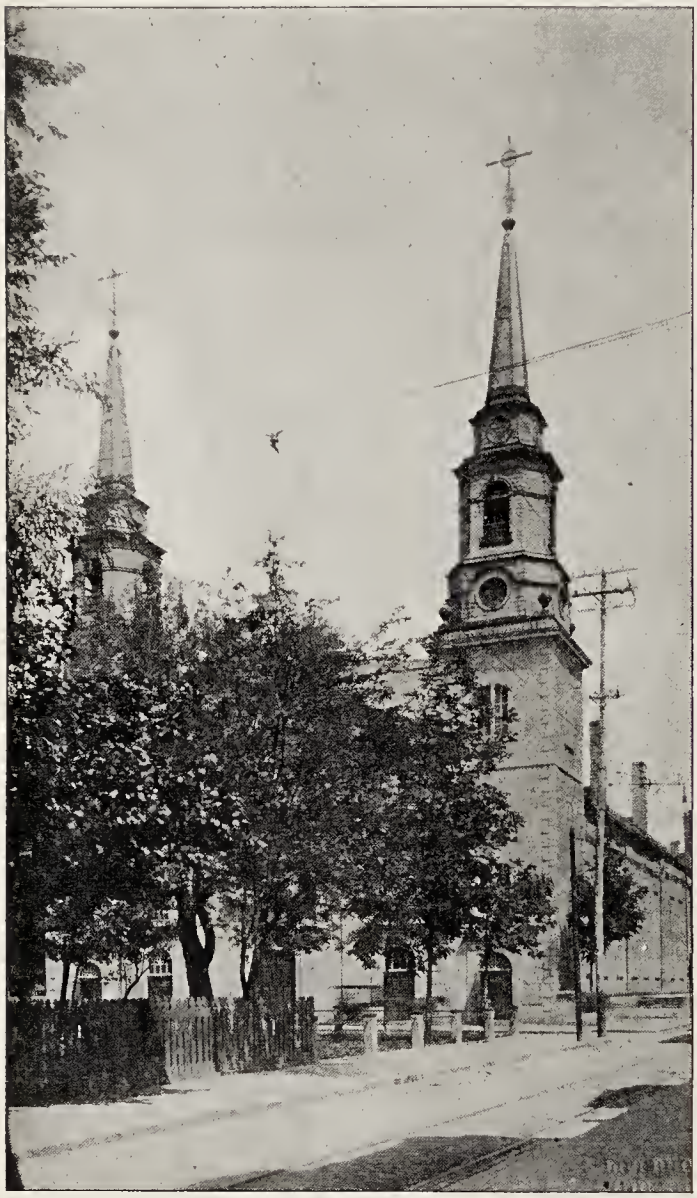
This is a very pretty little church well built, and displaying in its architectural features a certain individuality. The portal is very odd and has somewhat of the appearance of a castle. It consists of two large round towers in which are opened rectangular casements, between these a broad portico with three arches borne up by four square pillars.

Above the portico are opened three broad Roman bays and in the sharp cut triangular front, three bull's eye windows form another triangle.

The interior is divided into three naves, side balconies and an organ-loft. Huge columns support the balconies and vaulted ceiling; but above the balconies they are flanked with small columns which are most effective.

In the choir, pilasters of the same kind take the place of the columns. The ceiling of the central nave is very much higher than that of the side ones, and it gets, through a second row of windows, floods of light which are wanting in

the side aisles. The arches of this ceiling bear upon a shelving which surrounds the nave and the sanctuary. The general appearance is pleasing to the eye, being both artistic and religious.



Parish Church of Saint-Roch.
(Under the patronage of Saint Roch.)

CHURCH OF SAINT ROCH.

It is a very spacious edifice with nothing very striking about it. The exterior consists of a large flat portal, the only projections of which are pilasters, and a broad obtuse angled front, surmounted by a pedestal bearing a statue of Saint Roch with his legendary dog. From each of the side angles in front, shoot up polygonal steeples with lanterns and spires.

In the facade are five entrances and three rows of windows, to say nothing of the bulls' eyes.

The interior consists of three very broad naves and three vaulted ceilings with elliptical semicircles, double galleries, and two organ lofts borne up by square pillars, the railings are white and gold ; three wooden altars gilt over, and on the northern side a rich chapel of the

Sacred Heart ; the pulpit is in carved wood and above the altar is a little organ loft.

One of the inscriptions struck me as being particularly interesting. The engraving, on a white marble tomb stone surrounded by black marble is to remind one that the heart of Bishop Plessis, founder of this church is preserved in it.



Parish Church of Saint-Sauveur
(Under the Patronage of the Transfiguration of Our Lord).

CHURCH OF SAINT-SAUVEUR.

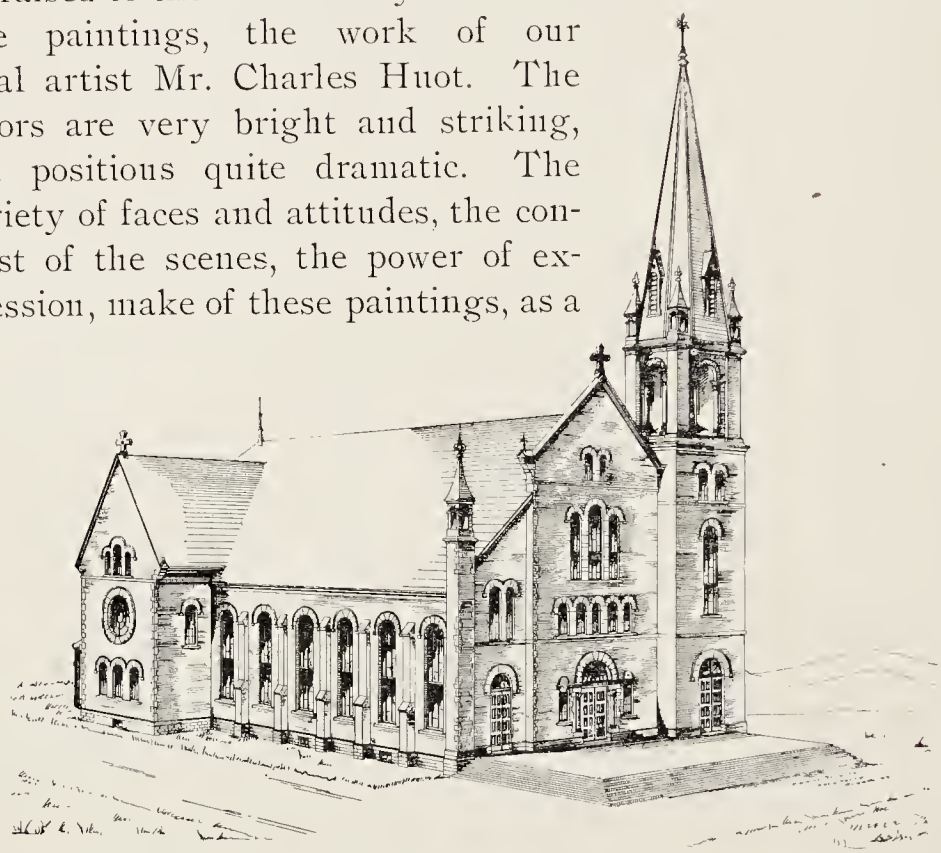
The interior of this church is one of the most handsome in Quebec. The exterior is quite plain and austere in style, and there is nothing striking in its appearance except a large square tower, which forms the centre fore-part leading to the steeple, which is very lofty.

Above the triangular front of the facade, this tower is lighted by a row of windows and still above are two polygonal lanterns surmounted by a spire.

The side entrance is narrow, dark and low. But if you go in

through the great front door the beautiful proportions of the church, divided into three naves, the grand colonnade formed by eighteen large tapering columns, the frescoes and the huge paintings which decorate the vaulted ceilings will no doubt make a most vivid impression upon you.

As though compelled by an irresistible force, your eyes will be raised to the vault and you will then be able to admire the five paintings, the work of our local artist Mr. Charles Huot. The colors are very bright and striking, the positions quite dramatic. The variety of faces and attitudes, the contrast of the scenes, the power of expression, make of these paintings, as a whole, a most wonderful production, alone sufficient to establish the artist's reputation.



Church of Saint Malo
(Under the patronage of Saint Angela.)

Your gaze will then meet the colored windows which number twenty eight. As dark glasses would have intercepted the light and interfered with the effect of the paintings on the ceiling, these windows are made in pale shades, and represent the most prominent personages in the Old Testament, the Apostles and many other saints. One finds there a whole course of hagiography.

The Stations of the Way of the Cross are embossed and of good size, they are raised from the walls and contribute to enhance the beauty of the side aïsles under the galleries.

In order to complete this description, it may be added that the centre nave is semi-circular in shape, the pulpit in carved wood, that there are three altars and two rood-lofts; in the upper one the organ is built.

V

OTHER MONUMENTS.

This sketch of Monumental Quebec is already longer than I had intended it to be; yet it would still be incomplete without a few more pages dwelling upon other monuments well worthy of mention.

Indeed, there are churches and chapels that I am unable to describe through lack of space, which yet are well worthy of a visit.

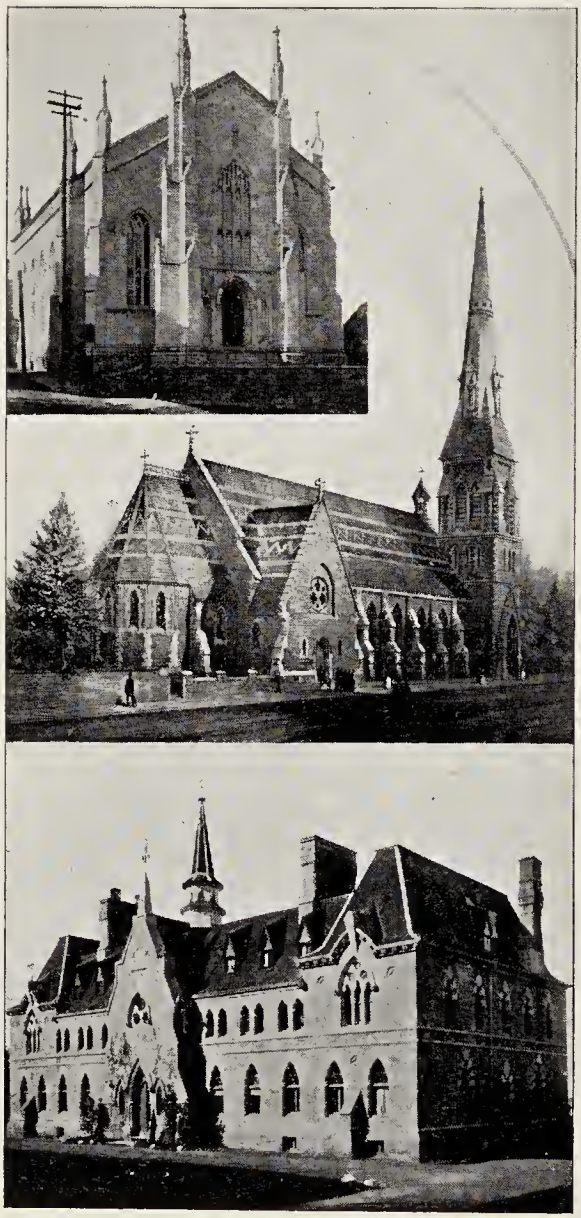
The Irish have their Saint-Patrick's Church, with three naves, an organ-loft and side galleries, it is quite roomy but still too small for the number of faithful who go there to worship.

The Jesuits also have two congregations for men, one in upper town and the other in Saint-Roch's and each with their church, plain and simply frescoed. Within a very short distance from the congregation of the "Oblats" and under their direction, is the pretty little church of the "Third Order," consecrated to Our Lady of Lourdes and on its steeple is borne high up in the air a gilt statue of the Immaculate Conception.

Finally, at the extreme end of Saint-Sauveur, in the new parish of Saint-Malo, which will soon be a centre for the

working classes, a pretty church has just been built, it is in white brick, has a tower and steeple, and is under the patronage of Saint-Angela. I was about to forget Our Lady of the Guard, a pretty little church built on the wharves at the foot of Cape Diamond, within a short distance of the spot where the unfortunate General Montgomery was killed.

The women's societies also have their chapels, several of which are most interesting. The Ursuline Chapel is the most noteworthy of them, owing to the traditions attached to it, and also to its old paintings and tombstones. The Sisters of Mercy have a little Gothic sanctuary the interior of which is charming. That of the Ladies of the Good Shepherd is in Roman style, has two galleries, a fine gilt altar and a particularly lofty ceiling. All these chapels are open to the public, and have street entrances more or less worthy of mention, surmounted by steeples and cupolas.



Methodist Church. Saint-Mathew's Church. Finlay Asylum.

The Protestants also have their churches, many of which are built in Gothic Style. They are about the only ones in Quebec whose monuments demonstrate their taste for pointed arches. Thus Saint-Mathew's Church, in Saint-John's suburbs,

that of Dr. Chalmers, the great Scottish theologian, on Saint Ursula street, the Methodist church next door to Morrin College, retain this primitive style of architecture without decorations.

The English Cathedral is more Roman in style. It stands close by the Catholic Cathedral and both live in harmony though sharing different opinions. Both are facing west and perhaps planning conquests in that direction. The two steeples shooting up towards the clouds seem to fraternize and often their bells are heard tolling together. However the sound of the bells is different, and they do not play in the same strain. Who knows, if these two sister churches may not be reunited, and whether the days of Catholic England may not some day return!



Anglican Cathedral.

After the churches naturally come the educational establishments, and it is but just to begin by the Seminary of foreign missions: honor to whom honor is due.

This institution dates as far back as 1663 and was founded by Monseigneur de Laval, the first bishop of Quebec. During the first century of its existence, it was exclusively a grand seminary, and open only to those intending to enter holy orders, after having gone through a course of classical studies at the Jesuits' College near by.

However, after this institution was closed an ordinary college was joined to the grand seminary and faculties of letters, science and theology were established.

This seat of learning has rendered invaluable services to religion and to the country, and it prospered notwithstanding the many trials which it had to undergo. In 1852 its development was completed by the foundation of Laval University. No doubt Quebec was a suitable centre for an establishment of that kind. Being an historical and quiet city, full of traditions and object lessons, it was the very place adapted to study and might have been to French Canada what Oxford has been and still is to England, what Heidelberg is to Germany, what



Hotel-Dieu of the Precious Blood.

Bologna is to Italy and Harvard to the United States. But Montreal objected. Montreal with so many advantages over the old capital, contested Quebec's right to the honor of training its young students, and succeeded in having our fine institution divided. I do not mention this to find fault, but it grieves me to know that it will now be impossible for us to ever realize the proud dreams we had for our University.

The Seminary and University constitute in themselves quite a world of old and new buildings, the size of which it would be hard to judge without taking a walk through their



LAVAL UNIVERSITY, GRAND SEMINARY AND COLLEGE.

long corridors. The new Grand Seminary only built a few years ago is really quite monumental.

Its style is severe and intended to last for centuries, and iswell worthy of the great family that dwells within its walls. Stone, brick and iron are the only materials used and they make the building almost as solid as the institution itself, which after having been two hundred years in existence is still as active and as powerful as ever.

This edifice is roomy and well proportioned in height, it is perfectly aired and flooded with sun by day and with electric light by night. It will do in the future what it has done in the past, turn out Princes of the Church, apostles of the Gospel, catholic orators, eminent scientists, shining lights for the bar and magistracy.

Next to the Seminary stands Laval University, a huge six story cut-stone building. The edifice is a substantial one, but has no claim to any architectural beauty; it was built at a time when it was thought that Boileau referred to literature only when he wrote :

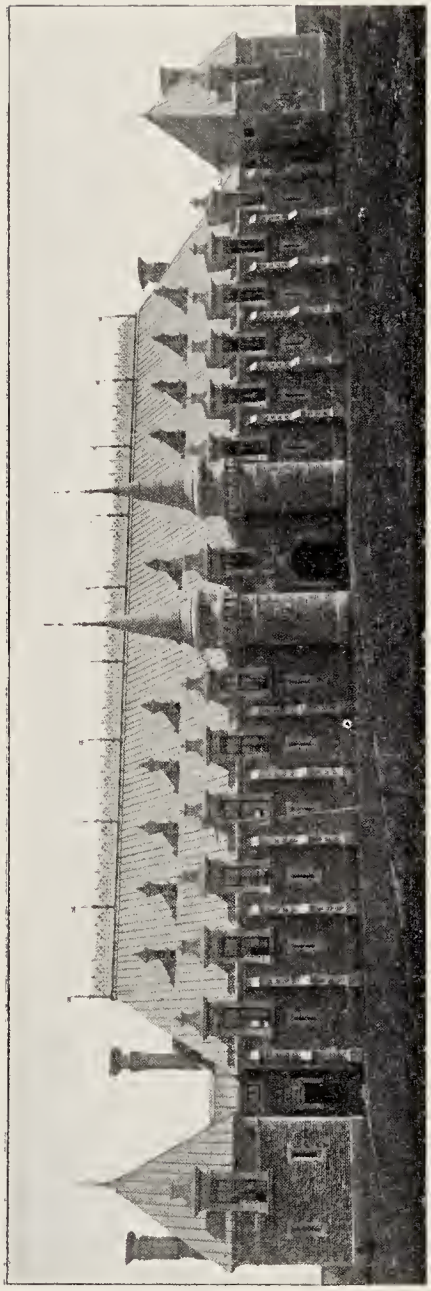
" L'ennui naquit un jour de l'uniformité."

In order to improve the appearance of the building, the old flat roof was a few years ago made into a mansard roof, crowned with a high dome and two bell-turrets. The spires which shoot high up in the skies would alone be sufficient to inform tourists that they are not looking at a factory, but at an institution which turns out men.

They will be still more impressed with the truth of this fact if they go inside. There are a rich library containing over one hundred thousand volumes, a huge museum, an art gallery, lecture halls and a chair for each of the faculties.

A short distance from the Seminary is another educational establishment, which is its senior and enjoys a universal reputation, it is the Ursuline Convent. Its history is a most glorious and edifying one and is closely connected with that of Quebec itself. The records of this institution were written and published a few years ago and are contained in three most interesting octavo volumes.

The convent is situated in the very heart of upper town and covers a large area, but how many building it comprises, I am at a loss to say. The cloister occupies the largest part of it, and it is considered as thegreatest of privileges to be allowed to cross beyond its gratings, leave to do so is obtained but rarely and under exceptional circumstances. I have already spoken of its chapel and will return to the subject later on.



The Drill-Shed.

Other important religious institutions have also large buildings in our city. Their steeples and cupolas are seen in the distance breaking the monotony of the neighboring roof tops.

The Hotel-Dieu is one of those to which we have already referred, its facade is quite monumental. Also the Monastery of the Good Shepherd, which has been considerably enlarged and improved of late years ; the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, who own four large buildings and a chapel near the steep rock where stand the arsenal fortifications ; the General Hospital, which together with the Hotel-Dieu and the Ursuline Convent, date back to the time of the foundation of the colony ; the Sacred Heart Hospital, recently founded and the old Marine Hospital, now converted into a Reformatory under the direction of the Ladies of the Good Shepherd.

Amongst the Protestant hospitals and Asylums the most

striking is the Finlay Asylum, it is well situated and its stern Gothic style of architecture makes of it an important monument.

There are several other buildings connected with the commercial and industrial part of the City, and though many



The Skating-rink and Garrison Club-House.

of them are well worthy of tourists' attention, yet it would be too long to discribe them. Therefore I make no mention of our banks, factories, shops and hotels.

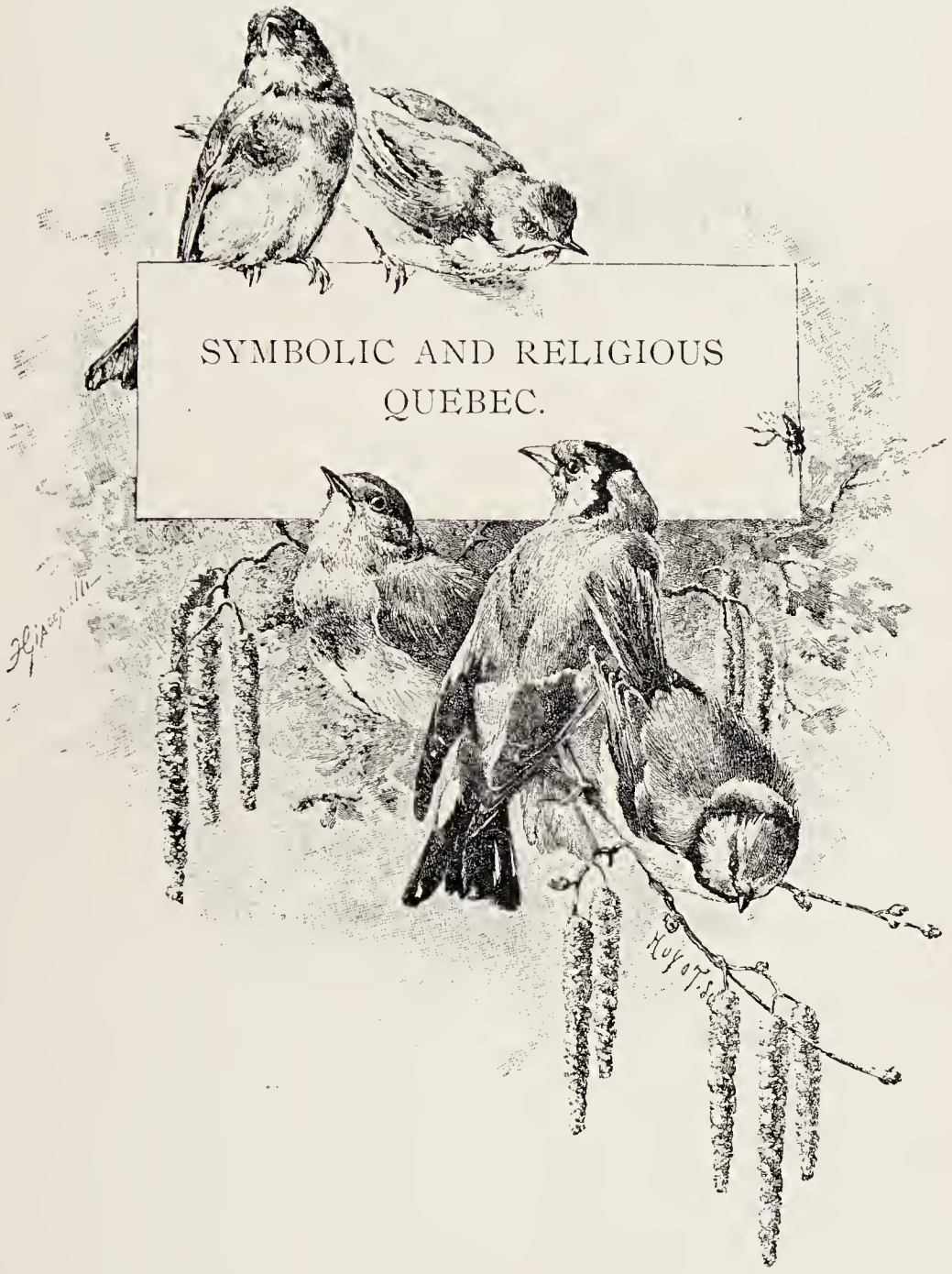
I wish however before closing, to refer to a few other establishments of quite a different nature and very well known to the public.

One of these is the Drill-Shed a handsome stone building, very odd in style; the main entrance is flanked with round towers and reminds one of certain castles in the Middle Ages; the Skating Rink suitable in style and size to the purpose for

which it was built and a great rendez-vous in winter; the Garrison Club where not only military men but civilians congregate, is quite an important social meeting place where men chat, read, smoke and dine.

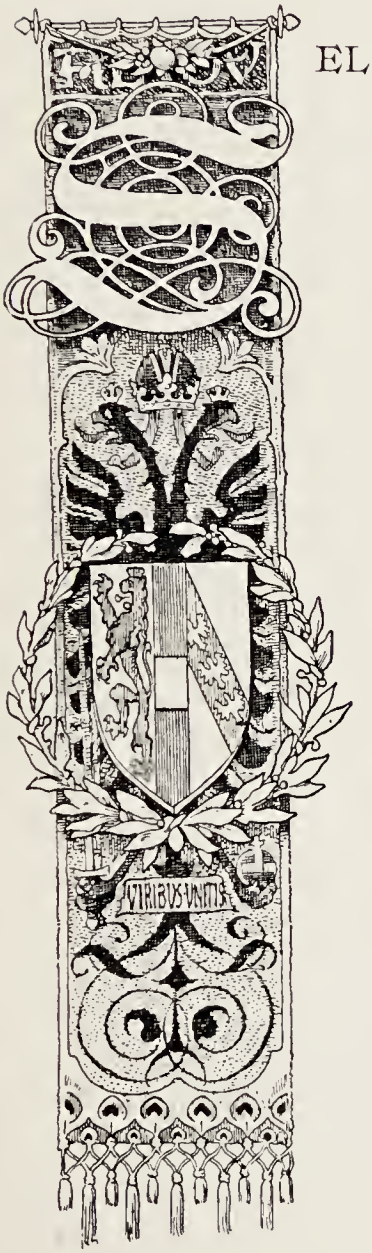


Young Canadian girl.



SYMBOLIC AND RELIGIOUS QUEBEC.

SYMBOLIC AND RELIGIOUS QUEBEC.



SELDOM enough do cities of any extent or of a few centuries old, assume as a whole a homogeneous and graceful appearance, a symbolic unity comprising a number of artistic varieties. There are exceptions however—and Quebec among them—in which both nature and art have combined to form a most symmetrical, graceful and symbolical unity.

Quebec, in this respect, is admirable. Owing to its exceptionally beautiful site, it forms by itself a huge decoration and its different sections seem graduated in the most artistic possible manner. Or rather it assumes the aspect of a huge pyramid, the base of which is surrounded by water on three sides; the inclined surfaces covered with monuments, towers, steeples and cupolas, impart to it the appearance of a Gothic pyramid.

Houses and buildings are there crowded above each other and seem to be climbing higher and higher still.

The mossy stone upon which they stand, imparts to the whole a light appearance, yet in which there is perfect harmony, among the caprices of nature and the military dicipline.

In every direction, at each step, wonderful and unexpected views and perspectives are met with, artists can but admire the varied aspects, proportions and contrasts.

But this monumental pyramid is not striking merely on account of its wonderful beauty and picturesque lines, but is equally so owing to its symbolism.



Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy.

At the base, are vessels, wharves, factories, shops, a mass of structures of different sizes, above which are seen masts and high chimneys. These represent navigation, industry and commerce hustling and bustling and creating life on the flanks of the pyramid.

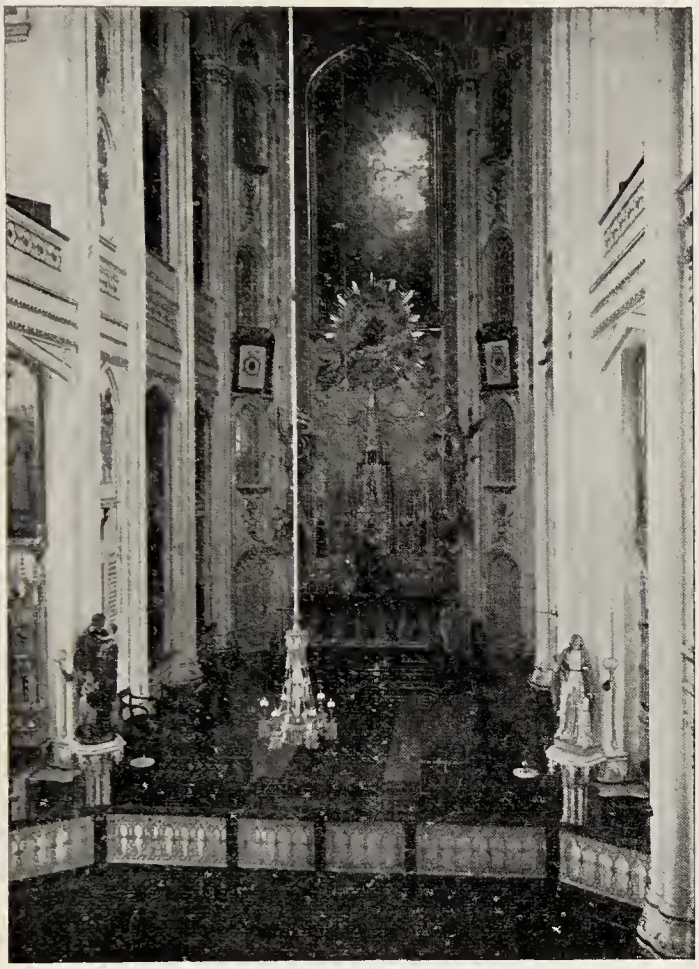
Further up, a belt totally different surrounds the city proper by a chain of rocks surmounted by ramparts, walls, batteries and forts. This represents power asserting itself and taking up its stand on the threshold of the City; these fortifications are most striking owing to the proportions which they assume, and also to the positions in which they are placed.

Still higher up are domes, spires, cupolas and towers, which testify to the ideals, beliefs and aspirations of the population.

There is the Cathedral, flanked on one side by the Seminary and University, and on the other, at a short distance by the

Ursuline Convent, this monumental group answers to the intellectual and religious requirements, its symbolism is so striking that I need not dwell upon it at any length.

Opposite is the City Hall, a fine building of graceful and varied architecture.



Interior of the Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

This represents civil and municipal authority. It is not through antagonism that it stands before the Cathedral, but through sympathy and friendship; and the mutual independence of each power, in its respective attributes, does not in the least interfere with the perfect harmony which characterizes their intercourse.

Further up is the Chateau Frontenac which serves to recall the feudal days, and remind one of an age full of historical traditions, of greatness, glory and chivalry. It has replaced the Chateau Saint Louis, the origin of which dates back to the successor of Champlain, and in which lived the French and English governors.

But the former are those of whom it most reminds one, among these Governors according to general opinion, Frontenac was the most prominent, therefore it was but just to call the new building by his name, in order to commemorate the old regime.

Near by the Court House striking on account of its breadth and height, well lighted in all directions, is a worthy representative of judicial power.

It is built on the heights, that is on the level upon which justice should always be. It is in the heart of the city, and therefore within easy access to all citizens. Its style of architecture is stern and solid, founded on stone without much ornamentation, which is quite in keeping with the most lasting of the three great powers of State.

Further up are the Parliament Buildings, representing political power, benevolently towering over all we have just described.

And yet higher still the Citadel, above political and religious power, and levelling its guns over them, not for attack however, but for protection.

Are not all these most beautiful in their harmonious symbolism ?

In the lower part of the city are the materials for the necessaries of life, food, light and heat; they are certainly well placed as they are.

In the upper part of the city, intellect, art and religion are represented by most emblematic buildings, standing in full light and surrounded by the broadest horizons and most wonderful views.

Still higher are massive stone buildings, mutely asserting the perfect harmony existing between the political, judicial and military authorities.

Is not that a complete and well regulated city, representing as a whole, through its monuments, the two great powers in the world—matter and mind.

This symbolism is marked not only in Monumental Quebec as a whole, but is also most apparent in details and if you take pains to observe it you will be most forcibly impressed by it in your travels through the City.

The marine characteristic is particularly noticeable in lower town, and military style in upper town. Here you will observe the English city with its Gothic and Norman style of archi-

tecture, joined to the old French city, built in Renaissance or Norman style. There you will see the union of both races particularly emblematic for instance in the monument erected to the united glory of Wolfe and Montcalm.

Elsewhere other contrasts and other harmonies are marked by the style of buildings, which make them more apparent.

See for instance at the foot of Palace Hill, the two large edifices which crown the hillock above the ramparts. The one



Good Shepherd Asylum.

is sombre and massive and hidden behind high walls, as an evil-doer hiding himself ; that is the arsenal. The other has the appearance of a palace, gracefully constructed and open to all comers ; the facade is ornamented, large and airy balconies are attached to it : Is it not a large hotel ?... yes it is the Hotel-Dieu.

In the first building deadly weapons are made and in the second healing remedies. The one provides the weapons for bloody battles and in the other deeds of mercy are wrought. The one serves the God of war and prepares the requisites for

the defense of the earthly country, the other is consecrated to the God of peace and love, and valiantly struggles for the conquest of heaven. The one opens the jaws of death and the others the gates of Paradise.

There is one sentiment, however, which is particularly symbolized in Monumental Quebec, and that is the religious sentiment.

Of course, the Citadel and the ramparts with their bastions, forts and batteries, most energetically assert the military



The General Hospital. The Marine Hospital.

and patriotic sentiment; however the temples, churches and chapels with their towers, domes and steeples peering forth in all directions through Quebec, assert still more forcibly the religious belief of the people, and when on Sunday mornings the bells from all the steeples are heard tolling, while the guns have remained silent for upwards of a century, the

strength of the religious sentiment in our city is most readily understood.

There are ten or twelve Protestant churches, the most prominent of which are : the English Cathedral, the Presbyterian Church on Saint-Ursule street, Saint-Mathew's Church on Saint-John street ; Saint-Andrew's on Saint-Ann street and Chalmer's Church on Dauphine street.



Chapel of the Men's Congregation in upper town, under the patronage of the Presentation of our Lord and of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

There are also about twenty Catholic churches and chapels, many of which are quite large, moreover each educational establishment, each convent and each monastery has a chapel of its own. It would appear that all these monuments consecrated to divine worship would be sufficient to answer the spiritual needs of the population. Yes most assuredly, and yet an humble building has just been put up, on one of the most prominent and elevated points of our city, appearing as it were, a necessary complement to the others, and representing the flight of the

soul towards the higher spheres of spiritual life. The want of this institution had not heretofore made itself felt, but now that it exists, pious souls understand what was lacking to them before, and wonder how they could ever have done without it.

The new church referred to is that of the Blessed Sacrament.

Indeed, the monumental scale of Religious Quebec was so far incomplete, as it did not reach sufficiently high to tower over the city.



Chapel of the Men's Congregation Saint-Roch's, dedicated to Mary Immaculate.

Starting from Our Lady of Victories, the scale ascended to the Basilica, branching out in all directions as far as the handsome church of Saint-John-the-Baptist, the patron saint of our nationality. Still there remained another peak to climb, another step to mount, the supreme step, the upper extremity of which would extend ever above the Citadel, whence would be heard the sound of the Gloria in excelsis, chanted on earth in harmony with the voices of heaven.

The deed is now completed, the dome under which Jesus Christ reveals Himself to all is supreme in its elevation.

It is first to receive the rays of the rising sun and last to be gilded by its setting glimmers, and under its spherical vault the two suns meet, the Created and the Creator.

What is that shining under the luminous and monumental crown towering over the whole city? Is it a Calvary or a Thabor? Is it a gibbet or a throne? Is it only an humble grotto or a palace?

It is all combined, for beneath this vault, bathed in light and suspended at an elevation upon which the sun and stars lavish their rays, the sacred monstrance containing the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, radiantly shines upon an altar, surrounded by adorers robed in the immaculate garment of the Lamb!

Behold the Ark of the Covenant of Ancient Times once more reconstructed! In it we see far more than mere symbols, for here abides the Holy of Holies in His own glorious and immortal body, surpassing those prototypes contained in the Old Testament.



Our Lady of the Guard.

Behold here also the burning bush, where now, not alone to Moses does Almighty God manifest Himself, but to all His people. No longer appearing surrounded by thunder and lightning as on Mount Horeb, for now arise soft clouds of incense, bearing aloft sublime canticles of love.

Here again we have the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Mystery of Mysteries the compendium and crowning of that Divine Institution, which binds Heaven to earth—and Man to God.

Now a days, while Quebec is becoming greater and more

beautiful, this monumental and religious addition, this mystical development of public piety, became a want and was executed in due time.

However, the fact of having, on the highest peak of our picturesque city, a monumental pedestal where God reveals himself to all in bodily form, is not all. This ever present King must have a court continually gathered around his throne and ready to serve him. To this God, issuing from His tabernacle and standing upon His altar, a group of continuous adorers to render Him homage was imperatively needed.

That is the reason why the convent of the Franciscan nuns is there. It is not the monastery that called for the church; it is the church that needed the monastery and could not do without it.

It is a court of Virgins that was required to surround the spotless Lamb, and these daughters of Saint-Francis of Assisi and of Saint-Antony of Padua represent and supply the place of the throng of faithful in their unceasing mystical worship of the Blessed Sacrament.

They are our representatives, and it is due to their fervent prayers that we are spared punishment for our sins, and that divine blessings are showered upon our city.

There is in this sanctuary and that monastery, crowning the highest peak of our city a monumental dualism, quite unpretentious from a material aspect, but which taken from a religious point of view is most beautiful, most touching and should be appreciated by all.

The astonishing part of it is that these two buildings were erected as by enchantment, having no other fund to draw from than that of public charity.

This fact is the more impressive, when we consider that even the most spiritual and mystical organizations must always take the financial question into consideration.

In order to erect monuments, it is as urgent to have money as it is for man to have food.

Of course, this edifice is very humble and well in keeping with Franciscan poverty. Stone would have been too

expensive, therefore brick was used to built a temple to the Blessed Sacrament. But was it not for Him, who on earth, had not even a stone upon which to lay his head?

It was but suitable, however, that the portico should be somewhat adorned in order to draw notice from passers-by to the earthly dwelling of Jesus Christ, where He is ever visible and ready to receive and hear those who would hold converse with Him.

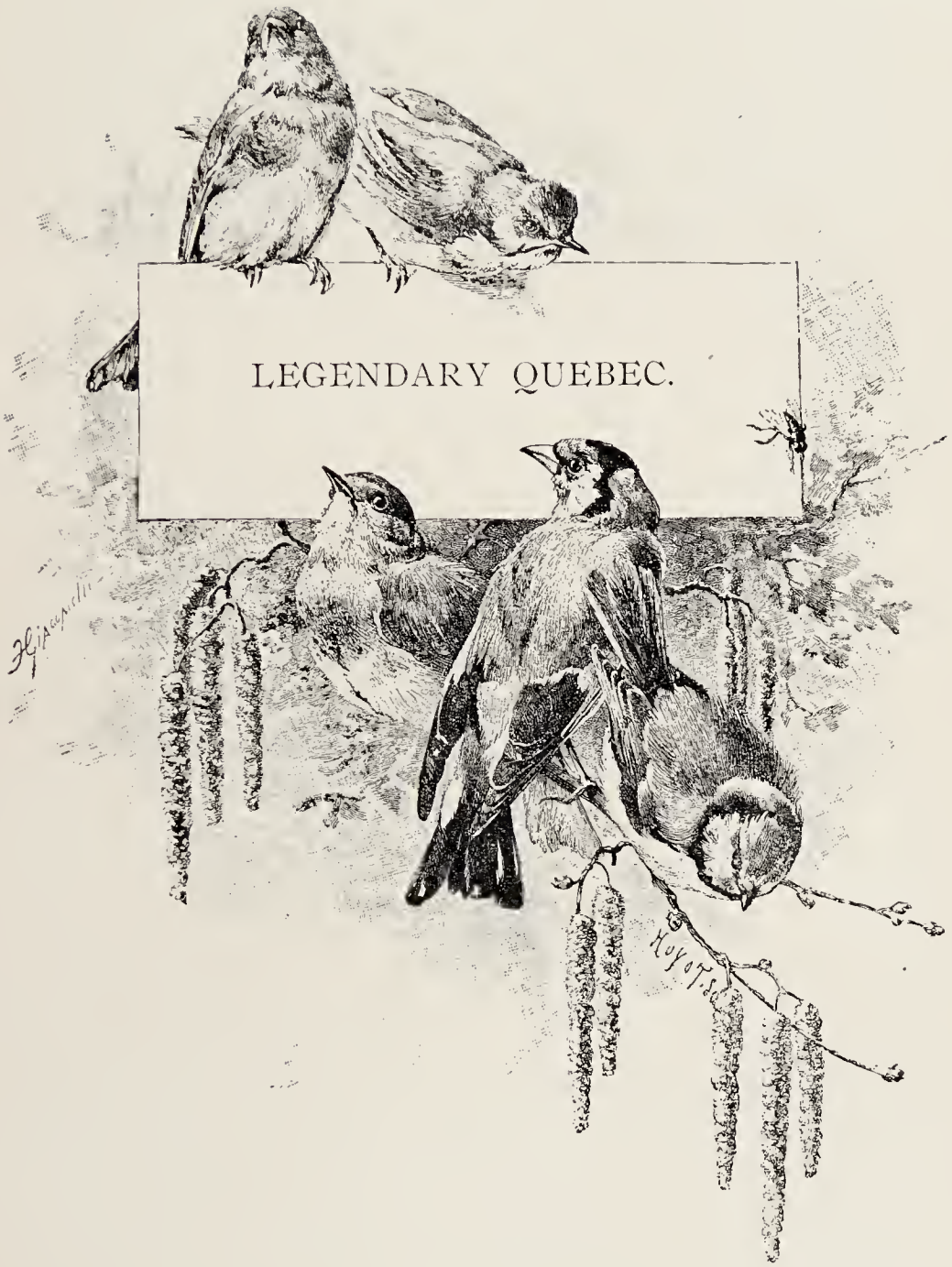
The promoters of this work, fearing that the souls devoted to the Blessed Sacrament would not be content to see the interior of this church absolutely denuded and without adornment, have decorated it in a style worthy of the mystical body that dwells within its walls.

From an artistic stand point, the interior of this sanctuary is one of the most beautiful in America, and a worthy crowning to Symbolic and Religious Quebec.





Lambert Closse, an early Canadian settler, with his famous dog Pilot, watching the Iroquois foe.
Bronze group by Philip Hebert.


LEGENDARY QUEBEC.



I

THE GOLDEN DOG.



N this earth, the beginning and end of all things seem wrapped in mystery. The origin of nations is particularly uncertain. Such is the general law.

Our history to a great extent, forms an exception to this law, and we are fairly well enlightened as to the early development of our country.

Nevertheless, many legends more or less mysterious and dramatic, form part of the history of Quebec.

A book on Quebec would be incomplete if it did not contain a few of these legendary traditions, and particularly that of the Golden Dog, the most enigmatical and the most mysterious of all.

From time to time writers and historians have endeavoured to throw light upon this strange legend, and yet the mystery, seems as deep as a cavern buried under the earth, and into which the rays of the suns can hardly penetrate, through the tiny crevices in the rock.

As you descend, you hope that these rays may lead you to a tunnel, and that soon you will be in full light. But you are doomed to disappointment, the brightness gradually vanishes and you are left in total darkness.

Is it owing to the mystery surrounding this legend, that novelists and tourists have manifested such intense interest ? Perhaps, for we are all more or less fascinated by mystery and always looking for solutions to such enigmas. One sure thing is that travellers who visit Quebec for the first time, never fail to stop in front of the Post Office. Is it to admire this massive block of stone, built upon the declivity of the rock which bears the Chateau Frontenac ? Certainly not, as there is nothing very striking about it.



Snow lion modelled by the students in front of Laval University in 1894.

The Golden Dog.

What tourists are looking for, and what they read with extreme interest, on the front of the building, is the legend of the Golden Dog which is abbreviated as follows in four verses, which are far from being perfect :

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os.
En le rongeant, je prends mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.

This quatrain is deeply carved in golden letters on a basso-relievo placed above the main entrance to our Post Office. The first verse rests over a sculptured figure representing a dog lying down and gnawing a bone, the three other verses are below.



The Post Office.

Our Post Office was built in 1871, but the basso-relievo dates as far back as 1736, it formerly decorated the front of an old and massive stone structure which stood on the same spot, and which at the very beginning of the XVIII century belonged to a rich French tradesman named Philibert.

Naturally, when viewing this strange slab encased in the wall, one is given to wonder over that strange dog, gnawing the bone which he holds between his paws, and barking or howling at passers-by in a very mysterious and revengeful manner.

What is that new kind of sphinx, speaking without being understood ?

That of old Egypt is a resting lion, holding an altar between his paws, his huge ears distended and listening to the noises of the desert, but he is mute.

Vainly do travellers question him and ask why he thus stands besides the great pyramids ; he remains mute.

But this one does not wait to be questioned, he plainly relates what has occurred and what he intends to do, thus giving you his present, past and future history.

He is lying down to rest and gnawing a bone : that is the present. He has been bitten and remembers it : that is the past. The day will come when he will bite the one who bit him : that is the future.

This dog is like a modern Nemesis hiding under a strange and new form.

But what is the hidden meaning of this revengeful dog ? What is the injury ? Who is the injured one ? And who is the offender whose blood will flow, in order to wipe out his misdeed ?

There are the problems which novelists, writers and historians have been long endeavouring to solve.

Let us also try our luck and first consider whether the author of the enigma might not be some eccentric mind or a pratical joker ?

Was it not his intention to mislead the public by a practical joke, which would be seriously taken up by posterity, and which would foster the belief in a bloody and mysterious affray ?

Could his possibly be one of those inventive minds, the originator of sensational articles, wishing to overexcite public curiosity, and supply to scandal fiends an inexhaustible topic upon which to vent their theories ?

No, this conjecture would appear quite improbable. The most fanciful-minded reporter might create imaginary *vendettas* from gathered fragments; but never could he have conceived the idea of framing his ideas in such a peculiar way.

No doubt, false reports are spread every day, the object of which is to create what is called a public sensation, and these false particulars are published, either to throw descredit upon an adversary, to run down an institution, or to seek revenge.

But such articles are not engraved upon stone tablets, or cemented into the masonry of a building which will last for centuries. It is for contemporaneous and not for future generations that those attacks are meant, they are intended to satisfy present grievances, and are never published in that form.

One must also bear in mind that there is here a question of an historical occurrence, and that the stone inscription strange as it is, bears a date and a signature.

An authenticated fact is that in 1736 a Quebec citizen, known by the name of le bourgeois Philibert, resided in the big stone house which stood on the site where the Post Office was erected in 1871, and that the enigmatical basso-relievo which has puzzled passers-by for over a century, was cemented to the front of his house. It is also true that in making the necessary excavations to build the Post Office, a lead plate was found upon which these words are engraved :

NICOLAS JACQUIN
DIT PHILIBER,
M'A POSÉ LE 2 AOUT 1735.

This inscription might indeed refer to the house itself rather than to the basso-relievo. Such being the case, it would mean that the first stone of the building was laid on August 2nd 1735, and the basso-relievo only placed above the main entrance in the following year, when the building was completed. That would explain why the date of 1736 is on the tablet. These facts in my opinion, are alone sufficient to do

away with the supposition of a mere dismal joke, and lead me to the belief in some work of vengeance and blood.

The first writer who sought to solve the mystery was Captain Knox, belonging to the staff of General Wolfe's



French soldier on guard on the lofty Citadel of Quebec, in 1759.

army, when the soldiers entered Quebec in September 1759. After the capitulation, he noticed the celebrated basso-relievo on the front of the Philibert house as he was going to lower town.

In the second volume of his diary he states having made

every possible investigation, with a view of arriving at the true meaning of the four legendary verses, but that he found it quite impossible to collect any satisfactory particulars.

It is rather strange that in 1759, only twenty-three years after the basso-relievo had been put up, he did not meet with some contemporaries capable of giving him full details.

For want, of a better solution, he arrived at the conclusion that the dog, emblem of faithfulness represented the French colony, and that the threatening verses were intended for the savage tribes.

This conjecture however, appears to be improbable.

It would be more acceptable if the inscription had been put up after the conquest, and that one could imagine the enemy threatened was the conqueror.

Knox's Diary therefore, does not really throw any light upon the history of the "Golden Dog".

In copying out the inscription, he made a rather funny mistake. I fancy that he wrote the famous quatrain from memory, and that having forgotten the second verse he made one of his own, upon which I could not venture to congratulate him, as it is certainly very droll.

In the original quatrain, the second verse, which reads as follows:

"En le rongeant, je prends mon repos"

conveys the main idea of the inscription. It is meant to picture the avenger resting and awaiting his opportunity. It also agrees with the two following verses, which prepare for vengeance after rest. Consequently, by eliminating the second verse, the striking and dramatic meaning of the stanza is destroyed. But Knox did far worse than to eliminate it, as he substituted the following:

"Sans en perdre un seul morceau."

One really could not acknowledge that the composition was a brilliant one, unless of course the brave captain meant to be funny. For when a man is injured and compelled to swallow

the insult, which the bone in this instance represents, it would be absurd to imagine that he so relishes it as to not wish to lose a morsel.

In 1839, Auguste Soulard who enjoyed a good reputation as a lawyer and writer, published his version of the legend of the "Golden Dog."

His tale is very short and there is nothing particularly striking about it; however, as he was but twenty years of age at the time, allowances must be made for his youth.

Here is an abridged version of his narrative :

It would appear that in 1736, le bourgeois Philibert was killed by Le Gardeur de Repentigny as the result of a quarrel, and that he left a wife and a son two years of age.

Maddened by grief and thirsting for revenge, the unhappy widow placed above her door the terrible basso-relievo, as a permanent threat to the murderer, and also in order to have her son crave for vengeance as he grew older.

This bitter sentiment seems to have grown with him, and at the age of twenty-two he started for Europe, in search of his father's murderer.

"Ten months after young Philibert's departure," says Soulard, as he brings his narrative to a rather abrupt close, "his sick mother was sitting at the window breathing the pure spring air and thinking of her son, when a letter was handed to her. Upon reading it she learned alas ! that after many painful journeys, her son had at last found de Repentigny, crossed swords with him and had been killed ! Poor Philibert ! The meaning of this last sentence is quite plain. The letter which the mother received was not from her son, for the duel had ended fatally for him."

Sir James Lemoine, who has repeatedly written about the legend of the "Golden Dog," claims to reproduce Soulard's ideas in his "Maple Leaves" published in 1873. Nevertheless, the ending of his version is totally different. According to him, the letter received by Madame Philibert was from her son and read as follows : "My dearest mother, we are avenged, my father's murderer is no more".

Sir James Lemoine adds that the two enemies met at Pondicherry where they fought a duel, in which de Repentigny was killed.

I am ignorant however, of where these particulars have been gathered by the learned writer.

Huston who also reproduced Soulard's narrative, in the "Répertoire national" follows it up by an historical criticism by Jacques Viger, who is well known to be a learned scholar.

After having earnestly searched in order to discover the true history of the "Golden Dog," Mr. Viger arrived at the following conclusions :

1° It is true that in 1736 Philibert lived in the big and massive house, which has now been replaced by the Post Office. But at the time he had only two daughters, for his son Pierre Nicholas, was only born in 1737.

2° In the following years Philibert became father of another son, born in 1740 and of another daughter born in 1742.

3° Therefore Philibert cannot have been killed in 1736. In fact Mr. Viger asserts, basing his assertion upon historical facts, that it was on the 21st January 1748, that Philibert was killed by De Repentigny in a brawl.

4° Consequently if the enigmatical basso-relievo was made in 1736, it is the work of Philibert himself and not of his widow, therefore another enemy than de Repentigny was sought.

5° The cause of the quarrel, it is said, was a lodging permit presented to Philibert by the de Repentigny who at this time, 1748, was a lieutenant in the French army of Canada. The belief is that he went to Philibert with his permission, and endeavored to compel Philibert to put him up with a few of his men. Philibert evidently refused to receive them, striking de Repentigny with a stick, the latter retaliated by a sword thrust which killed Philibert.

6° De Repentigny fearing arrest, seems to have fled to Acadia and been pardoned by Louis XIV in the following year, 1649.

He afterwards returned to Quebec to have his "papers" ratified by the Superior Council ; Philibert's widow was warned that she might oppose his action, but she declared that she

had no opposition to put in, as she had already been granted her rights by civil action, and that de Repentigny had paid the damages which the law imposed upon him.



De Repentigny presenting the lodging permit to Philibert.

7° Finally, it is perfectly well know that in 1760 de Repentigny was a captain in the colonial troops, under command of the Chevalier de Levis.

These are the historical facts brought to light by Jacques Viger. They make of Soulard's narrative a mere work of fiction, and also do away with the developments made by Sir James Lemoine. These facts very far from throwing any light upon the mysterious legend of the "Golden Dog," render it still more deeply mysterious than ever, and novelists and historians vainly seek a clue to this strange problem.

What makes the tale of the duel between de Repentigny and Philibert's son, all the more improbable is that by the time the latter might have been able to handle a sword, Philibert's widow had already been paid damages by de Repentigny, and that he had obtained the King's pardon ten years previous.

Amongst all those who have taken any interest in the "Golden Dog," Mr. Wm. Kirby is the only one who has had any luck with the legend. He wrote a novel on the subject which became quite popular, and established the author's reputation.

From an historical stand point the work is of but small value, as it swarms with improbabilities. From a purely literary point of view, it betrays the youth of the author.

Nevertheless, the book is a most interesting one for those who are fond of old Quebec. The author's brilliant imagination, his lively and figurative style, his unprejudiced admiration for the old French nobility of Canada, the vivid description which he gives of Canadian customs of that time, the artistic way in which he keeps up the reader's interest, make of his book most agreeable and wholesome reading.

Let us now hear his version of the legend of the "Golden Dog."

When Count Philibert lived in France, he had known Bigot and was hated by him. Mr. Kirby does not give any details about the causes of this hatred. But it can be readily concluded from what he says, that Bigot was a hypocrite; that under pretense of defending the Catholic religion, he persecuted the Huguenots, and that Philibert who was one of them, naturally sided against him; that the quarrel

between the two men assumed great bitterness and that Philibert succeeded in preventing Bigot from carrying out his intentions in the parliament at Rouen.

Bigot then abusing of his influence at the court of Louis XIV, obtained a decree of expulsion against Philibert, and the latter took up his residence in Quebec.

But as ill-luck would have it, he was again a few years later brought face to face with Bigot, his mortal enemy. The very worst enemies one has in this world are those who having injured him were unable to crush him beyond all hope.

The rivalry between these two men then assumed most menacing proportions. Philibert was carrying on a large business in Quebec, by which he was making a fortune that made him very popular in the colony.

Bigot, on the other hand, claimed the monopoly of trade between France and the colony; the conflicting interests of these two men brought the trouble between them to a climax.

Thanks to the support given him by Madame de Pompadour, Bigot's influence at the French Court was enormous, and the authority which he had in Canada most powerful. He therefore established in Quebec a company, the members of which were men of the most contemptible kind, to whom honor and thrift were but vain words ; he began a series of scandalous speculations, frauds and extortions which exhausted the public treasure, and wrought ruin upon the colony.

Philibert's establishment was the only one in a position to seriously interfere and compete with Bigot's schemes.

Naturally enough Philibert had not forgotten the persecution of which he had been the victim, and which had resulted in his having been driven out of France as an exile. He was fully determined to take his revenge if he could.

He therefore set to work with a will in order to battle against the monopoly which the intendant had established. But his enemy was all-powerful. His influence at court was boundless, as well as the authority with which he was

invested, and moreover he was surrounded by devoted scoundrels, who had no hesitation in resorting to the lowest schemes; and thanks to his extortions, he had money.

Philibert understood his weakness as compared with his enemy's power, yet he silently stood the many insults and injustices which were heaped upon him, and battling with pluck, he soliloquized: "The day will come, when I will be avenged."

It is at that time no doubt, that he built his big house on Buade street, which answered the double purpose of residence and warehouse; and there he conceived the idea of placing over the front door this tablet of the "Golden Dog," with its threatening inscription, which described both his position and his feelings.

Evidently it was for Bigot that this perpetual threat was intended by Philibert, and the people at the time fully understood it.

No doubt Bigot and his friends were very much annoyed. But the intendant was more cunning and astute than his rival, who made public his revengeful projects; the intendant concealed his annoyance.

He gnawed his bone in silence. And under cover of a gentlemanly and benevolent outward appearance, he organized a diabolical plot by which to rid himself for ever of his rival.

It would have been an easy matter for him to have had Philibert assassinated, as he was continually surrounded by a number of tools who would act at his bidding. But had the crime been committed by any of these, he himself would have been suspected and accused, and he was too cunning to employ means by which the act might be traced back to him.

Therefore, after having several times conferred with his intimate friends, without making any suggestion, he managed to make them understand that it would be a hard matter to discover who had struck a man killed in a brawl.

The assassin's hand had to be found, and Cadet and de Péan were the ones to conceive the infernal plot by which Philibert was to be struck down by a friend of his family.

They had succeeded in enticing to their revels a young man known as Le Gardeur de Repentigny, who since his father's death had become the head of one of the noblest and most highly respected families in New France.

He was a brilliant young officer in the service of the king and an intimate friend of Pierre Philibert, le bourgeois' son (Mr. Kirby supposes that Philibert had at that time a son twenty-four or twenty-five years of age). Unfortunately Le Gardeur was addicted to drink, and it was with a view of satisfying his craving in that respect that he joined the intendant and his friends in their revelries.

In addition to this, another passion had taken a hold upon him. He was madly in love with Angelique des Meloises, the most fascinating coquette, as well as the most ambitious of all the Quebec ladies.

She rather liked him, yet his social standing was still too low to satisfy that woman's pride; her dream was to become the wife of the intendant, and in order to accomplish her object, she was prepared to make every sacrifice, and even resort to crime.

On the other hand de Péan was also infatuated with the beautiful Angelique, who did not care for him, but still kept him at her heels.

The tools of which Bigot proposed making use in order to satisfy his revengeful feelings were, Angelique des Meloises, Cadet, de Péan and Le Gardeur de Repentigny.

He promised de Péan that he would induce Angelique des Meloises to marry him; and to her he explained that the competition which he met with from Philibert's establishment prevented him from accumulating any wealth, and therefore was an obstacle to his marriage with her.

The power of his money was sure to retain Cadet's devotion, and drink would no doubt put Le Gardeur's sword at his disposal.

It would be too long to follow the novelist's plot right through, and we cannot dwell upon the love which existed between Pierre Philibert and the charming Amélie de Repentigny,

Le Gardeur's sister. It is a delightful idyl, but had no bearing upon the legend which is the main object of my narrative.

Let us now hasten the conclusion.

Wine put Le Gardeur's brain on fire and when intoxicated he was blind, he cut and thrashed all who stood in his path or who were unfortunate enough to incur his displeasure.

De Péan and Cadet knew this failing of his and proposed making use of it.

Philibert seldom went out. But he was in the habit of going to market, which was on the open square facing the Cathedral.



Angelique des Meloises.

On the festival of Saint Martin which was market day, he went there as usual in order to meet the "habitants," who usually frequented his store.

He was chatting with a poor cripple to whom he was very generous, when a noisy lot of horsemen at full gallop suddenly appeared.

These were Bigot's satellites, headed by Le Gardeur and de Lantagnac, who had been drinking all night, and were in a beastly state of intoxication.

The market people gave them a greeting which was any-

thing but hearty, and showered upon them the height of abuse. There was suddenly a big move in the crowd.

As soon as de Lantagnac laid eyes on Philibert, he rode toward him and his horse bolting crushed the poor cripple's body under his hoofs.

Le Gardeur followed, spurring his horse and ordering the crowd to make way for him.



Gossiping on the market place.

Philibert, who was a plucky old man seized the horse by the bridle, the animal reared to such an extent as to throw off his rider.

Le Gardeur, furiously set upon the miscreant with a view of punishing him, while de Péan was shouting " Kill him." In his drunken rage he was striking Philibert with his crop, without having even recognized him.

The old man retaliated with his stick.

At this juncture the fair Miss des Meloises, who was following de Péan on horse back, reminded Le Gardeur of the

sword at his side, and that such an affront could not be left unpunished.

The infuriated officer could contain himself no longer, and drawing his weapon, he thrust it through the ill-fated old man, who fell to the ground bathed in his blood.

Then only did Le Gardeur come to his senses, and recognize in the person of the old gentleman he had slain, his friend and the friend of his family

Crushed with grief, he immediately went and gave himself up to the soldiers of the King, who took him as a prisoner to the Chateau Saint-Louis. The remainder of his history as told in Mr. Kirby's novel, is summed up as follows : he was transported to France and locked up in the Bastille, then liberated without any trial and returned to Quebec, where he served under Montcalm in his last battles.

Finally he returned to France, and was appointed governor of Mahe in India, where he died a bachelor.

As to Pierre Philibert, he never thought of avenging his father's death, knowing that his unfortunate friend Le Gardeur had not intended committing the crime of which he had been guilty; and his love for the fair Amélie de Repentigny continued as deep as ever.

A stream of blood now severed the two families, and Pierre Philibert could never marry the sister of his father's assassin.

Amélie de Repentigny readily understood how matters stood and sought refuge in the Ursuline Cloister, where she might be enabled to conceal her grief. But a few months after entering the novitiate she took ill and died, of grief no doubt.

Philibert returned to France, entered the army and was mortally wounded in an engagement at Minden in Prussia.

The historical facts revealed by Jacques Viger, and which we have related in order to contradict Soulard's statement, also give the denial to Kirby's narrative.

His theory that the basso-relievo of the "Golden Dog" was placed by Philibert above the door of his house as a permanent threat to Bigot, is probably fictitious; as this tablet

exists since 1736, while Bigot came to Canada as intendant only in 1748.

The legend of the " Golden Dog " therefore still remains a profound mystery, and the real history is still to come.

II

BIGOT'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

Bigot's Chateau is not a myth. It has a history and its ruins still hint at a certain by-gone splendor. The shadows of the people who lived there, still seem to cling to its crumbling walls, and awaken romantic fancies in the minds of those who visit them.

This imparts to the spot a certain dreamy fascination, which coupled with the beauty of the surrounding country is pleasing to sight-seers, is charming to dreamers, and acts as a stimulant to romantic writers.

Kirby in the " Golden Dog," Amédée Papineau in Caroline, Marmette in l'Intendant Bigot, Rousseau in Beaumanoir and Sir James Lemoine in many of his works, have written about this romantic spot so full of traditions. Nobody however, can state positively what proportion of truth or fiction enters into their tales.

What still further adds to the fascination of these dreary ruins are the events which they recall. They bear upon that period of our history which comprises the ten last years of the French domination.

Those days were dreary ones, intermingled with occasional rays of light and glory, blood freely flowed and feats of greatness and deeds of shame were done.

It is humiliating to be compelled to state that New France was endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of the mother

country—Madame de Pompadour reigned supreme there, while here de Péan's word was law.

When towards evening, you are strolling about on the Terrace and turn your gaze towards the north, you may see above the University buildings, beyond river Saint-Charles and beyond the rows of white houses on the shores of Beauport and Charlesbourg, the undulating chain of the Laurentian Mountains with their peaks plunging into the gold and purple clouds.



Chateau Saint-Louis in 1698.

Montcalm's House. Ruins of the Chateau Beaumanoir.

It is on one of the graceful slopes of those mountains that the Manor once stood where Bigot sought rest from his official duties at Court and indulged, so they say, in revelries which did not call for witnesses.

Do you wish to have a closer look at the ruins? If so take a trap, and after a most charming drive of about an hour and a half you will be there.

You will go through the village of Charlesbourg. Turning

to the right after having passed the parish church, and then to the left two or three miles further on, you will begin ascending the mountain. Before entering the forest, turn around and admire the fairy-like, picture which Quebec will present to your view; then resume your uphill journey in a shady avenue, and lend an ear to the rustle of the trees and to the song of the birds.

Suddenly you will ascertain that you are in a broad open space, surrounded by mountains and tall dark trees, and you will then see two walls partly crumbled, and a mass of stones lying on the grass. These are the ruins of the famous Chateau which the French called Beaumanoir, and which the English called the Hermitage.



On the Way to Beaumanoir.

These ruins are no longer imposing from an architectural stand point, the interest taken in them now is due only to the traditions which they recall.

According to novelists, the building once assumed vast proportions. Mr. Amédée Papineau, who visited them with his illustrious father in 1831, refers to "crenated walls" to a "ruined tower," to "dark cellars and upper stories"; but Sir James Lemoine who described them in 1843, speaks of them in more modest terms.

It is simply a two story stone house, fifty feet long by thirty-five wide, having a door and six windows on each flat, but no refcrence is made to battlements or towers. Now time, the great demolisher of all things has destroyed three quarters of

the edifice, and it would be impossible to accurately describe the original appearance of this legendary chateau.

It was in 1837, when he was but eighteen years of age that Mr. Amédée Papineau published his legend entitled "Caroline." It is written in the style of a college boy of that period, and needless to say it contains nothing historical. Even the description he gives of the chateau is very fictitious.

The following is an abridged version of the novelist's narrative.

In going through the mysterious cellars of Beaumanoir, he struck against a tomb-stone upon which he managed to decipher the letter "C" almost rubbed out. Evidently this was Caroline's tomb stone. But who was Caroline? The author enlightens us in a few pages.

Bigot, he claims, was a great hunter, and the forest in which Beaumanoir was built must have been, in the middle of the XVIII century an excellent hunting ground.

One day he was following an elk, and got so much interested in the chase that he left all his companions behind him, and lost his way in the mountains, and vainly tried to find the road home again.

Falling exhausted at the foot of a tree he was overtaken by night. The moon rose and by its pale glimmers he saw appearing a white phantom.

He started at first but was soon reassured, as the phantom had a charming face, big brown eyes and long black hair, which gracefully fell in waves, over her snow white shoulders.

Is it a sylph, or Diana, or some other ancient goddess? No, but Caroline de Saint-Castin, the daughter of a French officer and of an Indian woman, living with a Huron tribe.

Bigot related his adventure and requested her to kindly guide him back to his home. Caroline consented, and a sweet intimacy grew up between them, in the course of this nightly ramble through the starlit woods.

Upon reaching the chateau, Caroline was compelled to accept the hospitality which the intendant offered. Alas! how

could she foresee that this place which was affording a night's lodging was to be her prison and her tomb.

Bigot became her lover and refusing to set her free, he kept her long hidden from all eyes, in one of the subterranean chambers of the chateau.

But the secret finally became known, and the intendant's wife —by the way according to history he was unmarried—became so furiously jealous of her husband's mysterious mistress,



Following an Elk.

that she began coming more frequently to Beaumanoir, and discovered the retreat of her hated rival.

One night when all the guests of this cheerful household were enjoying their first sleep, the door of Caroline's secret chamber was opened, a masked person entered, went to her bedside and thrust a dagger into her heart.

Hearing the cries of the victim, the intendant awoke with a start and rushed upon the scene, where he found Caroline

covered with blood. The assassin however, had disappeared and was never found out. The intendant himself was very careful not to make too many inquiries into the matter,



Canadian huntsman's cabin on the road leading to Beaumanoir.

and had her clandestinely buried, under the tower where she had been hidden.

This narrative has the serious fault of making Madame Bigot appear as the author of the crime, while in truth such a lady never existed.

William Kirby followed up the legend with a better knowledge of history, and produced a melodrama worthy of Ponson du Terrail or of Alexandre Dumas, senior.

Baron de Saint-Castin had emigrated to Acadia from France, and there married an Indian beauty. Caroline was the issue of this union, and received the best education which the colonies afforded at that time; she was gifted with what frequently turns out to be a fatal and too earnestly sought gift : beauty.



The cheerful guests of Beaumanoir.

Bigot, who lived in Acadia at the time, fell in love with her, and while her father was away on a journey to France, he seduced her. The intendant had of course promised to marry the girl, but he delayed keeping his word for an excellent reason; at that very time the Marquise de Pompadour was planning a marriage for him with one of the great ladies of the Court.

Soon after Acadia became the property of England, and Bigot was sent to Quebec to fill the high office of intendant, and he cowardly forsook the infortunate girl he had ruined.

The most violent despair took possession of her, and dreading

her father's return, when he would perhaps call down curses upon her head, she sought refuge with the tribe to which her mother had belonged. She followed them in their adventurous rambles, and finally reached the Indian Village of Saint-Croix near Quebec.

One day however, she disappeared and nobody could ascertain what had become of her.

At that time Bigot surrounded by a lot of scoundrels who shared his guilty pleasures, was leading a most dissipated life, pillaging both the mother country and the colony.



The Intendant's palace.

All of them were accumulating wealth, as a result of their depredations, while keeping up an outward gentlemanly appearance, and apparent devotion to the mother country.

But at night fall, all the hawks flew towards the solitary forest where stood Beaumanoir, and there indulged in the most shameful revelries.

One night, after having drunk the health of Madame de Pompadour, and many other beauties, the celebrated Cadet, who was very much intoxicated, proposed a final toast to " the Lady of Beaumanoir." Bigot was startled and furious at his friend's indiscretion ; but he also was on the verge of intoxication, and gave no denial to the existence of the

mysterious lady, and even consented to allow all his friends to see her.

He descended to her appartments under the tower, did all in his power to induce the fair Caroline de Saint-Castin,—as it was she,—to show herself in the banquet hall. But she absolutely refused to appear, consequently the intendant was compelled to return alone to the companions of his revelries who jeered at him, while drinking his wine.

From that day secrecy was out of the question, and rumors floated about to the effect that the intendant had concealed in a subterranean chamber at Beaumanoir, a mistress of dazzling beauty. The news reached the beautiful Angélique des Meloises, who was both coquettish and ambitious, and whose dream was to become the wife of the mighty intendant.

For a long time already, he had been paying her most marked attention, and really appeared to be very much taken with her. Nevertheless she was not satisfied with these marks of affection and courtesies. He never broached the subjet of marriage to her ; she could not imagine why this man who made such love to her never offered her his hand.

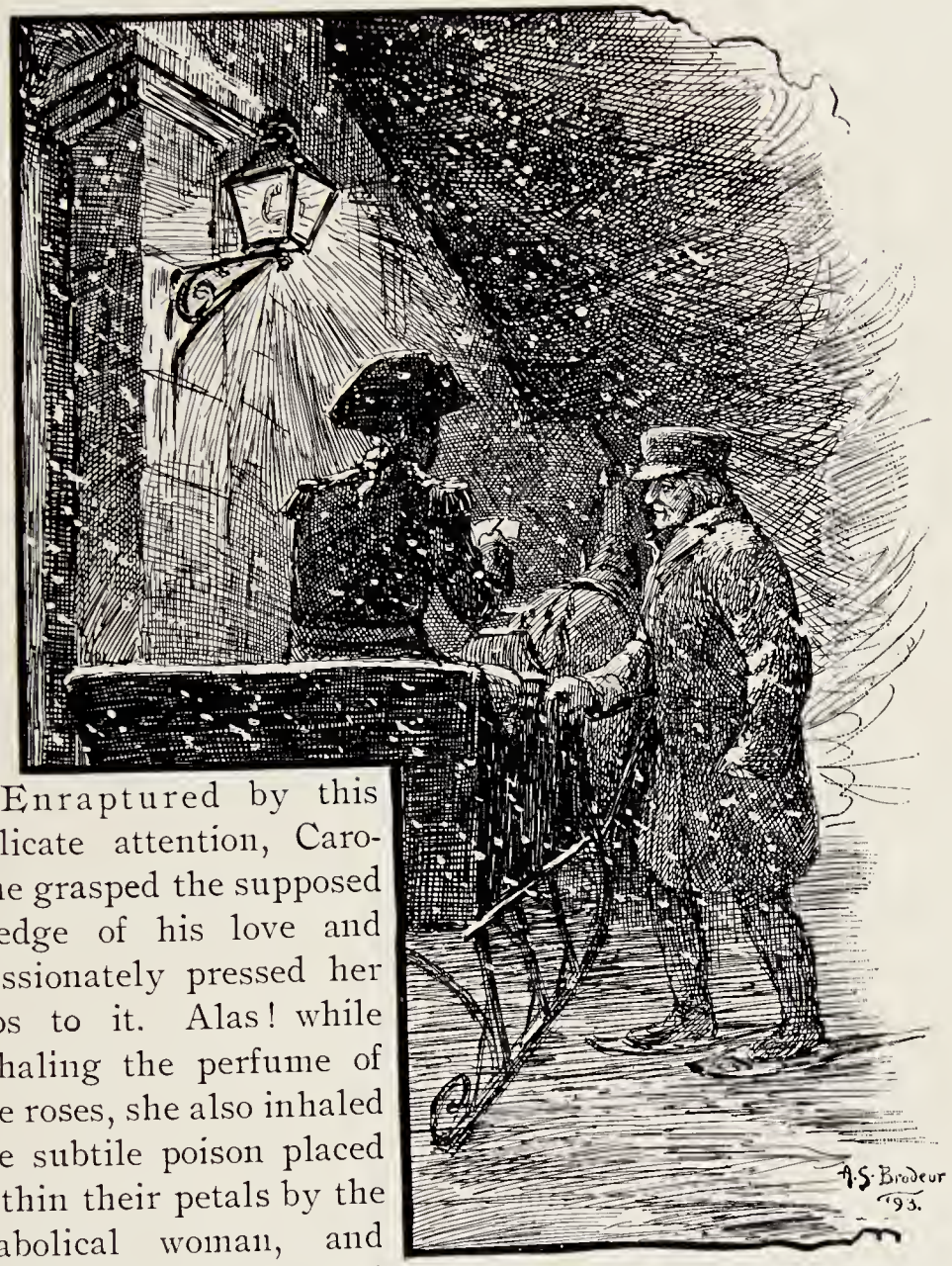
The reason of it became clear however, when she learned that a beautiful stranger was lodged in a secret chamber at Beaumanoir. She was seized with jealousy, and that frightful passion, together with her boundless ambition finished by perverting that worldly woman.

Murderous notions got a hold on her mind, and she sought means of ridding herself of the creature who was an obstacle to the realization of her ambitious dreams.

At that time, a horrible woman, with a criminal record, lived at Saint-Vallier; her name was " la Corriveau." She was the tool employed by the guilty Angélique des Meloises, who made a bargain with her to cause Caroline de Saint-Castin to disappear.

One night while the intendant was in Quebec, detained by a meeting of the Council, " la Corriveau " aided by the old house-keeper of the chateau who had become an accomplice, managed to reach Caroline.

She made her believe that she was the bearer of a love token from the intendant, and at the same time presented her with a beautiful bouquet of roses.



Starting for Beaumanoir after a late meeting of the Council.

Enraptured by this delicate attention, Caroline grasped the supposed pledge of his love and passionately pressed her lips to it. Alas! while inhaling the perfume of the roses, she also inhaled the subtile poison placed within their petals by the diabolical woman, and suddenly her radiant head bent down like a withered flower, her eyes became veiled, and she fell into her last sleep.

"La Corriveau" had barely time to leave the forest of

Beaumanoir, when Bigot entered in company with his most intimate friend Cadet. He had heard that day that Baron de Saint-Castin was expected shortly in Quebec, where he was coming to seek his daughter.

He planned to hide Caroline, with a tribe of Montagnais, and Cadet was to take her hither.

As there was no time to lose, he immediately determined to set out. Proceeding to Caroline's apartments he rapped at



Giving orders to Cadet.

her door. As no answer came, he entered. The room was full of light and Bigot staggered, terrified.

The dead woman was lying on the carpet, the reflections from the tapers were shedding pale glimmers upon her, and in her hands she still clutched the fatal bouquet.

He bent down over the corpse and pressed his hand to her heart. The forehead was as cold as ice and the pulse had ceased beating.

Bigot uttered a cry and broke into sobs, only Cadet heard him.

Whether the intendant's grief was sincere or not is an open question. Cadet soon reminded him of the real state of affairs, and urged immediate steps being taken for the removal of the body.

The very same night he dug a grave under the floor of the tower, and the two friends buried the corpse after having wrapped it in linen. Three o'clock was sounding from the belfry of the chatean when the burial was over.

All who knew of or suspected the crime, had an interest in keeping silence, and it was only in 1763 that the old housekeeper of the chateau, who had let in " la Corriveau " ventured to make any revelation; then " la Corriveau " had been hanged at Buttes à Neveu for having murdered her first and second husband; and Bigot and Cadet had in France, been condemned, the former to confiscation of his property and perpetual exile, the latter to nine years' exile and to the restitution of six millions.

The crime was of no assistance whatever to the fair Angelique des Meloises for the furtherance of her ambitious projects; as Bigot, counting upon the rich and brilliant marriage which Madame de Pompadour had led him to hope for, was quite determined not to renounce celibacy until later on.

Moreover, he had well founded suspicions that Angélique was an accomplice to the crime committed at Beaumanoir, and she became to him an object of secret horror.

On the other hand, Angélique at last understood that Bigot would never marry her, so she gave her hand to de Péan, whom she hated, but whose fortune would allow her to appear brilliantly before the world.

Indeed, the history of the last years of the French domination informs us that Madame de Péan's drawing room, in which one met with all the military and civil dignitaries of the time, was very popular, that her entertainments were more than worldly and that gambling, wine and women, were fast demoralizing the youth of the French colony, whose life was then ebbing away.

III

NELSON'S ROMANCE.

A painting which is very well known and much appreciated in England, represents Nelson dying on the deck of his ship, the Victory, at Trafalgar.



Many English children learn their first lesson in history while viewing this painting. They see shells exploding, guns smoking, standards in tatters, bodies of men covered with blood, lying here and there ; the stern attitude of the combatants, and in the midst of this confusion an isolated figure, calm and sublime dying after his last and greatest victory.

Children are fond of these striking and patriotic pictures, and the tales which they are told create a profound impression upon their youthful imaginations. These pictures have a certain fascination for them ; their eyes sparkle and their souls awaken for the first time to the purest and most sublime of loves,—the love of their country. As they grow up, they dream of patriotism and glory, and the visions of children mature into the deep-rooted convictions of men.

But other loves occasionally fill the hearts of young men and ruin for ever their careers ; this sentiment which to some means life, to others means death.

Love sometimes acts as a powerful stimulant, but it is also the cause of many weaknesses, and though inspiring great deeds, it frequently leads to many blunders.

The hero of Trafalgar once knew this danger, and it was at Quebec that the ship which bore his fate, was on the verge of being wrecked on the reef of love. It was at Quebec that the celebrated man, who was such a glory to the British navy, was once placed between love of country and love of woman, and that the lesser of these two sentiments was on the verge of conquering him.

In 1782, the Albemarle was anchored in front of Quebec and seemed happy there, though some weeks had passed since the summer had glided away. Yet the beautiful autumn days possess an undeniable charm, and when the sun's rays manage to break through the greyish vapors which envelop the earth, they beautify its surroundings with rich hues. Still they throw no heat. Their beams are cold; trains of light flood the slopes and transparent lines, casting their shadows over the waters. The clouds are tinged with brilliant colors, but there is no heat, and all this lively appearance lasts but a moment and on the morrow no trace of it can be seen. Those treats afforded by nature in October, are as solemn as a religious service, and as sad as an adieu. Young people mourn the end of the summer and their songs and dreams appear to have a more serious strain, but old folks are profoundly impressed by the dying season. They do not feel strong enough to await the return of the summer, and as travellers in the polar regions, who dread taking a rest for fear of being numbed by the cold, they view the autumn as a step nearer to death.

Nevertheless, when one belongs to His Majesty's navy, and is in command of a man-of-war at the age of twenty-four, one is apt to give but little thought to the flight of time and to the frailty of human interests.

Moreover, Nelson had special reasons for forgetting the autumn and for thinking our city a delightful spot. Even at that

time, Quebec boasted of a reputation for its hospitality to British sailors, and Nelson was received with open arms by all. Mere acquaintances very soon became staunch friends. This fact should not astonish any one, knowing what an attractive personality this young man had; he who was marked out to be such a dazzling figure in the future destinies of his country. His mind was highly cultured and he possessed a fund of knowledge very seldom met with in one of his age. His ardent, vivacious, and sympathetic nature made friends of all with whom circumstances brought him in contact.

Nelson was therefore much appreciated and sought after in Quebec ; but most particularly by a lady of bewitching beauty who loved him dearly. Historical writers disagree, as to the name of the heroine of this domestic romance ; some say it was Miss Simpson, others affirm it was Miss Prentice, all agree however, that she was a wonderful beauty, the first of the two names is most likely the right one.

The Simpsons lived in Bandon Lodge, in Grande-Allée. The house was of solid stone, quite unpretentious, and surrounded by trees; it was demolished in 1871, and most probably some of the stones have been used in the building of Honorable Mr. Shehyn's beautiful residence. Miss Simpson had been brought up very simply. Her father, an upright man, had served under Wolfe as cavalry sergeant, but we know naught of his daughter's education. Besides her beauty, this young lady must have had striking accomplishments, as well as many sterling qualities. It is said that she was naturally most proud and distinguished, which coupled with a certain haughty bearing, imparted to her a very aristocratic appearance. One fact which is quite undeniable, is that Nelson fell deeply in love with her.

They saw a great deal of each other, as do still sailors and young ladies of our days. The thought of a parting, which may occur at any moment, has a tendency to draw lovers more closely together ; nothing is so favorable to the hastening of mutual confidences, as the prospect of an early separation.

The joy of being together is doubly appreciated when there is fear of an early farewell.

Nelson and Miss Simpson therefore enjoyed the sweetest intimacy. They opened their souls to each other and told of their dreams and aspirations. Oh! how beautiful were those glorious autumn days. How little they cared about the dreariness of their surroundings!



Montmorency Falls.

A morning dawned, however, when the Albemarle received orders to weigh anchor and start for India. Nelson bravely bade adieu to Miss Simpson, without admitting, even to himself, the grief which he felt; but barely had he boarded his ship when he was seized with a fit of nervous home-sickness, and he who thought himself so plucky felt himself becoming the prey of cravings which were quite unbearable. He began thinking of his career, that mighty calling of a sailor which he passionately loved; and yet in opposition to this deep sentiment, he felt another, the new one, more powerful, more attractive than the old; and soon his self-control had completely deserted him. His love, which so

far perhaps, he had not called by that name, rose before him as a duty, an obligation. He soon felt that he was unable to measure the depth and strength of this suddenly revealed affection, and he felt as if his manliness were about to forsake him. Vainly did he battle and reason against the brilliant visions of his dream. As Racine says : " Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ignore " which translated into English means : " The heart hath reasons, which reason knoweth not." His heart's reasoning was so convincing that he determined to stay and propose to Miss Simpson.



Leaving Quebec, never to return.

Night was falling and the heavens were gloomy. High up in the skies the clouds had suddenly burst, and the rent, which had the appearance of a sword thrust, reminded him of the wound in his heart. The moon's pale glimmers were shedding light upon the tide-washed wharves, worn by the rubbing of vessels. The city in the shady background bore threatening outlines. Cape Diamond, dark and gigantic had in the distance, the appearance of a fantastic vault large enough to shelter a world.

Suddenly, the silence of the night was broken by a few briefly spoken words, and a boat was seen leaving the frigate and gently gliding towards the city.

But upon landing, Nelson found himself face to face with his friend Davison who knew of his love, and who, upon witnessing his return, had guessed his object. He was a sincere friend, and had made up his mind to employ every available means to prevent Nelson from committing such an act of insanity.

He linked his arm in that of his friend, led him gently on, and began speaking to him in paternal tones of the terrible blunder which he was thinking of committing, and for which in later years, he would never he able to make amends. In Nelson all his friends and superior officers saw the future man of fame. He himself had confidence in his success, in his resources, in his courage, and in this he was not deceiving himself for he foresaw that he would, some day, be at the head of the British Navy : " Strong in conception, as well as in execution." Davison told him that it would be criminal to thus give up serving his country in such a glorious way; that this marriage would interfere with his career; that he would soon feel isolated, and that all his brilliant hopes of future success would vanish. This isolation would go on increasing, would sever him from his influential friends and from those holding high official positions. His name would no longer be heard, and the glory which he contemptuously cast aside, would be for other men lacking his military genius, yet more free and faithful than he. He demonstrated to him the sadness of this neglect, the bitterness of disappointment as compared with the triumphs of his rivals. " In fact " said he to Nelson : " wishing for such a marriage means wishing to ruin your life."— " Very well," replied Nelson, " I still wish it."

Whether Davison managed to persuade him of the unreasonableness of his desire, is an open question, some say he did not and that he was compelled to take him on board by force.

At day break the Albemarle had left Quebec, but Nelson swore he would return.

Never again however, was he seen in the city; and if it is true that love kills time, it is also true that time kills love, particularly with sailors.

They are so used to changing country, surroundings, ships, rooms and masters, that a change of love is nothing very unfamiliar to them.

It is therefore probable that the young captain forgot the pretty Quebec girl, and thanked Davison for having forced him back to duty.

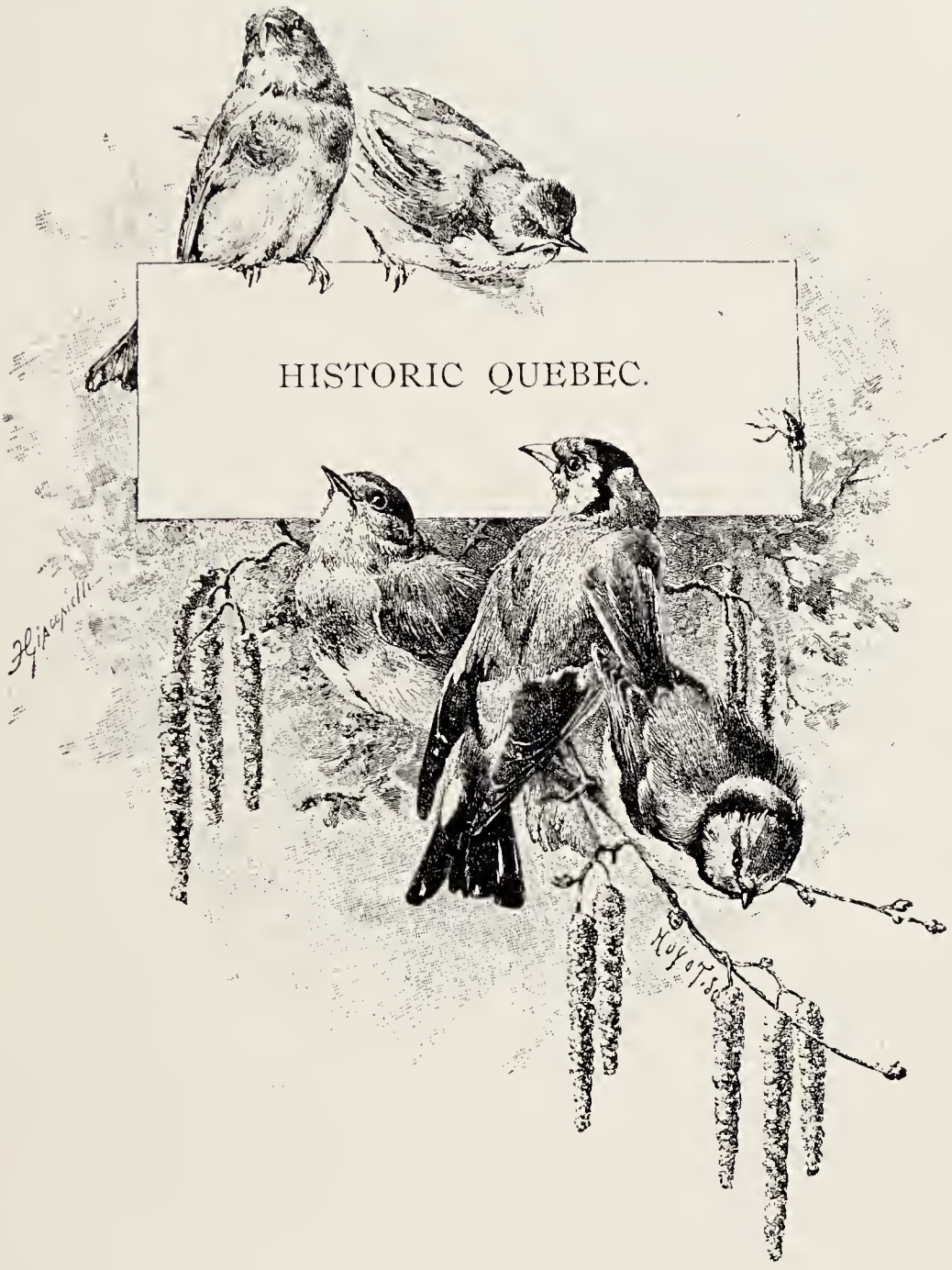
It is unfortunate that twenty years later his faithful friend was not by his side, to advise him, when he became separated from Lady Nelson, his wife, and fell deeply in love with Lady Hamilton, to whom he was devoted until his death.

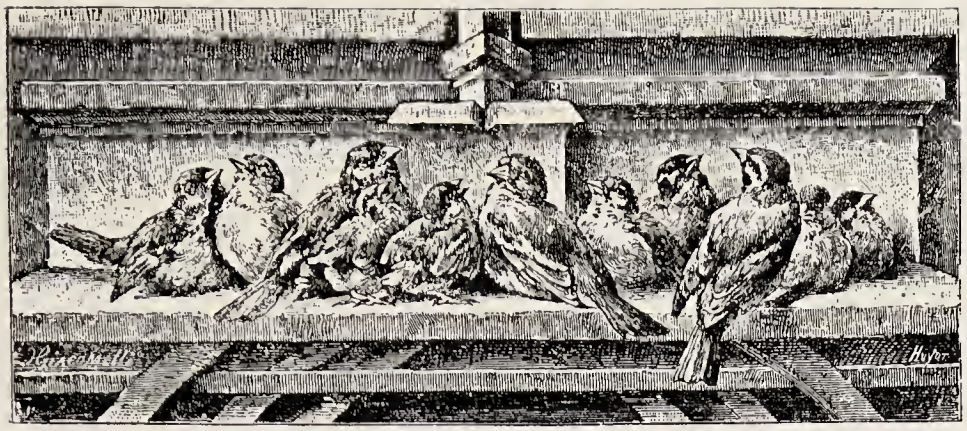
That was the great error of his life!

As for Mary Simpson, she also had a right to forget, though not a sailor, and later on she married Major Mathews, Lord Dorchester's secretary. Perhaps, in London, where she went to reside, she saw once more the young captain of twenty-four who had been willing, for her sake, to sacrifice his career. He was then a hero whose name was known to the world, and who had developed into one of England's national glories.

We all know how rapidly he was promoted and what glorious military genius he displayed during his short existence. A sea-faring life has many vicissitudes, still he never suffered from it during the whole of his career. His pluck knew no bounds and he was happy. What still further enhances the greatness of his glory as a soldier, is that he willingly died in one of the most terrible and decisive battles of all ages, that of Trafalgar in 1805.

In speaking of one of his victories, he said what I think would well suit the last triumph of his life: "Victory is not a name strong enough for such a deed. We will call it a conquest."


HISTORIC QUEBEC.



I

PREHISTORICAL QUEBEC.



A NEW world is brought forth. A great genius, inspired and guided by Providence had revealed it to humanity. Yet strange to say, many of the civilized nations did not appear in any way anxious to penetrate into this half of the universe, all the gates of which were open.

There were two immense regions, full of prospects, receiving from Heaven a lavish supply of light as well as its beneficial rains, and where grew but to be wasted, good things of all kinds. Untold riches were there awaiting the first comers, earthly Paradises were open, and new powers were ready to be formed; there were Indian tribes to civilize, and European nations did not even give a thought to this great work.

Spain, which was then at the head of nations, and Portugal, were the only ones to take the initiative.

Even France, then so proud and covered with glory, appeared to took on indifferently.

One fine day however, Francis I, who was then King, began reflecting upon the conquests of his neighbors and thought to himself : " These princes of Spain and Portugal are quietly dividing up the new world between them. I would be very much interested to see that section of Adam's will, by which America was left to them."

A celebrated navigator from Brittany, offered his services to Francis who accepted them. He equipped two ships each of sixty tons capacity and entrusted them to him, together with a crew of sixty-one men.

That was in 1534. The flotilla sailed from Saint-Malo on the 20th of April, and after twenty days reached the coast of Newfoundland.

A few days later they sailed northward and crossed the strait of Belle-Isle, and stopped at several points of Labrador, previously visited by the Bretons and the Basques.

On June the 15th, Cartier took a southern course following the western coast of Newfoundland, and reached the Magdalen Islands; after having made a few other discoveries, he anchored in a bay which he called Baie des Chaleurs (Bay of Heat) on account of the great heat which was felt there.

While continuing his exploration, he put into harbor at Gaspe basin, and there planted a cross bearing the fleur de lys with the following motto : " Long live the King of France." In this first trip Cartier did not go up the Saint-Lawrence, but he took with him two Indians from Gaspé and returned to France, to render an account of his discovery to the King.

In the following year (1535) Francis I placed him in command of three ships : the *Grande-Hermine*, nearly one hundred tons ; the *Petite-Hermine*, fifty tons and the *Emerillon*, forty tons ; with a crew of one hundred and ten men.

This time the plucky navigator wished to seek adventure on land. On the 10th of August, feast of Saint-Lawrence, he entered an immense gulf, which he called by that saint's name, and he sailed up the great stream which has borne that name ever since.

Finally on the 15th of September, he reached a little river

which appeared to him quiet and safe, and to which he gave the name of Sainte-Croix on account of the religious feast of the day.

Before him stood a proud promontory, thickly wooded. It was huge, steep and tall, its broad crest soaring towards the clouds, while with its base deeply plunged in the great stream, it appeared as a colossal boundary and as though saying to the proud sailor : " Thou shall go no further."

In the rear floating in the distance, and having the appearance of a huge basket overflowing with grapes and greens, a large island caused the waters to run in different directions, and this one he named Isle of Bacchus. On either side, wooded shores, as high as mountains on the south and gently sloping on the north, were reflected in the mirror of that gorgeous harbor.

What grand and picturesque scenery! What a splendid harbor in which to shelter a fleet! What a site upon which to lay the foundations of a city of the middle ages, full of fortifications and citadels!

Enraptured at his discovery, Jacques-Cartier was drifting up the little river which now bears the name of river Saint-Charles, when he suddenly saw on the left an open space in the woods, on the slope of the hill where now stands the Indian settlement of Saint-Geneviève; that was Stadacona, or prehistorical Quebec.

Upwards of five hundred Indians rushed to the shore as soon as they beheld him, and looked upon him with admiration coupled with a certain amount of stupefaction.

Stadacona at that time appeared to be the capital of Canada, which extended from Ile aux Coudres to Hochelaga.

Tradition claims however, that at first Canada comprised that portion of the country alone which was watered by the Saint-Lawrence and its tributaries, and that it was but in later years that it was divided into three kingdoms, bearing the names of Saguenay, Canada and Hochelaga.[1]

1 *Jacques Cartier*, by N. E. Dionne, p. 57.

Taking advantage of the high tide, Cartier sailed up river Saint Charles, with the Grande and Petite Hermine, as far as the mouth of Lairet stream, leaving the Emerillon, on board of which he proposed visiting Hochelaga.[1]

Five days later, on the 19th September, Cartier sailed for Hochelaga on board of the Emerillon, but we cannot follow him nor can we relate the interesting episodes of that journey.

He returned to Stadacona on the 11th of October. In the meantime, his men had put the Grande and Petite Hermine in winter quarters at the entrance of the Lairet stream, and they had also constructed a fort.

Donnacona, the agouhanna or lord of Stadacona, invited Cartier to call upon him; he immediately accepted the invitation and met with a most cordial reception.

The French marines settled down as best they could for the winter, but they were without the warm clothing needed for our climate, and the season was much more severe than they had expected.

To cap the climax of their troubles, they contracted from the Indians, a disease which they did not understand and which made terrible havoc in their ranks. They had not foreseen having to battle against that kind of an enemy and knew not how to quell this contagious disease, most of them suffered from it.

Twenty-five had already died and forty others were in a most precarious condition, when Cartier ordered all to begin praying to the Blessed Virgin; he had Mass celebrated and organized a procession, in which all who could possibly do so joined; they sang litanies and hymns to the Queen of Heaven.

God heard their prayers, and Cartier found out from the Indians the secret of a preparation made of the bark and leaves of white pine, which turned out to be an excellent remedy for this terrible disease known by the name of scurvy. The treatment was easily followed, and shortly afterwards all the sick ones had been cured.

---

1 Even at that time, prudent sailors would not venture as far as Montreal with their big ships, that is a precedent as they say in court.

Spring had set in and Cartier was thinking of returning to France, when he observed that the Indians from the neighboring settlements, were congregating in great numbers at Stadacona. Certain underhand dealings of Donnacona, and information which had been given him, led him to suspect that some plot was being enacted, so he determined to stop it by carrying off their chief as a prisoner.

On the 3rd of May, the day upon which the church celebrates the Invention of the Holy Cross, he had a beautiful cross put up measuring thirty-five feet in height, bearing the crest and arms of France and above the cross-beam the following inscription : Franciscus primus, Dei Gratia Francorum Rex, regnat. " Francis I, by the grace of God, reigns, King of the French."

The Indians were invited to the ceremony and a great many of them came, led by Donnacona, Domagaya and Taiguragny. The sailors seized these chiefs and held them as prisoners.

The other Indians fled, but they returned in a few days claiming their chief and crying : " Agouhanna ! Agouhanna ! "

In the meantime Cartier informed Donnacona of his intentions, and the latter told his comrades that he was being properly treated, was going to France to tell the King what he knew of the country, that he would receive presents from him, and would return within ten or twelve moons.

The Indians appeared to consider this satisfactory, and on the 6th of May, Cartier set sail for France with the Grande Hermine and the Emerillon, as his crew had been greatly reduced by disease. He did not reach Saint Malo before the 16th July 1535.

The report which he submitted to the King appeared so encouraging, that Francis I became more determined than ever in the idea that had first taken hold of him, to claim his share of America.

Unfortunately however, he had just then begun war with Charles V, and this long and ruinous struggle was a great drain upon his resources. He consequently found himself compelled to postpone his fine transatlantic projects.

It was but in 1540 that he determined to follow them up and to organize another expedition. He could not possibly dispense with Jacques Cartier's services, he therefore gave him the title of Captain General, and Master Pilot of all the vessels which were to set out on the expedition ; appointing as lieutenant-general and deputy, François de la Roque of Roberval.

The letters patent with which His Majesty entrusted Jacques Cartier bearing date of October 17th 1540, do homage to the good intentions and views of the Knightly King. He avers that the Indians, whom Jacques Cartier brought to him were instructed in the Catholic faith, so as to enable them to enlighten their companions and induce them to become Christians ; he further declares that he is sending Jacques Cartier to Canada and Hochelaga with men belonging to all trades and arts, with a view of furthering the glory of the holy name of God and of our holy mother the Church.

In these letters the King also praises the devotion, pluck, uprightness and experience of his Captain General.

Five vessels were put under command of Jacques Cartier who set sail on the 23rd of May 1541, leaving behind in France Mr. de Roberval, who was not yet ready to start.

The trip was very rough, but the storm-scattered boats met again at Newfoundland and reached Stadacona on the 23rd of August.

This time he selected the mouth of the Cap Rouge river for his winter head-quarters. He vainly awaited Roberval's coming, and even sent out two boats to meet him. But Roberval had not even yet left France.

His men erected a fort on the shores of the Cap Rouge river as a protection against the attacks of the Indians, and after an uneventful trip to Hochelaga, Cartier spent the winter there.

He was still without news from de Roberval or from France, so he reembarked for the mother country in the spring of 1542, and met Roberval on the coast of Newfoundland.

The latter endeavored to induce him to return to Stadacona, but Cartier refused ; and wisely, as they should certainly have died of hunger, as did many of de Roberval's men.

Historians disagree as to whether or not Jacques Cartier took a fourth trip to Canada in 1543; Dr. Dionne believes he did and produces very strong arguments in support of his assertion.

There is one thing which cannot be questioned, and that is the naval career of that illustrious explorer ended in 1543.



Jacques Cartier's conference with the Indians. Cape Diamond.

As a fading star he disappeared from view, and while men far below his standard were becoming famous, he was being forgotten. France, while at war in the interests of religion and supremacy, was losing its blood on the battle fields of Europe, all the while casting into oblivion the man who had opened for her the gates of a great kingdom easily conquered and easily colonized. Not only was he forgotten at the time, but his memory appears to be almost obliterated from their minds and the mention of his discovery is barely alluded to by historians.

Cartier was worthy of kinder treatment. He was neither a conqueror nor a man of letters, yet he was a man of action, a sailor and a genius. His ambition was not to leave behind great words, but great deeds.

Nevertheless, he left some writings, and the diary of his travels contains one of the finest pages of the literature of the day, which translated reads as follows :

" Considering, O most mighty Prince, the blessings which God has seen fit to lavish upon his creatures, who daily witness the sun rising in the east and setting in the west, and shedding its light and heat for the comfort of all mankind, it is my humble opinion, so far as my limited mind can reach, that it would be God's will, that all human creatures on earth, should know and share our holy faith, as they participate in and know the sun's worth...

" Now, with reference to this expedition, undertaken by royal command, for the discovery of western lands hitherto unknown to yourself or to others, you may ascertain by this report, how fertile and good are these lands, the number of people who live upon them, their kindness and mildness, and also the wealth of the great river which flows through these lands, the greatest so far known ; on the whole, the advantages there met with mean a sure increase in the number of adherents to our holy faith."

Between Columbus and Cartier striking and even astonishing comparisons can be drawn : both made four trips to America, both wished to serve their country and their God, neither of them laid any great foundation, both were instrumental in providing their countries with vast and promising lands, both were men of genius ; still both received but scanty reward for the pains they had taken.

It is true that Cartier was not cast into prison as was Columbus, but his record of glory was far less, and it is more painful for genius to be unappreciated and disregarded, than to have it give rise to jealousy and envy.

Such was Cartier's fate. He was taken no notice of and no doubt was viewed in the light of a dreamy adventurer, who had discovered lands quite uninhabitable and of little real value. As his hands were bound and he was unable to accomplish anything without the support of his Sovereign and of

his rich compatriots, he was therefore compelled to retire into the obscurity of a small provincial town, while still young and strong, and thereby forfeit a career so glorious to himself, and of such great benefit to his country.

There he died as do the most common of mortals, the date of his death is unknown, as well as the situation of the spot where he was laid to rest.

Such a fate is certainly more painful than that of Columbus.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence in view of such fates !

At first God seems to select a man, and guide him as a polar star, through deserts and oceans, towards the accomplishment of some great design. Then suddenly this tool is laid aside when the work is but in its infancy. He is doomed to be forsaken and forgotten, and sometimes most sorely tried, while others reap the fruit of his labor.

It would appear as though God were jealous of the power of man, and derived a certain satisfaction in placing impediments in his way at every turn. In order to compel man to realize how little he can do unaided by God who rules the universe, and at whose word all things are accomplished. The failure of the greatest human projects are most frequently due to the merest trifles.

Another lesson in philosophy and history may also be derived from this. Providence bides its own time, not only for each individual, but also for each work of importance and for each portion of it.

One fine day Jacques Cartier rises and says : " I wish to cross the seas and discover unknown lands," and God replies : " Very well, go, I have selected thee, the hour hath come."

Upwards of a century later Champlain rises and say : " I wish to go to Canada to found New France " and God replies : " Very well, go, thou art my instrument, the hour hath come."

Between these two dates 1534 and 1608, vainly had Cartier, Roberval, de Monts, and others endeavored to lay the foundations of a French colony. God seemed to say : " No, my hour hath not come," and all these enterprises failed.

But owing to His being all-powerful, and particularly because He is Eternal, Almighty God is never in haste. To make the earth he took millions of years.

To prepare the redemption of mankind he took forty centuries. In order to form a nation he takes centuries



Jacques Cartier
(Born at Saint-Malo on December 31st 1494).

also, and proceeds by stages, between which are delays, stops and even retrogressions.

These divine methods are most marked in our history from its very earliest days. It is therefore at the beginning of the XVI century that Canada was discovered. It was a most

important event, yet it remained one hundred years without any further results.

It is but at the opening of the great century that the sacred tree planted by Cartier near the Lairet stream began taking root, and bearing flowers and fruit.

The XVII century had dawned, yet the foundation of Quebec had not yet been laid; that is the reason why, this chapter, indispensable to those who would learn the early history of our City, may justley be entitled "prehistorical Quebec."

II

FOUNDATION OF QUEBEC.

Human greatness is manifested under various forms. But it is particularly worthy of the admiration of mankind when it succeeds in creating something lasting. Now, the founder of Quebec was a creator, and what is worthy of note is that he grew with his work, whereas it sometimes takes centuries to obtain such recognition.

Warriors rapidly win glorious reputations by brilliant feats of valor. Artists suddenly reach the pinnacle of their ambition by the production of a master-piece. But a founder's reputation is established only when his work is developed, and that is frequently after centuries of obscurity. One fine day a young man puts up a dwelling upon a vacant hillock, surrounds it with a ditch saying: "I wish to found a city here and make of it the cradle of a nation." By and by other houses are put up beside his, and thus the foundation of the city is laid.

The man dies while his foundation is still nothing more than a straggling village. But as years and centuries go by it thrives and becomes great, and finally develops into a powerful and glorious nation.

Such was the history of the foundation of Rome, and the day at last dawned when the Romans, then masters of the universe, ranked Romulus, the founder of their city, amongst the gods. What particularly throws out his greatness is the fact that he conceived a lofty plan and managed to carry out his ideas.

Men of ordinary intelligence see but the present, great men foresee what will occur in centuries to come. Their labors are not intended for their contemporaries alone, but for posterity as well. They feel fully convinced of the excellence of their conceptions, and rely upon those coming after them to take up the task where they left it off. They know quite well that they will be able to do little more than lay a foundation, a plan ; but their forethought tells them what it is to be, and they are thus enabled to see into the distant future the crowning success of their glorious enterprises.

Such was Samuel de Champlain. He had an ambitious dream, that of being the founder of a city, the father of a nation ; and this great dream became an accomplished fact.

Not only was the dream realized, but it is continually growing, and will go on increasing for centuries to come for the greater glory of its illustrious founder.

In a book entitled " Nouvelle France," Dr Dionne published a history of Canada, of that time, which deals separately with Jacques Cartier and Champlain.

For sixty years Quebec was still unfounded, but Canada was spoken of and the Kings of France were repeatedly making efforts to colonize it.

François de la Roque de Roberval, Jehan Alphonse, Marquis de la Roche, Pierre de Chauvin, Gravé du Pont, de Chaste and de Monts, tried successively to colonize it, but their labors did not bring forth any results ; yet these efforts serve to demonstrate the fact that France had not given up the idea of having her share of American soil.

Finally the hour appointed by Providence came, and he who had been selected to fulfil God's mission was found. He was a sailor, who had loved the ocean from his early childhood,



CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT.

and who had been at sea most of his life. He was an enthusiastic soldier, who had served in the army of Henry IV. He was a geographer well up in the geographical science of the times.

He was a Frenchman and a Christian devoted to the Church and to France, and harboring no other loves but those of his country and of his God.

He had all the necessary qualifications which fitted him to be the father of a New France in America, and to undertake the colonization of Canada for France.

The name of this man chosen by God was Samuel de Champlain, and he devoted the remainder of his life to the accomplishment of his mission.

He sailed from Honfleur with two ships on the 13th of April 1608, and on the 3rd of July he had reached the spot which Jacques Cartier had discovered, and had described as Stadacona.

But the name of this picturesque place had been changed and was now called Kebec by its new inhabitants ; the name was derived from the Indian dialect, in which it means the narrowing of the waters.

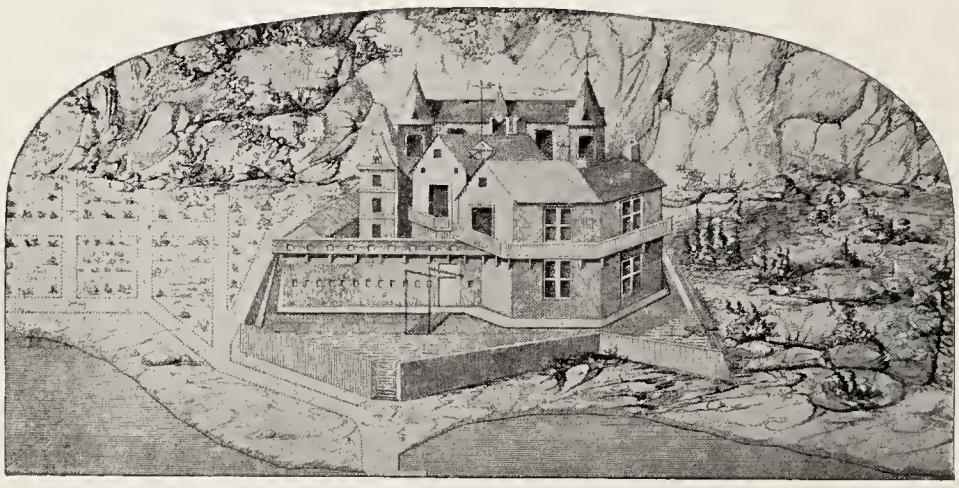
There was the site chosen by Champlain for the foundation which he had in mind. At the foot of the high promontory of rock, a little wooded point projected into the river forming a creek on the south western side ; that strip of land was the very spot now comprising Sous le Fort street, and where Mountain Hill begins on the eastern side, and the Finlay market on the South.

It is most likely upon the very point on which now stands Notre Dame des Victoires, that Champlain laid the foundation of what he himself called "l'Abitation de Kébec." It consisted of a store full of goods and provisions, and three lodgings comprising two stories each, and surrounded by a ditch and a fence.

Such was the seed of the French colony in Canada. It blossomed, but what storms assailed it ! What a number of years it required before it was seen full grown !

In 1615 Champlain who had already paid two visits to France, returned with four Recollets and a few colonists. Near the settlement, he erected a Chapel which he put in charge of the Recollets fathers. It was the first church ever built on the shores of the Saint-Lawrence in honor of the Almighty, and Mass was celebrated in it for the first time on the 25th of June 1615.

The following year Champlain went to France, and on returning to Quebec in 1617, he was accompanied by Louis Hébert who was really the first farmer that Canada knew.



First dwelling in Quebec, residence of Samuel de Champlain.

So far the various companies doing business there, had naught in view but the fur trade. But Louis Hébert had brought out all his family with him, and intended settling down there as a farmer.

He is the real ancestor of our "habitants." God showered his blessings upon him, and gave to him as to Abraham a very large posterity. Couillard street which bears the name of one of his sons-in-law, or that of some member of his family, probably was part of the land which he farmed.

In 1620 Champlain began constructing a fort upon the mountain at the foot of which his "Abitation" stood, and upon the very spot where his statue has been erected. The work was slow and frequently interrupted. It was not yet completed

when Champlain, fearing it would be too small, began the erection of a larger one flanked by two half bastions.



A gift from Heaven.

Thus it occurred that in 1626, Quebec possessed all the elements essential to the formation of a newly founded

nation ; homes, a fort, a church, sailors, soldiers, priests and a family of farmers.

The Angel of the Earth descending from Heaven brought this new gift to the great family of nations.

Champlain reviewed his work with much satisfaction after the pains he had taken to achieve it, and he was full of hope in the future prospects of the country, when war broke out between France and England.

Quebec's population at the time numbered about fifty souls, and they were threatened with famine, when Champlain learned that some English ships under command of David Kertk, were coming up the Saint-Lawrence.

In the beginning of July 1628, a ship and two skiffs, manned by Englishmen, landed at Cape Tourmente, they burnt down the two little houses and stables there, and pillaged and destroyed the furniture and cattle.

One of the boats landed in Quebec on the 10th of July, and the officer in charge delivered to Champlain a letter from Admiral Kertk, who had stayed at Tadousac with his ships, demanding his surrender, together with the fort and the " Abitation " of Quebec.

It was absolutely impossible for Champlain to withstand a siege. Yet he put on a bold front, and answered the summons as a man quite sure of victory, and with all the becoming dignity to the representative of a King of France, he said : they had an abundance of provisions, and that he would consider himself unworthy of appearing before his King, were he to surrender when in a position to defend himself, that he was prepared to witness the power of the English guns, that he was ready to receive him and resist his pretentions.

The truth was, that three years had elapsed since they had received any provisions or munition from France, and the men's rations were reduced to seven ounces of peas a day ; the French ships commanded by Roquemont, were most ardently expected.

Unfortunately however, these ships never did come, as

Roquemont very imprudently attacked the British Admiral and was defeated.

David Kertk however, postponed his project of taking Quebec and went down the river. But he returned in the following year (1629) and as Champlain, in the meantime, had received no aid from France, he was compelled to surrender upon receiving a fresh summons from Kertk.

The terms of the capitulation were quite honorable and just, as the British guaranteed entire freedom and protection to the French who would remain in Quebec.

Louis Kertk, the Admiral's brother, thus took possession of Quebec, and Champlain sailed for France, on board of one of the British boats.

This was a sore trial, as his new home was already very dear to him, and he was still hopeful that the French would regain their city.

He only passed through England, went to Rouen and thence to Paris, where he wished to personally confer with the King.

Louis XIII received him kindly as he deserved, and Champlain told him that Quebec had been taken by the Kertk brothers, after peace had been concluded between the two powers, but both the Kertks and Champlain were ignorant of this fact at the time ; and that under the circumstances, the capitulation was contrary to the laws of war and therefore null and void ; that in consequence, the King of England was in justice bound to return Quebec to the crown of France. Being impressed by the perfect truth of these representations, Louis XIII demanded from the King of England, the return of Quebec, to which Charles I at once acceded.

He gave orders to make over the fort and the habitation of Quebec to the French. But the execution of this order was long delayed, and Kertk remained master of Quebec until 1632. Then was concluded between the two powers the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, by which the King of England promised to return to His Most Christian Majesty, all the lands held by the English in New France, Acadia and Canada.

For reasons which it would be too long to enumerate, Emery

de Caen was sent out to take possession of Quebec instead of Champlain.

He reached his destination on the 13th of July 1632, but in the following May (1633) Champlain was reinstated with full powers, and resumed the mastership of his beloved Quebec, where he was greeted by the people with most joyful enthusiasm.

Unfortunately both his "Abitation" and his Chapel had been burnt down during his absence. Charred and crumbling walls alone remained. The Jesuits' house and the Recollet Convent were also in a state of ruin; so all set to work in order to repair the many disasters caused through foreign occupation.

While in Paris, Champlain had made a vow that if he got back Quebec, he would erect a chapel under the patronage of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance.

In the very year of his return he fulfilled his promise, and the chapel was built near fort Saint Louis, on the spot where now rises the round tower of the present Cathedral.

That chapel was the first parish Church of Quebec and was in charge of the Jesuits, who had their main dwelling at Notre Dame des Anges, at the confluence of the river Saint Charles and the Lairet rivulet.

Unfortunately the chapel was destroyed by fire seven years after it had been built, that is in 1640. Champlain however, was spared the grief of witnessing its destruction, as he died in 1635 after a short illness.

Alas! the work that he had planned was only beginning; nevertheless, Quebec was founded and its name appeared on the map of North America; a little nation had taken life on the shores of the Saint-Lawrence; so the founder of Quebec might die in peace, and hope that his work would go on progressing, thanks to the kind mercies of Providence, in which he had such implicit faith.

The end of December 1635 was close at hand. The promontory of Quebec was covered with snow, and the sun cast but scanty rays upon the humble dwelling within which the founder of Quebec was breathing his last; the deepening shades

of the winter's night were gradually bearing on with them the eternal shades of death.

Champlain felt his end near, and it was a terrible grief for him to have to break all his earthly ties, to bid adieu to life and to all who were near and dear to him, to old France which he never again would behold; his sorrow was particularly deep at the thought of his having to part from New France, in whose future welfare he took such intense interest.



Statue standing upon Champlain's monument.

But he was a staunch Christian; and the merry chime of the Christmas bells, announcing the coming of the Messiah was a most soothing sound to him. That is the day upon which heaven promises peace on earth to men of good will. And had not the life of Champlain proved his good will? It was the day upon which the God, whom he had faithfully loved and served, descended upon earth; was be not coming to receive his work as a master receives it from the servant, and to pay his salary?

With these sentiments in his heart, Champlain died on Christmas day 1635.

Amongst the stars, shining above our heads, there are few

that are spotless, astronomers do not even make any exception in favor of the sun.

Now, glory shares the same fate, and amongst our greatest men, but few are without faults. Champlain however, is one of these diamonds of the purest water. In private as well as in public life, he was quite exemplary.

He wrote that he was coming to Canada to make the lily bloom, he himself was the spotless lily which blossomed in all seasons.



The uprightness of the founder was no doubt greatly instrumental in furthering his success, and in surmounting the many difficulties he had to sustain ; they however, seemed powerless to stay the progress of his undertaking.

O founder of Quebec, thou canst he proud of thy work and mayest cast admiring glances at thy city. It is the fairest on the American continent. It is the beloved, the glorious and never to be forgotten one ! And when greeting strangers from the height of the pedestal upon which thou art placed, thou mayest exclaim : " Long live Quebec ! " and the old city will reply : " Long live Champlain."

III

From Champlain to Frontenac.

Coupled with the grief of the little colony for the loss of Champlain, who had been a father to them, grave apprehensions were felt for the future of Quebec ; as France, continually at war in Europe, neglected to send help or colonists.

Public rejoicings were great therefore, when on the 11th of June 1636, a fleet comprising several ships laden with provisions, arms, ammunition, soldiers and colonists, appeared in the port of Quebec.

On board was Charles Huault de Montmagny, who had been sent to replace Champlain.

The new governor was a worthy successor to the founder of Quebec. He was a knight of the order of Malta, deeply religious, of wonderful intelligence and most zealous for the welfare of New-France, as well as for its advancement.

Ferland relates that on the way from the lower to the upper town, he knelt with all his suite, at the foot of a cross on the road side, and prayed to God to protect and guide him in the work with which had been entrusted. He then entered the church where the Te Deum was chanted, and where the keys of Fort Saint Louis were handed to him by M. de Chateaufort, who had fulfilled the functions of governor during the inter regnum.

It was under his administration that Quebec was most wonderfully developed. In the very year of his arrival (1636) he began the construction of Saint Louis fort in stone.

He also drew plans of the Quebec streets, and while he was looking after public interests, the gentlemen who had come out, and others who followed later, were building homes for their families.

It was at that time that the families of LeGardeur de Repentigny, LeGardeur de Tilly, Le Neuf de la Potherie, du Hérisson and others, took up their abode in Canada.

There were no educational establishments in Quebec, and the want of them was being felt. Owing to the generosity of the Marquis de Gamache, the Jesuits were enabled to begin the construction of their college in 1638, upon the site where our City Hall now stands.

It was the first in North America, as that of Harvard, near Boston dates back but to 1639.

Two other elements of progress were still lacking ; a convent for the education of young ladies, and a hospital for the sick and infirm.

Mother Mary Guyart of the Incarnation and two other Ursuline nuns, together with Madame de la Peltrie, reached the colony on August 1st 1639, with three hospital nuns, sent by the Duchess d'Aiguillon. These two groups of holy women were accompanied by three Jesuit missionaries.

It is hard to realize to-day how welcome an event of that kind was to the young French colony. In order to better understand, one should read the history of the Ursulines, and a description of the joyful greetings which took place among the whole population, headed by the governor himself. Thus the Jesuits' college, the Ursuline Convent and the Hotel Dieu, give to the rising city the necessary adjuncts to civilization.

In 1647 the erection of the big church, known later on as the "Cathedral," was began. At the same time, the governor who had gone on enlarging Saint Louis fort, built within its walls a dwelling which was known as the Chateau Saint-Louis.

It was completed in 1648, by Mr. d'Ailleboust, the successor of Mr. de Montmagny, who had been recalled to France; Madame d'Ailleboust was the first mistress of the chateau.

There were but very few women in Quebec at that time. But Ann of Austria and many other ladies of the court who took an interest in the growth of Canada, occasionally sent out



Bishop de Laval.

young ladies of the highest moral standard and members of the very best families.

Quite a few of them arrived in 1654; the Quebec marriage records of the time contain some names belonging to the highest nobility.

Thus Canadian Society was gradually being formed, and soon a large proportion of the population consisted of children born in the country.

Yet, owing to the scant immigration, progress was rather slow.

The arrival of Bishop de Laval in 1663, together with Messrs. de Tracy, de Courcelles and Talon, and of Carrignan's regiment in 1665, finally gave a very great start to the colony.

The number of people who had come out from France in that year, says Mr. Ferland, "was almost as great as the entire resident population of Canada. The whole population comprising soldiers, merchants and colonists, numbered two thousand people. And Carignan's twenty-four companies, counting as an average fifty men each, formed in all from twelve to thirteen hundred soldiers.

Together with these personages, another contingent of twenty-four young ladies also landed.

Quebec was then officially called a city, and contemporaries speak in flattering terms of the picturesque appearance of the little city at that time.

The Jesuits' college was thriving, and Bishop de Laval had opened a grand seminary, which was doing well and giving promise of results which have since been realized.

The colony therefore, was thriving and properous when Messrs. de Tracy, de Courcelles and Talon returned to France. Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac was the governor who replaced Mr. de Courcelles. It is a well known fact that he was twice governor of New France, from 1672 to 1682, and from 1689 to 1698.

He reached Quebec in the beginning of September, the most beautiful season of the year, and was very much impressed with the rising town.

On the 2nd of November 1672, he wrote to the minister: "Nothing ever struck me as being so beautiful and magni-

ficent, as the situation of Quebec, which were it to become the capital of a great empire, could not be more advantageously situated."

"Count de Frontenac," says Father Charlevoix "was noble by birth, but his heart was nobler still. He was vivatious, penetrating and firm and his mind was fertile and highly cultured; yet he was given to harbor the most unjust prejudices and of carrying them out to a degree. He wished to rule alone and would employ any means to get rid of those who stood in his way. He was equally valorous and clever; none knew better than he how to acquire influence over the people whom be governed or with whom he had dealings; an influence by which they were held to duty and to respect. When he wished it, he won the friendship of the French and of their allies, and never did a general



First Ursuline Convent, built in 1642, burnt down on December 13th 1652.

treat his enemies in such a haughty yet noble manner. His views for the expansion of the colony were broad and just; but his prejudices sometimes interfered with the accomplishment of these projects. On a certain occasion, in one of the most prominent circumstances of his life, he showed that his ambition and wish to preserve his authority, were more powerful than his zeal for the public welfare. This goes to prove that no qualities can be safe when one allows a ruling passion to overcome him. Count de Frontenac should have been a



Ursuline Convent rebuilt in 1687, after the second fire, and enlarged from 1712 to 1717.—Chapel erected from 1717 to 1723.—View of the garden in 1839.—Old ash-tree torn down by the wind in 1868.

great prince, had heaven seen fit to place him upon a throne, but his faults were dangerous ones in a subject who did not appear to realize, that his greatest glory consisted in sacrificing all to his Sovereign and to public welfare."

This opinion would seem rather harsh, yet there is a good deal of truth in it.

The faults of the new governor, who could not bear contradiction, and who wished to govern personally, were the occasion of unfortunate disagreements between himself and the Governor of Montreal, with Abbé de Fénelon and Bishop

de Laval, and prevented him from making use of those brilliant faculties with which he was endowed for the exclusive good of the colony.

Thus the first term of his administration was not as fruitful as it might otherwise have been.

He was succeeded by Mr. de la Barre, who was also soon replaced by Jacques René de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville, who brought out with him his wife and two daughters.

Madame de Denonville had barely been settled down for six weeks in the Chateau Saint-Louis, when she gave birth to a third daughter who was christened Anne-Marie. She also had two sons in France.

Mr. de Denonville did not meet with much success in his expeditions against the Iroquois, but the reputation which he enjoyed was that of a good and virtuous man who never lacked ability.

He was succeeded in 1688 by Mr. de Frontenac, whose arrival in Quebec was greeted with great demonstrations of joy. After Mr. de Denonville's reverses, the victories of the Iroquois and the threatened British invasion, he was the man who was needed ; his energy experience and ability were relied upon to save the little colony.

These hopes were not vain ones, and Mr. de Frontenac was fortunate enough to be seconded in his projects by Mr. d'Iberville, who indeed accomplished some most wonderful exploits.

He was brave, even rash, unusually daring, ardent and indefatigable ; his expeditions were conducted with such speed as to give people the impression of his being of ubiquitous nature, indeed his pluck was well nigh to boldness.

In Quebec, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland Louisiana, in fact everywhere, his successes astonished his contemporaries. D'Iberville had brothers as brave as he himself, their names were de Longueuil, de Sainte-Helène and de Maricourt, who joined him in most of his adventurous expeditions.

Barely had Frontenac reached Quebec, when he used his

best endeavors to make friends with the Indians and use them as allies. At the same time, he organized and dispatched against the British in New England, three warfaring parties who met with unquestionable success.

But rivalry and war between the English and French races became greater and greater day by day, and on the 16th of October 1690, the spectacle which greeted the inhabitants of Quebec, was anything but reassuring.

Four great ships and a number of smaller ones, thirty-four in all under command of Admiral Phipps, were anchored in the large bay which divides Quebec from the Isle of Orleans.

Frontenac had expected them, and had fortified Quebec as best he could. " Eight guns " says Ferland, " had been placed upon the Mountain above Fort Saint-Louis, upon which the Citadel now stands ; beneath this battery were fortifications beginning at Mount Carmel and reaching to the river Saint-Charles, thus covering the intendant's palace. Along this battlement a palissade had been extended to the beach as far as a place called la Canoterie; another palisade stretched over the summit of the Cape from the Hotel Dieu as far as Sault au Matelot where three guns had been set up. A few smaller guns had been placed near a windmill on an elevation near Mount Carmel.

" In lower town two other batteries of three guns each had been put in position ; on mountain street, leading from the port to upper town, were three entrenchments made of barrels and sacks of earth. In a word every possible precaution had been taken in order to worry the enemy and to prevent his reaching the city.

I have no intention of describing this siege, which however, is one of the most memorable and glorious in our history. All our historians have described it in detail, and Mr. Ernest Myrand has devoted to it a volume comprising four hundred pages, full of interest and taken from reliable sources.

The most haughty summons which the British Admiral sent to Frontenac is well known, so also is Frontenac's

knightly response : " It is through the mouth of my guns that your general will hear my reply."

That reply alone was greater than victory itself ; and I would venture to observe that it was perhaps the most sublime speech known in our history. It would have been sufficient for Frontenac to answer as he did, and then conquer the aggressor, in order to secure the highest rank amongst our great men. But the whole of his administration was a very great credit to him.



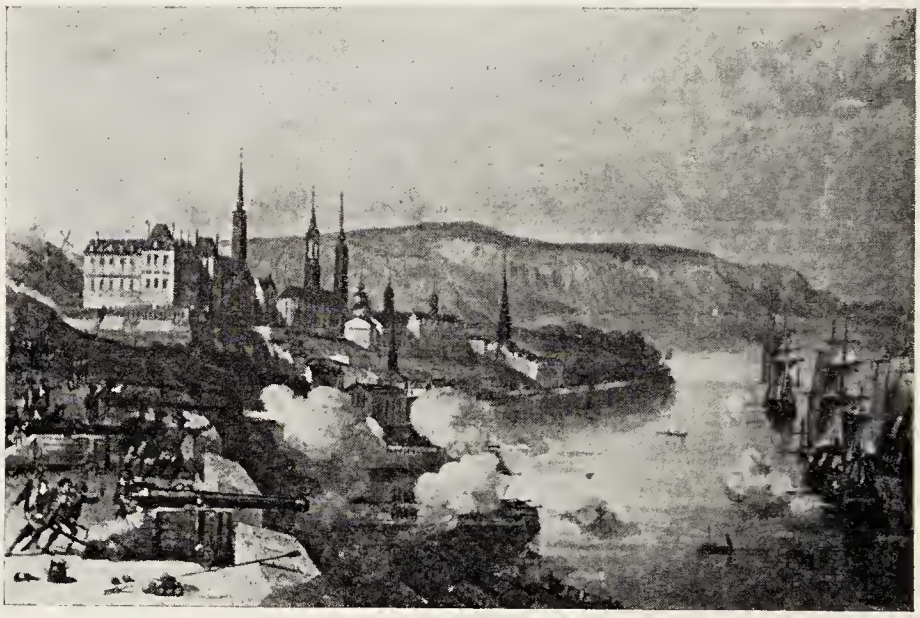
FRONTENAC, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue decoratlng the front of the Legislative Palace.)

None more than he exercised such great activity in repulsing all attacks, and even in attacking when he thought it advisable to weaken the enemy ; he fortified fort Saint Louis to such an extent as to make of it a real citadel. He was as clever a statesman as soldier, and Quebec improved and prospered during his administration. It is at that time that Bishop de Saint Valier, acting as coadjutor for Bishop de Laval, looked after ecclesiastical matters in

Canada ; that the Recollets built their fine church, on the site of the present place d'Armes at the end of the Court House, that the General Hospital was constructed, and the Sisters of the Congregation settled in Quebec.

At last France and England were at peace owing to the treaty of Ryswick, concluded in 1697, when Frontenac died a most Christian death on November 28th 1698.

He was buried in the Recollet Church ; later on three other governors, de Callières, de Vaudreuil, and de la Jonquière were also laid to rest beside him. After this church was burnt down in 1796, the remains of these four governors were placed in the Cathedral, now the basilica, where they still repose.



Defense of Quebec in 1690.

Frontenac left a widow who was very easily consoled, in fact such consolations as she appreciated were then freely given at the Court of Louis XIV. Very worldly and beautiful she preferred the delights of Versailles to the rough beauty of Quebec and never would she consent to live in Chateau Saint-Louis.

The Recollets endeavored to touch her feelings by sending her a little leaden box in which the heart of her husband was placed. But the proud countess refused it stating, that the had no use whatever for a heart which in life had not been hers.

IX

FIRST HALF OF THE XVIII CENTURY.

The XVII century which had witnessed the glory of the mother country raised to its zenith, also cast brilliant rays upon the colony.

Three wonderful men had contributed, each in his particular sphere, to enable it to hold its own in America : Frontenac had been both a statesman and a soldier, Monseigneur de Laval a great Bishop, as influential with the King as with the Pope, and whose humility and self-sacrifice were quite remarkable ; finally Talon, a man of law and a most distinguished economist. Notwithstanding their misunderstandings, the two first named personages had kindled within the colony a warm and generous spirit as well as a national pride. The third owing to his able administration and integrity, had largely contributed to the material development of the country.

The colony was gradually becoming organized, but much more slowly than New England.

In 1701, the population of Canada was but twenty thousand, whereas that of the neighboring colony was two hundred and sixty thousand.

Mr. de Callières had succeeded Mr. de Frontenac and had concluded a great treaty of peace with the Indians, thanks to the assistance which he received from (Kondiaronk, the Rat), the celebrated Huron chief.

Yet France and England were irreconcilable rivals, and peace between the two powers could never last long.

When Mr. de Callières, who was a wonderful man, died in 1703, war had broken out afresh between the two countries, and Mr. de Vaudreuil who had succeeded him thought well of attacking New-England. It is then that the several expeditions took place in which Hertel de Rouville, the Hertels of Chambly, the de Verchères, the de Saint Ours and many others, acquired most marked distinction.

This guerrilla warfare was successful, but it annoyed

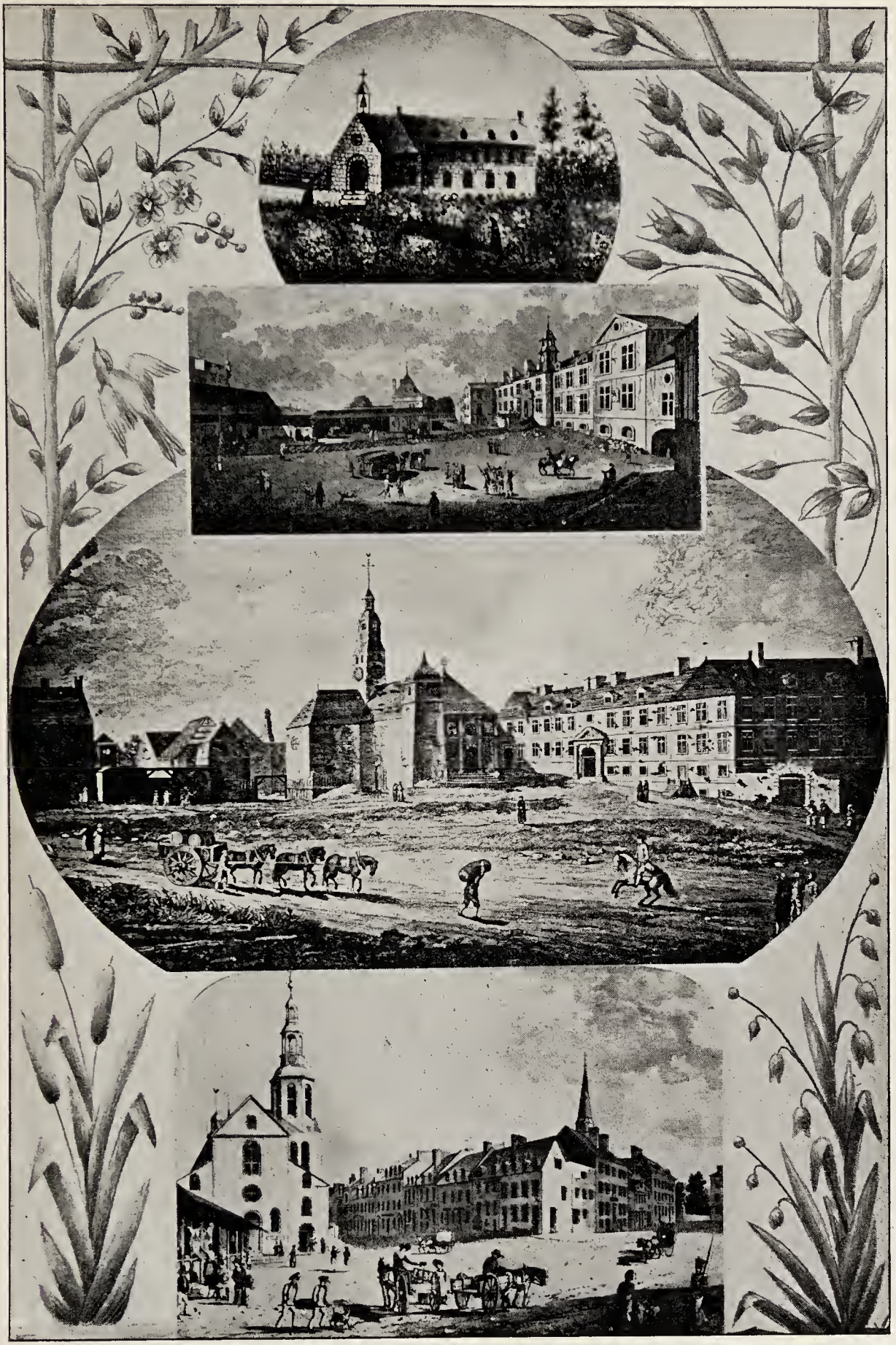
England and she determined to put an end to New-France. An army numbering four thousand six hundred men, and a fleet commanded by Admiral Walker and manned by six thousand five hundred sailors, invaded our country. It is a well known fact that the shipwrecks of Walker caused the colony to escape her imminent peril.

Prior to this trouble another shadow had been cast over Quebec. Bishop de Laval, founder of the Church in Canada, had died in 1708.; any body who wishes to learn how beloved he was to the people of Quebec, has but to open the History of the Ursulines which gives a full account of his funeral.

In 1720 the population of Quebec consisted of about seven thousand people. Father Charlevoix has written a very pretty description of our city at that time, in which he refers to its population and the social life in which it indulged : " A very select little set is to be found there, comprising all the necessary elements for a pleasant society ; a Governor General with a staff, nobility, officers and troops ; an Intendant head of a superior council, and inferior officers, a Naval Commissioner, a Grand Marshal, a Grand Surveyor of Highways, and a Grand Master of Forests and Streams, whose jurisdiction should certainly be the most extensive in the universe; rich merchants, a Bishop and a well filled seminary, Recollets and Jesuits, three communities for young ladies ; clubs as lively as elsewhere ; this, on the whole, would appear to me enough to kill time most pleasantly.

" And so the people did as best they could. They gambled, organized excursions in boats, or in caleches in summer, and in winter they sleighed or skated. Hunting was also indulged in to a great extent ; some of the gentlemen having but few other resources to enable them to live comfortably. The local news amounted to very little, as the country had none to give, and when European news did come it was all at once. Political topics of the past and future were discussed.

" The arts and sciences also formed a topic of conversation. Canadians, that is the creoles of Canada, are born breathing ree air, this causes intercourse with them to be of a pleasant



A GLIMPSE AT OLD QUEBEC.

Second Recollet Convent, the corner stone of which was laid by Talon.
The Intendant's Palace.
Jesuits' Church and College.
The Cathedral in 1760.

(Views taken upon the premises by Richard Short.)

nature, no where is our language so purely spoken. There is not the slightest trace of any particular accent.

"No rich people are to be met with in this country, and it is most unfortunate. The inhabitants are fond of enjoying what they possess, and have no ambition to accumulate wealth. People live well, if in doing so they can also dress well; if not, table delicacies are dispensed with, in order that they may appear better clad. It must also be admitted that stylish garments are most becoming to our creoles. Here people can all boast of having good figures, as well as of possessing the best blood in the world; they are joyful with polite and gentle manners, rusticity in style or language is a thing unknown even in the most remote country places."

In 1721 a mail service was established for the forwarding of letters and for the convenience of travelers. In the following year the division and organization of the various parishes took place, they numbered eighty-two.

The development of New France was rather slow but regular, and bearing in mind that education was improving, owing to the foundation of new educational establishments and religious institutions, it will be readily admitted that the country was certainly progressing.

Agriculture, trade and industry were also expanding. Ship building, which long constituted the main industry in Quebec, was even at that time a boon to laborers.

Talon's work was followed up by intendants Bégon and Hocquart, who were steadily supported by the governors of the time, Messrs. de Vaudreuil and de Beauharnois.

Why then were the developments of the British Colonies so far superior to those of New France?

The question is quite readily answered. Emigration to the British Colonies was extensive, whereas to the French ones it was very scanty.

Owing to civil and religious wars, which were at that time distressing England, thousand of malcontents, Catholics, Puritans and Royalists, were fleeing from the British Isles, where the religious and political convictions to which they

dearly held were being denied them, and they came to seek new homes in the free land of America.

Moreover, England favored this emigration, with a double object in view, that of ridding herself of those whom she considered brewers of future trouble, and of rapidly expanding her colonies beyond the seas.

France was situated in totally different circumstances. The grumblers there were the Huguenots, and they were the very people whom she wished to keep out of Canada.

Different motives guided the projects of each country. France's motives for wishing the colonization of Canada, were not merely from a commercial standpoint. Her main object was the expansion of her religious creed.

New France was to be a feudal, agricultural, military and over and above all, a Catholic colony. That was the reason why France was so careful in the selection of the emigrants she sent to Canada.

There was less chivalry and disinterestedness in the foundation of New England; and viewing the question from their standpoint, one very soon grasps the ideas that animated the founders. The country which England wished to colonize boasted of enormous unworked resources, and in order to obtain material benefit from the soil, a large population was the first consideration.

To develop these rich possessions, and to promptly attain wealth and power, millions of hands were needed, and the moral convictions or religious belief of the emigrants were of but little consequence.

These reasons explain the enormous disproportion between the population of the two rival colonies; this is the reason why when the Seven Years' War began (1754) Canada's population numbered but eighty-thousand, whereas that of the British Colonies was one million two hundred thousand.

If Canada's development was slow during that half century, it was certainly not due to any fault on the part of her governors. Messrs. de Vaudreuil and de Beauharnois were men who lacked neither ability nor good will. But resources

failed them, and help from France was very slow coming, and when it finally did arrive it was quite insufficient.

Mr. de la Gallissonnière who succeeded Mr. de Beauharnois, was an eminent man as well as a scholar; he ventured to make several useful and urgent suggestions to the King of France; they were approved of, yet their execution was indefinitely delayed, as had also been the suggestions of his predecessors.

Another element which was lacking amongst the rulers of the colony, was devotion to the public cause, and particularly union and concord. Ambition, not zeal was the cause of many a quarrel, frequently indefinitely prolonged, and often arising from trifling circumstances, which now seem to us very childish.

At times it was the Governor and the Bishop who could not agree; then it was the Governor and the Intendant who were secretly quarrelling; at other times the seed of dissension seemed to grow amongst the various representatives of religious authority.

This domestic strife, which began during the administration of Bishop de Saint Vallier was continued under his successors.

Monseigneur Tetu has given a brief account of these troubles in a fine work which he published under the title of "Les Evêques de Québec." As in most histories, he leads one to believe that historical truth is not always of the most edifying nature, and that the best of men are sometimes led to make the greatest blunders. He demonstrates however, that being dependent upon the King of France, the church of Canada had a great deal to contend with, and that she has more freedom now, being in closer touch with Rome.

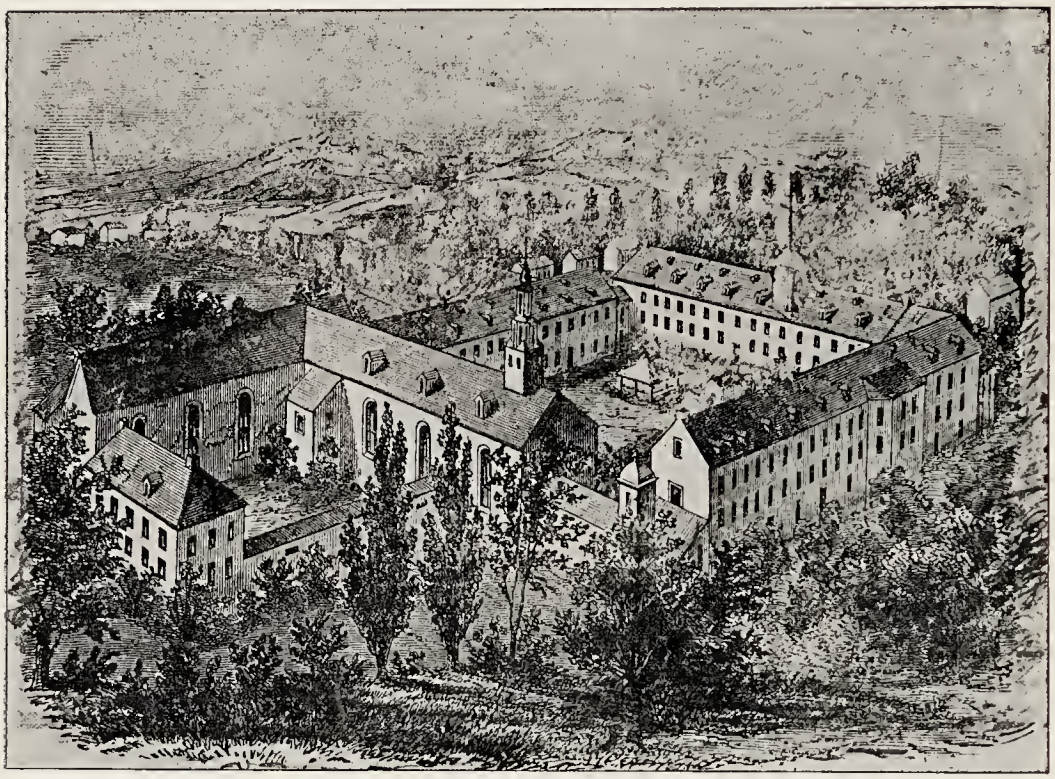
The approach of danger put an end to the pending trials, with which the ecclesiastical bureau at Paris was dealing.

"The roar of the guns" says Mgr. Tetu, "silenced for ever the voice of the pleaders. The siege of Quebec dispersed the priests from the seminary and the altars, fire destroyed the

stalls of the canons and in the face of the many troubles of the church, these priests, who after all were good men, quite forgot their Norman quarrels which were buried under the ashes."

While the ecclesiastical dignitaries were going through these vicissitudes, the laymen in authority took life easily and enjoyed everything that luxury and pleasure could provide.

At intervals, between expeditions and battles, the military



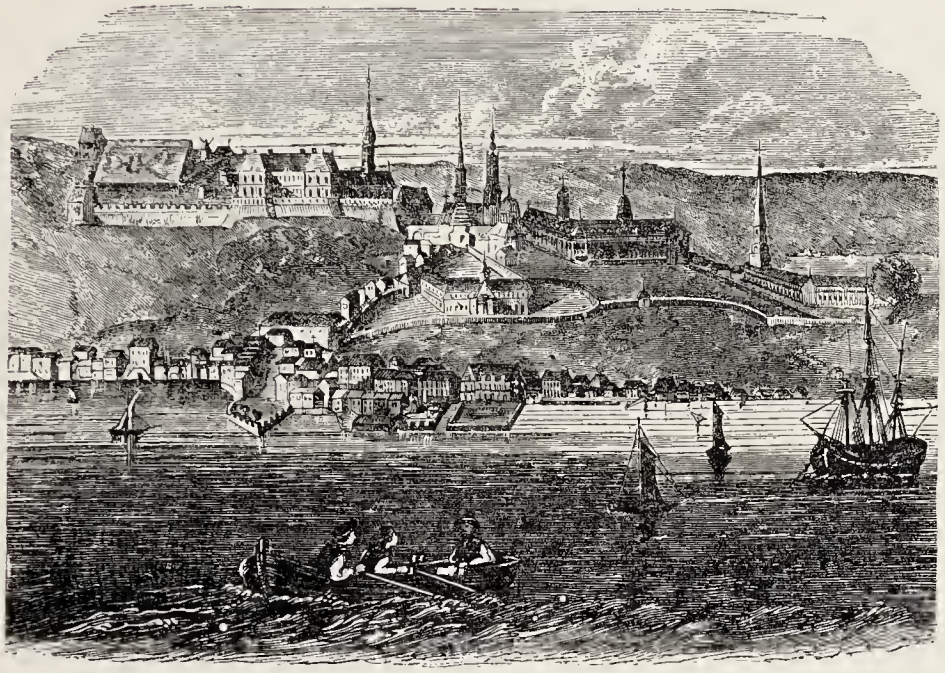
Ursuline Convent in 1759, the Chapel of which was restored by General Murray after the siege, and which was alternately used for saying mass and for the English service.

men, very numerous at that time in Quebec, indulged in festivities which frequently ended in revelries. Then, Bigot the intendant, who reached Quebec in 1749, had begun with his accomplices, a series of depredations and extortions which he kept up until the time of the capitulation, these disgraceful proceedings remind one of the celebrated Roman peculator Verres.

Among the military chiefs at that time, it is but just to

state, there were noble exceptions, and even those who indulged their passions too freely in their leisure hours, were brave as lions upon the battle field.

What a number of brilliant military achievements they did accomplish during the five years which preceded the siege of Quebec! To relate them would compel me to deviate from the plan that I have traced out, let it be enough to simply mention them. In Ohio, on the shores of the Monagahela,



Quebec in 1720.

Mr. de Beaujeu defeated General Braddock, who fully admitted the victory and duly admired the conqueror.

" We have been beaten by a handful of Frenchmen," wrote Colonel Washington, who later became famous. " A short while before the fight, we thought our strength equal to that of Canada ; yet havings all odds in our favor, we have been completely defeated and have lost everything."

The following year it was Montcalm who with three thousand men, captured fort Oswego, forcing eighteen hundred men to capitulate, taking seven ships, two hundred boats, one

hundred and thirty-one artillery guns, seven hundred rifles, an enormous quantity of ammunition and five standards.

A few months later he took fort William Henry, which was defended by two thousand three hundred men, and razed to the ground the fortifications, as he had done those of Oswego.

England was continually sending fresh reinforcements to her colonies, and in 1758 her army both on land and sea consisting of over forty thousand men, had orders to invade Canada.

At Carillon, Montcalm having under him three thousand six hundred men, was brought face to face with General Abercromby, who had an army of over fifteen thousand men. The conflict was long and terrible and the little French army won a most brilliant victory. The British casualities were, as computed by themselves, over two thousand killed and wounded, amongst them were one hundred and twenty-six officers.

All these glorious battles took place far from Quebec ; yet Quebec was the main object of England's exertions which were most stubborn in her struggle to conquer. With the tenacity which is characteristic to the British race, no sacrifice could check them, and each soldier killed was replaced by two others. It was like an inexhaustible vomitory continually pouring forth new lions into the arena.

On the other hand France seemed to take but very little interest in her American Colonies ; Bougainville, who had been sent to Versailles as a delegate to crave assistance, came back laden with praise and compliments to " the brave soldiers of Canada." It was all he had managed to obtain. In order to get rid of him and prevent him from insisting, Berryer the minister had brutally dismissed him saying : " Sir, when the house is on fire, we have no time to think of the stables ", to which Bougainville retaliated : " It certainly cannot be said that you speak as a horse would." (1)

That witty reply did not serve to make the court realize the situation nor take it from its pleasures.

---

(1) L'Abbé Casgrain, *Montcalm and Levis*, vol. 1, p. 39.

Is it not enough to arouse ones just indignation to think of Quebec being referred to as the "Stables" of France? Quebec the seat of French power in America, the head of a country more extensive than the whole of Europe!

The conquest of Quebec meant that of all Canada. The fall of Louisbourg had resulted in the loss of Acadia only. But losing Quebec was losing all those extensive western possessions which might have been called the France of America, as the great Spanish colonies were called "The Spains", "les Espagnes."

How dear to our ancestor was that sacred city in which the blood of a whole race had flown!

It was the cradle of New France, the land of the adopted country, the home of the Canadian family, the tomb of its founder and father.

But alas! even in Quebec those best acquainted with the dangers surrounding them, and who best understood the terrible loss which France was about to sustain, treated the matter with great levity.

They felt the collapse close at hand, and under pretense of being powerless to avert it, they sought to forget their troubles in wine and festivities.

Gambling, luxury and immorality were coupled with the irregularities, depredations and extortions of those in authority. The Bishop of Quebec said to his flock: "God is angry; he has raised his hand to strike us."

That prediction was about to be accomplished; fire and sword were to be instrumental in working the urgently needed purification.

V

THE LAST BATTLES.

I do not intend to give a detailed account nor a minute description of these battles, which though not very great had important consequences, fully apparent to all but short-sighted men.

Our historians have described them before me; Abbé Casgrain in his beautiful book entitled " Montcalm et Lévis " published in 1891, gives a masterly account of them.

He was more fortunate than his predecessors, and was the possessor of many most valuable documents, which he made use of with the patience of a Benedictine monk and the skill of a master-mind.

After this most learned and most interesting work on the history of the wars from 1756 to 1760, nothing further can be said on the subject.

More over, I am no historian, and this book has no claim to historical merits. It is a graphic sketch of Quebec under various circumstances, and the historical part of it is but a sketch.

The plan of my work does not allow long developments, and I will but give a brief account of the main facts and rapidly review the consequences.

BATTLE OF MONTMORENCY.

In the latter part of June 1759, an English fleet appeared on the Point Levis side of the St-Lawrence, opposite the eastern end of the Island of Orleans. It consisted of twenty-eight ships, ten men-of-war and eighteen smaller vessels. The crew was composed of eighteen thousand sailors and soldiers.

On the 31st of June one half of these troops disembarked on the southern shore, and the remainder upon the Island of Orleans.

On the 9th of July, the troops stationed on the island crossed to the northern side of the river, bringing with them quite an array of artillery, which they placed on the north eastern side of the Montmorency river.

Of course, those in authority at Quebec had foreseen this, and within a few weeks, several regiments had camped at Beauport and put up fortifications.

On the other hand, the British at Point Levis were not idle, the batteries which they had erected there began bombarding Quebec on the night of the 12th of July.

Alas! this bombardment lasted two months, and the city batteries could not retaliate or silence the British artillery, as they ran short of ammunition.

The greater part of lower town was demolished and burnt.

The front of Chateau Saint-Louis was riddled with bullets. In a circular letter addressed to the Bishops of France, Mgr. de Pontbriand wrote : " One hundred and eighty houses have been burnt during these five mouths, all the others are riddled by cannon balls and shells. Walls six feet thick could not withstand the assault, the vaults in which private property had been concealed were burnt, crushed and pillaged during the siege. The cathedral has been burnt to the ground."

While the batteries at Levis were gradually demolishing Quebec, those of Montmorency were bombarding the Beauport camp, but without much effect.

Wolfe was feeling his way. During the night of the 18th of July, three of his ships sailed up the St-Lawrence and went to anchor at the mouth of the Etchemin river. Fearing they would disembark there, six hundred French marines, commanded by Major Dumas made ready to oppose them.

Finally on the 28th of July, Wolfe determined to try his luck on the Beauport side.

While continuing to bombard Quebec with greater violence than ever, he prepared a double attack of the forts on the Montmorency river, and he sent out detachments to attack those which the French had erected on Beauport heights.

The 31st of July seemed to Wolfe a favorable occasion for

PLAN OF QUEBEC IN 1759.

1. Bastion at Cape Diamond.
2. Bastion of the Ice-house.
3. Saint-Louis' Bastion.
4. Saint-Louis' Gate.
5. Saint-Ursule's Bastion.
6 Saint-John's Bastion.
7. Saint-John's Gate.
8. Citadel.
9. Vaudreuil or Queen's battery.
10. King's Court and Stores.
11. Fort Saint-Louis.
12. Place d'Armes.
13. Royal Platform or Battery.
14. Passage to Upper-town.
15. Bishop's Palace.
16. Cathedral.
17. Jesuits' Wood-.
18. Seminary.
19. Hotel-Dieu.
20. Two Gun Batteries.
21. Barracks.
22. Dauphin's Battery.
23. Public landing-place.
24. Sault-au-Matelot battery.
25. Seven-Gun battery.
26. Three Gun battery.
27. Battery erected in 1756.
28. Battery.
29. Masonry pier-head.
30. Ancient docks.
31. Palace Suburbs.
32. Commissariat.
33. Stores.
34. Saint-Roch's Chapel.
35. Dock-Yard.
36. Old pitch house.
37. Wharves and batteries.
38. Bridge of boats.
39 and 40. Two vessels armed with eight guns to defend river Saint-Charles and the low water ford between them.
41. Boom.
42. River Saint-Charles.
43. Five boats having one gun each which were usually kept at the entrance of river Saint-Charles.

A. Governor's residence.
B. Chateau Battery.
C. Notre Dame des Victoires.
D. Sisters of the Congregation.
E. Wind-Mill Fort.
F. Ursuline Convent.
G. Recollet Convent.
H. Jesuits' College Church.
I. New Two Gun battery.
K. Intendant's Palace.
M. Palace Gate.
N. Dauphin's Fort and barracks.
O. King's fort and barracks.
P. Clergy's battery; twenty-eight guns.
Q. Commandant's House.
R. Magazine.


PLAN
OF
QUEBEC
IN
1759
ST-LAWRENCE RIVER

the execution of his plans as a strong south-western breeze was blowing and would favor the manœuvres of his vessels. About eleven o'clock two transports armed with twenty guns each, set sail and grounded within range of the French camp in front of fort Johnstone.

"Shortly after" says abbé Casgrain, whose narrative we are giving in brief, "a line vessel having sixty-four guns, sailed up the stream and settled a little lower down, opposite the eastern fort."

As soon as they had taken up the desired position, these three vessels opened a very sharp fire on the front of the French trenches, while the forty big guns on the left shore of Montmorency Falls, attacked the flank. The French forces were all concentrated towards the river for the defence of the trenches, but they had only twenty guns of smaller calibre to oppose the hundred and forty British guns.

Soon after, three or four hundred boats filled with riflemen left Levis and the Isle of Orleans, and took up their positions in rear of the grounded transports.

The guns kept up their fire, but with lesser results than Wolfe had expected. Neither the regular, nor the Canadian troops were losing ground and Lévis, who was directing the defence gave his orders with admirable composure, taking no notice whatever of the hail of bullets which was being showered about him. Montcalm was superintending the operation from head-quarters, ready if necessary to rush forward with the battalions which he had for that purpose.

At half past one in the afternoon, a British column, numbering two thousand men looked as though they were about to attack the forts on the Montmorency river in charge of Captain de Repentigny (one of the heroes of the legend of the Golden Dog); so Levis sent him five hundred Canadians and some Indians as a reinforcement. The attack did not take place and when the British column fell back, the Canadians also returned to the trenches.

Night was falling and the tide had almost finished receding,

the mouth of the Montmorency river could be forded. Wolfe thought the time had come to make a great effort.

His land army descended the Montmorency hill, formed into columns on the beach, and forded the river. At the same time the boats were nearing the shore, and the soldiers disembarked under cover of the guns of the transports, which still commanded the trenches.

The grenadiers headed the attacking column and boldly advanced towards the trenches, which the Canadians were defending. The latter were excellent shots and their first volleys broke the front ranks. The assailants, arrested for a moment, rushed for the hill which they began to ascend, but they were not half way up when they were mowed down by bullets and fell back upon those behind them also throwing them over.

At the same time Townshend's corps, having crossed the ford, was rushing to assault the eastern fort in the midst of a terrible hurricane of thunder and lightning. The earth was soon saturated with blood and it became quite a hard task to scale the flank of the hill already strewn with dead bodies. The hail of bullets made ravages in the ranks, and the soldiers were compelled to retire in haste, but they reformed again and tried a fresh assault.

Wolfe had witnessed the fight and thinking it useless to renew the charge, he had the retreat sounded. According to official English reports, they had lost four hundred and forty-three men, killed or wounded, eight captains, twenty-one lieutenants and three ensigns.

Levis made a very much larger estimate of their losses, his own had been seventy men killed or wounded. Admiral Saunders abandoned the two transports after having set fire to them.

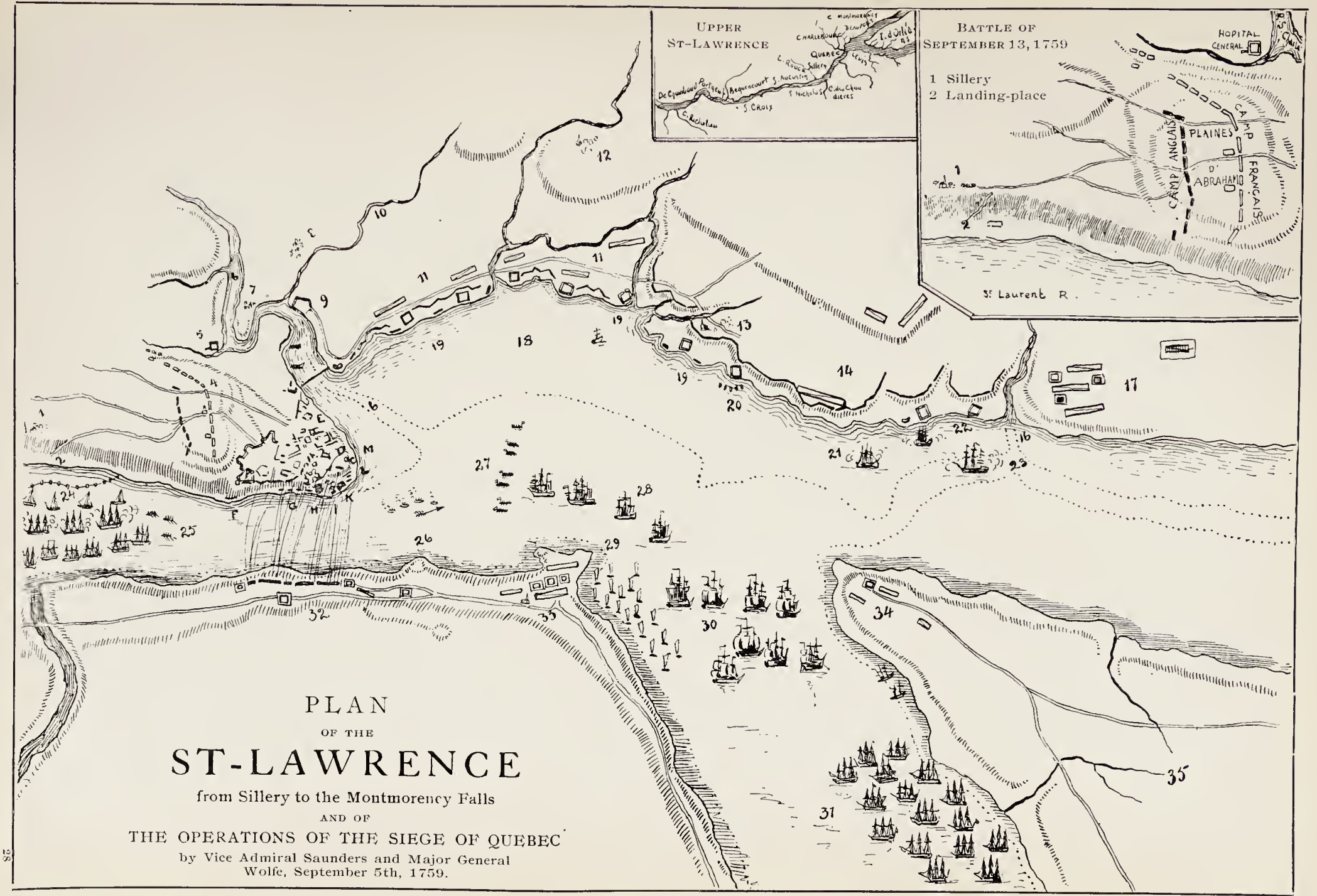
"Wolfe" says abbé Casgrain, "took revenge for his defeat by pouring into Quebec a shower of projectiles and setting fire to the surrounding country. It is computed that from the 13th of July to the 5th of August

The Plan of the Saint-Lawrence, from Sillery to the Montmorency Falls, and of the operations of the siege of Quebec by Vice-Admiral Saunders and Major General Wolfe on September 5th 1759.

1. Sillery.
2. Landing-place.
3. English army.
4. French army.
5. General Hospital.
6. River Saint-Charles or Little River.
7. Les Islets.
8. Notre Dame des Anges.
9. Place d'Armes in defense of the entrance of bridge.
10. Lairet stream.
11. French Camp.
12. Charlebourg or Little Village.
13. Beauport.
14. French Camp.
15. Trenches within musket range commanding the forts and batteries.
16. Montmorency.
17. General Wolfe's Camp.
18. Beauport flats, where the British vessels feigned to land their troops at night, where as they were really being landed at Sillery.
19. Batteries of three guns each.
20. Rafts with guns.
21. Essay Point.
22. Site of the attack on July 30th.
23. Centurion stationed to cover troops during the attack.
24. Rafts for guns and small boats carrying ammunition for artillery.
25. Admiral Holmes' division and transports in readiness to land troops as soon as the first battalion had reached the heights.
26. Pointe des Pères (Father Point).
27. Buoys placed in order to deceive the enemy, and to which small boats were attached, to protect the fleet from the guns on rafts.
28. Frigates belonging to Admiral Saunders' division.
29. Point Levis.
30. Admiral's ship.
31. Anchored transports.
32. Twelve 32 Gun Batteries and 7 mortars.
33. Brigadier General Monckton's Camp near the church at Saint-Joseph de Lévis.
34. Major Hardy's post.
35. Isle of Orleans.

BATTERIES.

A. Citadel : nine guns.
B. The Clergy's battery : twenty-eight guns and five mortars.
C. Sault au Matelot : seven guns.
D. Hospital : two guns.
E. New battery on head pier : two guns.
F. Queen's.
G. New battery : three guns.
H. King's : three guns.
I. Royal : ten guns.
K. Dauphin's : ten guns.
L. New Battery : seven guns.
M. New Battery : three guns.


Upper St-Lawrence
Battle of September 13, 1759
1 Sillery
2 Landing-place
Hopital General
Camp Anglais
Plaines d'Abraham
Camp Français
St Laurent R.
Charlebourg
Quebec
Levis
St Nicholas
St Croix
PLAN
OF THE
ST-LAWRENCE
from Sillery to the Montmorency Falls
AND OF
THE OPERATIONS OF THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC
by Vice Admiral Saunders and Major General Wolfe, September 5th, 1759.

no less than nine thousand cannon balls were hurled at Quebec."

The British generals who were at the same time invading western Canada, were more fortunate than Wolfe, and the reports which reached Vaudreuil and Montcalm on the evening of the 9th of August quite astounded them.

Bourlamarque had evacuated Carillon and fort Saint-Frederic. Niagara had capitulated. Chevalier de la Corne-Saint-Luc stated he could not resist Johnston's victorious army.

Montcalm and Vaudreuil shared the same opinion; both agreed that one man only could face the situation and that was Chevalier de Levis, who started by post chaise that very night, with a promise that eight hundred men would follow within twenty-four hours.

Having to send off de Levis, at this supreme moment, was a great misfortune. Both Vaudreuil and Montcalm, who were always at variance, had the highest opinion of him, and his sound advice might have prevented some of the last blunders which resulted in final disaster.

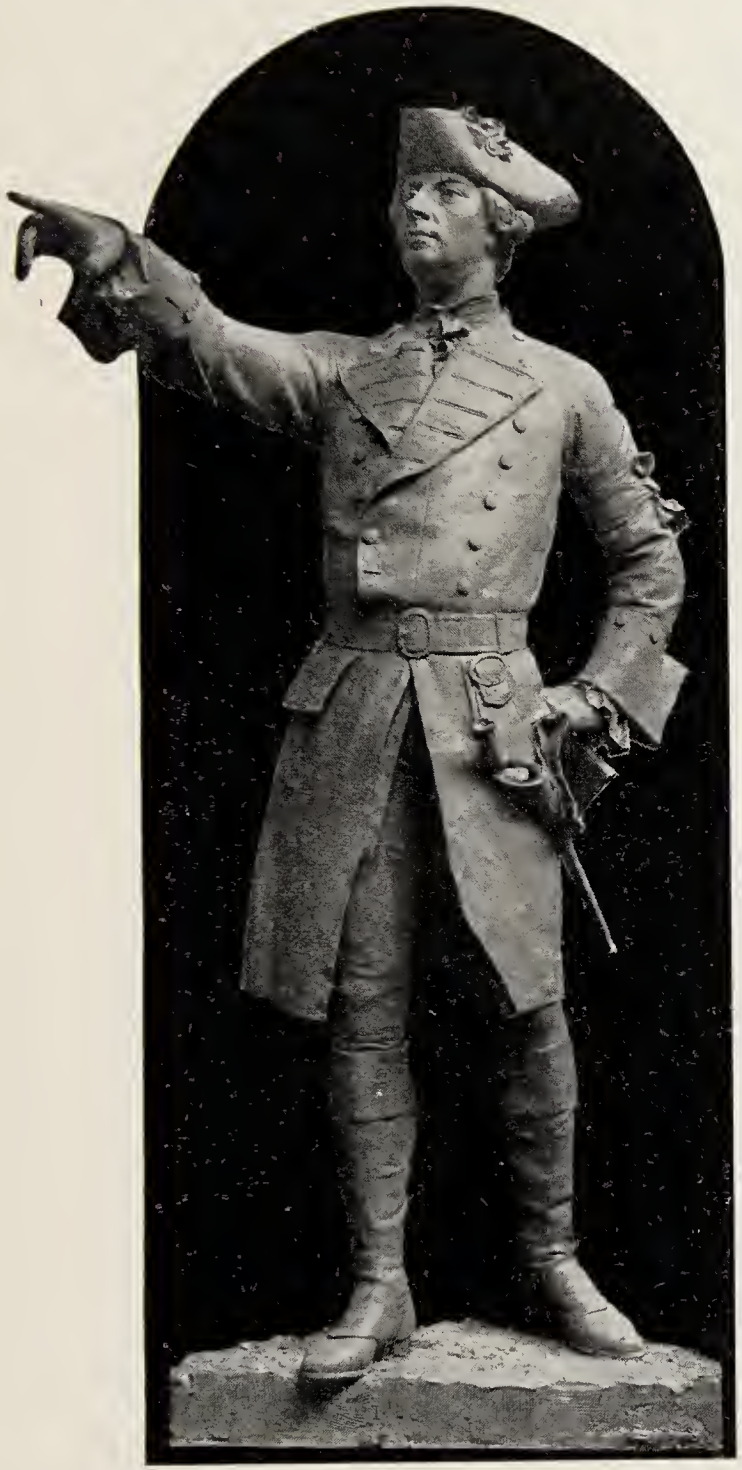
BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

Over a month elapsed, during which there was more than once question in Wolfe's Camp, of raising the siege. Yet Wolfe, who was almost alone in his opinion, insisted on having a second trial; and while awaiting a favorable occasion, he sent bands to pillage the surrounding county and lower ports, and to spread fire and sword all round and make prisoners of women and children. These cruel devastations were certainly unworthy of a British General.

Finally in the night between the 12th and 13th September, Wolfe managed to land in a little out of the way bay, where he met with no resistance.

Between Spencer Wood west, and Wolfesfield, residence of the Price family, east, a stream shaded by tall trees, flows down the cliff, thus forming a deep ravine, the borders of which extend to the shore.

It was the only spot from which the British Army could with any facility, ascend the heights of Quebec. Montcalm was no doubt aware of it, and had established a guard there, commanded by Captain Vergor de Simolin. Yet, the people belonging to the country alone should have known of this comparatively easy way of getting up, which the trees on the shore hid under a thick veil.



WOLFE, by Philippe Hébert.
Statue ornamenting the front of the Legislative Palace).

How did Wolfe discover it? That has never been ascertained, but there has been a suspicion of treachery. Who was the traitor? The name of Denis de Vitré has been mentioned, as he had formerly lived in Quebec, but had been taken to London as a prisoner of war, and had returned as a mercenary in Wolfe's army. Others have mentioned Vergor, who was one of Bigot's favorites, and who had already been accused of treachery in Acadia; but he had been acquitted by a council in which Bigot sat.

Sir James Lemoine also mentions a man by the name of Chinic, who

was harbor master in Quebec. As a matter of fact, nothing positive can be brought against any of these men, but in some instances there are causes for grave suspicions.



MONTCALM, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue ornamenting the front of the Legislative Palace.)

However, no matter who the culprit may have been, the general opinion is that it was through treachery that Wolfe's army was led to the Plains of Abraham at early dawn on the 13rd of September, 1759.

That solitary, picturesque and charming spot is very well known. The scenery is enchanting and the surroundings are ideal, too beautiful a spot for the sad part which it was about to play in a great drama.

In Quebec, September is the loveliest month of the year; the sky generally blue, then seems full of sun and joy. But on that day the heavens were grey and cloudy. Was this inauspicious for Montcalm or for Wolfe? For both perhaps.

In the days preceding, both had been troubled with gloomy forebodings. Both had felt that some tragic ending was close at hand, and paramount to

their dreams of ambition and glory, they seemed to have a certain inkling of some mysterious catastrophe.

In the face of actual facts, men are not always powerless. But with events to come, how are they to deal? How can they tell in the morning, where they will be at night?

A decisive battle was about to be fought between two great heroes, representatives of two great races; and within a few hours the fate of a rising race, and that of an extensive country would be sealed.



Quebec, view taken from Beauport, by Morin in 1851.

Both were risking their lives in that realistic tragedy, and both were about to lose it. It was over their graves that the glory they had sought would be found.

Bougainville was encamped at the mouth of the Cap Rouge river, he had been instructed to watch the British ships as they went up and down with the night tide, he had tired of the game, which to his mind seemed childish; and he saw nothing to gain in following them on the night of September 13th. Now, on that very night Wolfe was playing the boldest of his cards

A series of trivial causes which produced great effects, and which occurred as though by chance, were singularly favorable to the British General, and a few shots enabled him to become master of the heights, and draw up his troops in battle array.

He divided them into three columns facing the city, and they advanced as far as the eastern slope of the hill where the gaol now stands, across de Salaberry street and three ranks deep from the summit of the cliff as far as Saint Foy road.

Then only did Montcalm learn what had occurred during the night, and Vaudreuil was still unaware of it.

The citizens were also greatly alarmed and excited, when they heard upon awakening, that the British were at the gates.

Soon the whole army at the Beauport camp was on foot, they formed into three columns and marched towards the plains



Quebec from Indian Cove, view taken in 1759 by Richard Short.

of Abraham, one of them going up by Côte à Coton, the other by Abraham hill and the third by Palace hill ; they passed through the grief-stricken city and out of it through Saint-John and Saint-Louis' gates.

As they reached the scene of action, Montcalm drew up his battalions in three lines, extending from the spot upon which the Martello tower now stands at the edge of the Cliff, as far as Saint-Foy road, along Claire Fontaine Street. Nearest the river was the Royal-Roussillon, then followed Guyenne, Béarn, Languedoc and La Sarre. The Canadians under Major Dumas, were on the extreme right.

Just then Montcalm received a note from de Vaudreuil, advising him to delay the battle until he had time to send out other troops from the city, and also to give Bougainville a chance to come from Cap Rouge with the troops under his command, so as to be enabled to make a rear attack upon the enemy.

That advice was wisdom itself; the results of the prematurely fought battle are well known, and one feels inclined to be indignant with Montcalm for not having taken heed. Indignation is also felt against Bougainville; he had



Upper Town Market and Parish Church, Quebec, in 1832.

under him the best of troops, and is blamed for not moving when the sound of the guns should certainly have awakened in him a sense of danger.

But after having vented one's indignation against Montcalm and blamed him for the blunder which he committed, one feels compelled to relent and be indulgent towards that noble hearted and brilliant soldier, so prompt in action so dauntless and already covered with glory.

He should, no doubt, have numbered his troops and realized that he had but three thousand five hundred men to oppose Wolfe's army, numbering fifteen thousand six hundred.

But with three thousand five hundred, had he not been victorious at Carillon ? Had he not beaten Abercromby with sixteen thousand men ? Had he not also taken Oswego with the same number of troops at his disposal ?

Victory must be his, but three thousand men must do it, how grand that seemed ! Surely Victory, heretofore so faithful, would not forsake him in the supreme hour. Montcalm had be come over-confident in his luck. He was idolized by his men and every time they beheld him, they shouted, " Vive le général." " Long live the General." That popularity flattered him intensely. People beloved by the multitude and who



The lower City of Quebec from the parapet of the Upper Town.–View from a drawing made by Col. Cockburn, R. E. in 1833.

command the elements, often imagine they can control all events ; and Montcalm knew not the signification of the word impossible.

Nevertheless, he held council of war and told the commanders of the various corps that the British were beginning to get entrenched, and that it would be wrong to give them time to do so. Seeing that he was determined upon immediate attack,his officers did not dare contradict him.

Ah ! had Levis been there, he who, as Montcalm himself expressed it "was such a far-seeing warrior." He would have grasped the situation, with his usual coolness, and managed to check the impatience of his superior officer.



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, from a painting by Benjamin West the original of which is in Grosvenor Gallery.
The King of England has a copy painted by West himself, on request of George III.

"It was then ten o'clock" wrote Abbe Casgrain, "the sun cast its bright rays over the plains, where the French could see the array of bayonets and swords and the tartans of the Highlanders. Wolfe seemed to be every where at once, and was easily recognized on account of his tall figure, he was marching at the head of his army which he had led as far as the ravine. (1) None better than he understood the dangerous position in which he was placed; and a few shots heard from the direction of Levis led him to believe that Bougainville was advancing, and would soon attack him in the rear.



View of Esplanade and Fortifications, Quebec, in 1832.

"If the French General delayed his attack and combined his efforts with those of the Colonel, he felt his position almost desperate. Yet, his luck in the recent bold venture which he had made, rendered him confident in his ultimate triumph. He was urging on his men, pointing to the French with his sword and telling the soldiers that it was victory or death, as there was no possibility of retreat.

"Montcalm sounded the charge. His army quivered and shouted their war cry, as in days of old. They rapidly

1. The ravine which is situated in rear of the observatory.

advanced, gathering on their way the companies of sharp-shooters who had arrived too late to enter the ranks; this resulted in the first wavering. They had not yet reached the foot of the ravine, when their broken lines, occasioned by the uneven land, led the British to suppose the attack was to be conducted in irregular columns.

"The regiment endeavored to draw up before ascending the heights, and halted within a half rifle range. Silence reigned for a moment, broken only by the voices of the commanders giving their orders, then a general volley from the three ranks



View of the Place d'Armes and Episcopal Cathedral, Quebec, in 1832.*

above, the precaution of reserving shots to keep up the fire having been neglected. This first volley, at long range and hurriedly fired, had but little effect. The Canadians, most of whom were on the second line, lay down to reload, as was their custom, and this caused confusion. The British who had received orders to put two balls in their guns, approached before firing, and from the elevation upon which they stood they replied by a well directed discharge, which decimated the front rank and caused it to waver. The instantaneous fire from the British centre also made terrible voids in the ranks. A cloud of smoke enveloped both armies which continued advancing. The battle was short but extremely lively.



DEATH OF GENERAL MONTCALM, from a painting by Vateau.

De la Sarre and Guyenne, the two brave commanders were killed, and so were Senezergues and Fontbonne and M. de Saint-Ours, who was in command of the right wing. Lieutenant-colonel du Languedoc, Privat, was dangerously wounded, and Major Malartic had two horses killed under him.

On the British side Colonel Carleton was wounded in the head, and Brigadier Monckton shot through the body. Montcalm was rushing to and fro encouraging his wavering battalions while Wolfe, on the right of his army, personally directed the attack. A bullet struck him on the wrist; around it he twisted his handkerchief. He was leading the grenadiers and commanding them to charge, when a second bullet inflicted another



Quebec from Point Levis, view taken in 1759, partly from Pointe-des-Pères partly on board the Vanguard man-of-war, by Capt. Hervey Smith.

dangerous wound. Yet, faithful to his oft repeated saying, "So long as one can stand and bear arms, retreat is a shame," he still advanced. His bright uniform signaled him out to the Canadian sharp-shooters concealed in the bushes. A third bullet struck him full in the chest. He staggered, and feeling he was about to faint, he called to an artillery officer near by. "Support me, my brave men must not see me fall." Lieutenant Brown of the Grenadiers, grenadier Henderson and another soldier rushed to him and carried him in rear of the battle field. At his own request they laid him on the grass. One of the officers wished to call a surgeon. "Quite needless" sighed the general, "I am done for." He appeared to be unconscious

when one of those around him exclaimed :" They flee !"—"Who are fleeing?" sharply demanded Wolfe, as though awakening from a sound sleep. "The enemy," replied the officer, "they are yielding in all directions". Wolfe then said : "Let one of you hasten to tell Colonel Burton to go down, with all possible speed toward river Saint Charles, and capture the bridges and cut off the retreat of the fugitives." He then turned on his side and gently murmured : "The Lord be praised, I die in peace," and he expired.



THE INTENDANTS' PALACE, Quebec, in 1759. Destroyed by shells fired from the Ramparts to dislodge the Americans who had taken possession of it, under Benedict Arnold, in 1775. The vaults are now used by Boswell Bros. Brewers.

Just then the combatants were at very close quarters and the British were charging the French with their bayonets, they began to give in, and this was the beginning of the general rout.

The Canadians were more stubborn, and retired by stages only, rallying here and there and arresting the enemy by their murderous fire.

Montcalm vainly endeavored to rally the fugitives, the greater number of whom had rushed towards the Saint-Charles valley. He himself was led away toward Saint-Louis' Gate and on his way was wounded by two successive shots. Three soldiers rushed up and held him on his horse. Thus did he re-enter the city. Some women whom they met exclaimed in

tears: "The Marquis has been killed."—"It is nothing," said he. "Kind friends, pray do not weep over me."

Had he at the time a thought of the Saviour meeting the women of Jerusalem and saying to them: "Weep not over me?" It is quite possible, and if so he must have added: "but over yourselves and your children"—that is over the colony.

The battle was still raging between the Scotch Highlanders and the Canadian sharp-shooters in ambush in the woods.



Quebec from Point Levis, view taken in 1832.

The Highlanders lost heavily. Murray sent them reinforcements and the Canadians were compelled to retreat, yet keeping up their fire and taking advantage of all the slopes of the land.

When they reached the valley they gathered at the army bakery, and again faced the enemy whom they long kept in check. This stubborn and vigorous resistance saved many a Frenchman from the British bullets.

It also saved the honor of the French troops, but yet could not prevent defeat.

When the holy Scriptures refer to God as the God of Armies, the title which they give Him is not a vain one.

And when Homer in his descriptions of the battles between the Greeks and Trojans speaks of the gods taking part in the battles, he does but more amply demonstrate the belief of people in divine intervention in the government of this world.

Doubtless, many battles lost are of but little consequence. But the results of others are of the greatest importance, and in these the hand of God is particularly visible. Frequently, they seal the fate of a nation and at times the consequences are felt throughout the whole world.



HALDIMAND CASTLE, Quebec. Built by Governor Haldimand in 1704, in the South-West angle of the old Fort constructed by Frontenac in 1692. Demolished in 1892 to give place to the Château Frontenac Hotel.

Such were Marathon, Zama, Lepanto, Actium, Waterloo and a few others.

The first battle of the Plains of Abraham will be equally famous, owing to the great results which it entails ; and in searching for the reason of this defeat, it is impossible not to see the finger of God pointing to the French army, and indicating the fatal limit upon which the glorious victories will come to an end.

Grief amongst the population was uncontrollable ; the Angel of New-France, who had become an angel of sorrow, shed bitter tears over the death of Montcalm.

To describe the confusion and disorder which followed this

defeat would be quite impossible. In a few hours the whole organization had fallen to pieces. Vaudreuil had no authority over the Army, and as it had lost its chief, nothing could be done just then.

Weak and wavering, and not knowing whether to fight or capitulate, Vaudreuil was undecided as to what course he should pursue and the suggestions made to him were very contradictory ; finally he consummated the defeat and rendered it irreparable in abandoning Quebec, by hurriedly with-



Quebec from Wolfe Cove in 1833.

drawing by night toward Jacques-Cartier river with some of the troops.

In Quebec, he left in his stead another brave but weak man, Mr de Ramesay, and with him the deeds of capitulation, which had been drawn out before hand.

While this deplorable flight was being accomplished, Montcalm was dying at Doctor Arnoux's, after having received with much fervour, and resignation the last rites of the Church.

On the evening of the 14th of September, his body was brought to the Ursuline Chapel, where it was buried in an excavation which had been made a few days previous, by a

shell which had gone through the floor, and dug up the ground.

Levis, who had been sent for, came in all haste from Montreal to help Vaudreuil ; he was indignant with the latter for leaving the city, and he at once gave orders to have the troops return to Quebec. Under de Levis the men began to regain confidence, and on the 18th of September, they marched back to their beloved city.

Alas ! upon reaching Quebec, they learnt that M. de Ramsay had capitulated, and delivered the town to the English, in spite of the most earnest protestations of his bravest officers, Fiedmond and Johannès.

There were no more blunders to commit, so that willing or not, Levis was compelled to retire to Jacques-Cartier where he remained for the season.

All hope was not lost, however, and during the winter, matters were straightened; recruiting pushed forward and general preparations made for a new compaign.

BATTLE OF SAINT-FOY.

As early as April 1760, Levis determined to besiege Quebec ; and on the morning of the 28th his army had captured the heights of Saint-Foy village.

Instead of standing upon the defensive, Murray made the mistake of leaving the city with all his men, and coming to meet Levis on the battle field. He even seemed so anxious to begin the fight, that barely did he allow Levis time enough to draw up his lines.

The British army occupied the same position as Wolfe's army had on the 13th of September previous, inclining a little more towards Saint-Foy. Levis' army extended upon what is now the Belvedere road, and the right wing bore upon Dumont's Mill and house, in which were five companies of grenadiers.

Dumont's Mill, where the battle was most fierce, stood upon

the very spot upon which the Saint-Foy monument has since been erected.



Saint-Foy Church on Christmas Night.
The Present Church.
The Old Church.

At the very beginning of the battle, while his artillery was showering a most terrible grape-shot fire on Saint-Foy road, Murray directed his light artillery towards Dumont's Mill, which the Grenadiers were compelled to evacuate after a very fierce struggle. But soon they returned, charged the enemy, and supported by de La Sarre's regiment, they recaptured the mill as well as two elevated points near by.

While this was taking place, the right wing became engaged and five other companies of Grenadiers, supported by the Canadian sharpshooters had a desperate struggle against the Highlanders, and finally succeeded in capturing their fort.

The centre kept steady, and each French battalion was preceded by "coureurs des bois" (Indians) and Canadian sharpshooters, whom the British army vainly attempted to repulse.

Murray dispatched a regiment of Scotch Highlanders to recapture Dumont's Mill, in order to replace his light infantry, which the grenadiers had terribly decimated.

"They were worthy antagonists" says Chevalier Johnstone, "the Grenadiers, bayonet in hand, compelled the Highlanders to get out by the windows, and the latter who returned to the door with their daggers also compelled the grenadiers to make their exit in the same manner. The house was taken by the enemy and recaptured several times; the struggle would certainly have continued as long as there was a Grenadier or a Highlander left, had not the generals of both armies recalled their men, and given up the house as being neutral ground. Fourteen Grenadiers, at most remained in each company and the Highlanders were decimated in the same proportion."

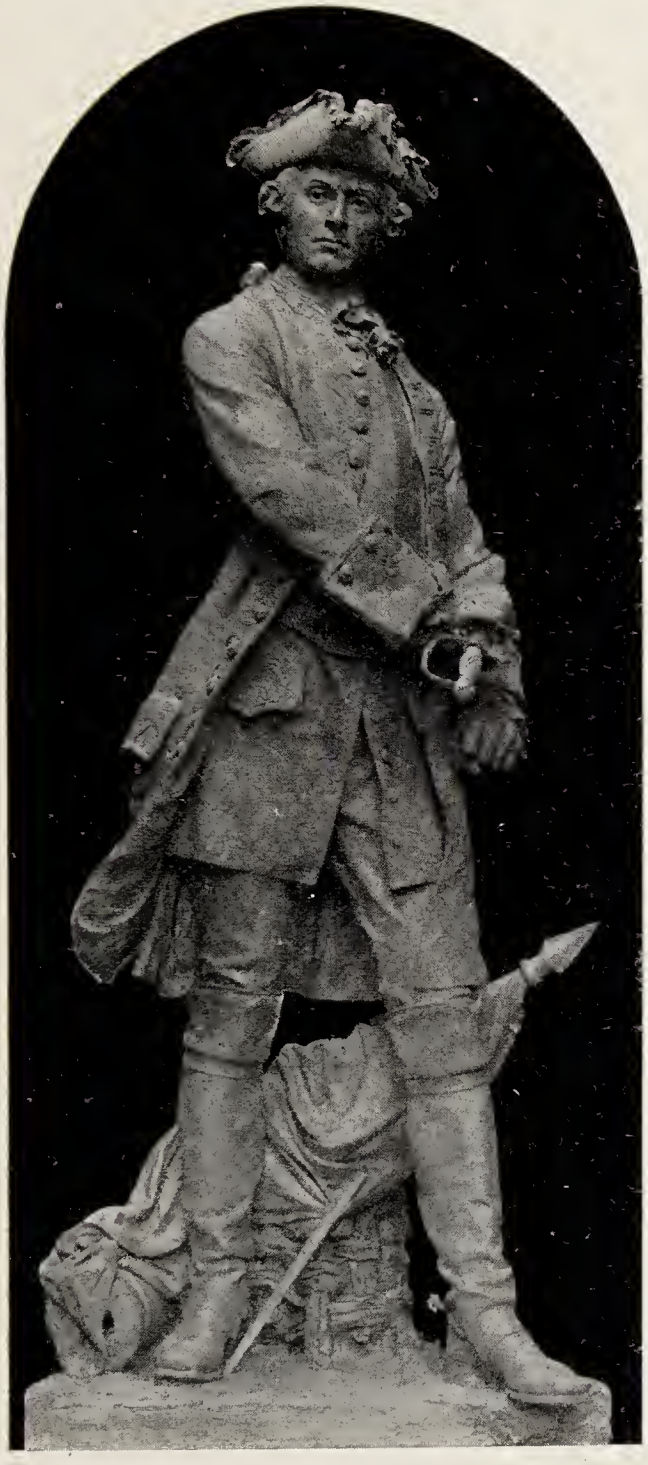
So far neither of the armies had obtained any decided advantage, and La Sarre's brigade on the left was being so hard pushed by the British, that Levis sent him an order to retire to the rear and seek protection, near some houses close by. But instead of obeying the order, Dalquier wished to take advantage of the spirit which animated his men, and ordered a bayonet charge. Seeing that bold move from the left, the centre followed, and a general charge was the result.

Levis recognized Dalquier's wisdom, and shouted to him: "Keep it up five minutes longer and victory is ours." He then rushed to the right and took the British left wing by surprise.

Vainly did Murray use his reserve to strengthen both wings, which were giving way. It was too late; and the British Army then presented the same appearance as Montcalm's army had on the 13th of September. The panic stricken soldiers, fled in such confusion, that it became an impossibility to rally them, and they left all behind them: artillery, ammunition, implements, as well as the dead and wounded.

The General Hospital, which the English had converted into a military hospital, after the battle of the 13th of September, was used for the same purpose on the 28th of April 1760, and

upwards of five hundred beds were placed there for the wounded. The convent infirmaries received seventy-two officers, thirty-three of whom died.



LEVIS, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue ornamenting the front of the Legislative Palace.)

Levis had avenged Montcalm and won a great victory ; nevertheless, the British were still masters of Quebec, and the indefatigable Levis at once began the work of the siege. He labored steadily and with great speed. Alas ! the fate of Quebec, as well as that of the whole colony, depended upon an event which was about to occur. Both the French and the English were expecting assistance from Europe : the former to recapture Quebec, and the latter to keep it, as well as the whole of Canada.

How anxiously did not each of them look for the first standard, which would appear below the Isle of Orleans, and how great was the joy on one side and the disappointment on the other, when on the

9th of May a man-of-war from which floated the British ensign, slowly sailed up the St. Lawrence.

Yet, Levis still hoped, against all hope. But on the 15th of May, two other British men-of-war anchored in roadstead, and the gallant knight was compelled to abandon the siege, after having written to Mr. de Vandreuil : " I consider the colony lost beyond recall."

It was indeed definitely lost, and on the 8th of September following, the capitulation was signed at Montreal.



Quebec from below Aubigny church, Point Levis. From a sketch taken in 1833, by Col. Cockburn, R. E.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO GOD.

In the two battles on the Plains of Abraham, not only were two armies facing each other ; but two nations and two races were fighting for the supremacy in North America. Each had sustained a defeat, and each had won a victory. But the French victory was useless, whereas that of the British was the beginning of a vast Colonial Empire, which astonishes the world.

What strange chains of circumstances are met with in the history of nations! And how mysteriously does Providence minister to the accomplishment of its decrees.

What a number of events appearing to us of the highest importance, and seeming to be the forerunners of great occurrences, really dwindle down to naught. And how may others, to which we attach no consequence bring forth momentous results.

On a far off hillock, unknown, and heretofore uninhabited, a battle is fought between two small armies, numbering in all less than ten thousand combatants. All kinds of strange noises trouble the peaceful silence of the fields, and now and then a loud report shakes the atmosphere.

The clashing of arms and the crackling of musketry are heard nearer and nearer. Dashes of fire shoot through clouds of white smoke; sharp sounds are heard making gamuts and arpeggios, the notes of which are short and without vibration. Men fall moaning, and streaks of red blood are seen flowing on the grass or on the snow.

A mystic power, unseen by men, and which for that reason they call the hazard of war, hovers above that moving field, covered with smoke, dust and blood.

What will be the result of that little battle which the civilized world ignores? Statesmen, thinkers and philosophers understand not, but the invisible Being knows.

In this struggle without glory or witnesses, upon a land only party civilized, France will be vanquished; and as a nation, her defeat will be decisive in America. When the time has come the God of Armies makes use of the tools which he has at hand, in order to carry out his decrees, and in this instance England was used to expel France from the new world, and forever close its gates upon her.

Did the erasure of France from the map of America also result in the erasure of the French race?—No. The young tree which was transplanted by her to the shores of the Saint-Lawrence, grew, branched out and took strong root, and it will be labor lost for the Anglo-Saxons to endeavour to smother it, or cast it in the shade, they will never succeed.

It will need but little light to grow; and though its foliage may be thinner, and its trunk more slender, yet its head will rise

high enough in the national forest to have its share of the sun's rays.

No, the French race did not die upon the Plains of Abraham. France alone died, in the person of Montcalm. The sword of Albion cut the umbilical cord which joined the mother to the child; but the child was born to live, and will live and retain the ties of filial love which bind him to his mother.

But why did God wish for this severance? We must be greatly wanting in sense to question His designs.

Yet may we not endeavour to understand the lessons He gives us through the events which He orders? May one not be allowed to interpret, in humble human language, the sublime lessons to be learnt by the divine government of the world? Yes, why should we not try to fathom the meaning of great historical facts? With all due respect to the supremely wise Being who directs them, and in thinking of the God of Armies hovering above the heads of the combatant on the Plains of Abraham, it would seem to me as though He spoke to both nations saying to France:

"O country of Clovis and of Saint-Louis, to thee I destined this superb domain, which thy children had found, and which extends from the Atlantic to the extremities of the great lakes, as far as the mouth of the Meschacebe. But I also wished to extend my kingdom as well as thine. Now, thou shakest off my yoke, thou rejectest my dominion; and thou makest ready to violently eject me from thy French land.

"Very well! so be it. Thou shalt not govern without me, and thine actions shall no longer be called gesta Dei. Yet I shall remain in this virgin land, and in order that I may reign peacefully, it shall cease to be thine."

Is not that the meaning of the events which followed? And do you not think that God spoke thus to England:

"I had endowed thee with the most beautiful and most wealthy portion of North America, even more than was needed to the expansion of a nation of such genius as thine. But thou art now quite insatiate and covetest thy neighbor's

property. Well! in the interest of this new born city, I shall allow thee to take it. But a few years hence, I shall take back what I had granted thee, the beautiful colonies which thou hast called New-England will become the United States of America!"

One thing sure is that there is certainly a relation between these two facts,—the Conquest of Canada by England and the loss of her original American colonies. It is well known that the latter shook off the yoke of the mother country because they were too heavily taxed. Now, why did England deem it absolutely necessary to impose such heavy taxation? It was on account of the eight millions spent in the conquest of Canada, new sources of revenue had to be found in order to make up for the deficit in the national treasury.

These are the serious consequences of the bloody conflict on the Plains of Abraham, and such are the lessons which they teach us.

France lost all her American possessions, and England by whom they were captured, lost all she had before.

The Anglo-Saxon race acquired supremacy over the whole of North America, but in spite of her efforts and great power, she found it impossible to wipe out the French race, to alter or assimilate it.

What the future of this nation will be God alone knows. When I feel dreamy and take a walk towards the melancholy plateau upon which the supreme battle was fought, I cannot but compare it to an altar upon which the elite of French warriors offered up their blood for their country, and I cannot bring myself to believe that all that blood was shed in vain. If God did not apply it to the success of France, he must have applied it to the success of New-France.

Poor colony yet so young and weak, she at first felt crushed by the weight of her misfortune. She did not know what the morrow held in store for her, and as a virgin troubled with the most gloomy forebodings, she saw the future sad and mournful.

Yet she did not lose her faith. On the contrary, she sought consolation therein. She pressed to her heart the cross which

is the salvation of nations as well as of individuals, and raising her glance towards heaven, she hoped for better days.

Death lasts not forever, but a few hours intervene between the matins of Easter and the tenebrae of Good Friday. The body of Christ was still suspended to the cross on Calvary, when angels sent forth to open His tomb, were hovering about the skies in the early down of that Easter Morning.

The same fate was to be shared by that race which many thought to be definitely dead and buried. In spite of all opinion expressed by statesmen, it survived together with its religion, its language and its laws. It prospers, develops and increases, it possesses a large share of the honors in its province, which alone covers a larger area than the whole of France put together.

Shielded by Britain it prospers. It is to an old foe that we are now united by the ties of a most sincere attachment, as well as by those of loyalty and filial devotion.

Time heals the deepest wounds, even those which at the moment of their occurrence one deems eternal, the day will dawn when it will conquer death, since in after life we die not.

Time is the great consoler in all afflictions, the great healer of all wounds; and barely does French Canada now remember the profound desolation which she felt, when compelled to submit for ever to British domination.

My mind was directed upon these matters, on the evening of the 13th September last (1899), when viewing from Dufferin Terrace the brilliant spectacle before me. Five big warships which had arrived the day before from England, were anchored in the harbor casting their many bright lights upon the dark waters. Thousands of enraptured sight-seers were there admiring these gorgeously illuminated floating citadels.

The band of the Admiral's ship "Crescent" played on the terrace, and crowds of people well dressed, joyful and with youthful spirits were promenading and chatting merrily, applauding Her Majesty's musicians and sailors.

I was thinking of the contrast between this and the 13th of September 1759. On that night there were also British

warships in port. But the sight of them brought tears of rage and despair to the eyes of the Quebecers ; chateau Saint-Louis, sombre and deserted was a mass of ruins, owing to the shells which the British batteries were pouring in upon the city.

Yet, on board the Admiral's ship there was no joy. Wolfe's body was there laid out upon a camp bed, and two sentries stood beside it with lowered arms.

At the same time from the windows of Dr. Arnoux's house on Saint Louis street, dull lights shone that night. There was Montcalm breathing his last ; and Monseigneur de Pontbriand who had heard his confession, was administering the Viaticum, so as to strengthen him for his long journey to a better world.

Tempora mutantur... One hundred and forty years have elasped and the crowd shouts in French : "Long live England."

VI

Quebec under British domination.

Quebec had sustained two sieges, but the bombardment during the first one was what had particularly dismantled it.

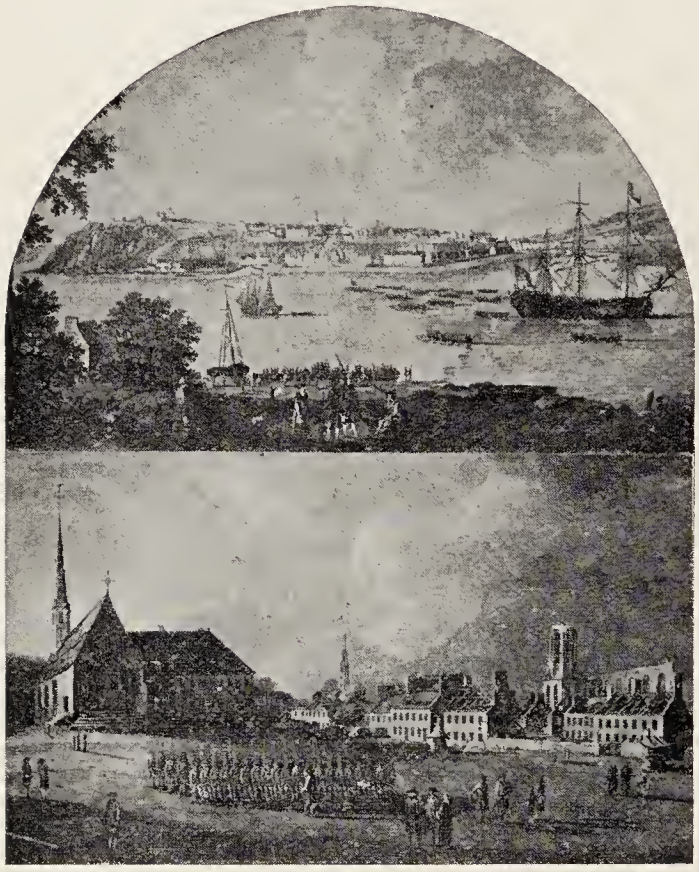
The public buildings, churches, chateau Saint Louis, the episcopal palace, the seminary, Jesuits' college were either burnt down or demolished, the others were riddled by bullets or destroyed by shells, with the roofs entirely destroyed.

The city greatly needed peace and repose. The country places also had suffered, and agriculture had been much neglected. It was therefore, a very great relief to the "habitants" to be relieved of military service, and allowed to return to their farms and give up their time to peaceful rural employments.

As soon as General Murray became governor, he provided his troops with suitable buildings, and had about five hundred houses repaired or rebuilt.

While awaiting the restoration of the Chateau in 1764, he resided in a house on Saint Louis street, owned by Madame Arnoux (1).

Under the new regime, everything had to be reorganized. The representatives of the legislative, executive and judicial power had lost their authority, as soon as the territory had become British property.



AFTER THE SIEGE OF 1759.
General view of Quebec taken from Levis by Captain Harvey Smyth, General Wolfe's aide de camp.
The Cathedral, Jesuits' College and Recollet Church.

Governor Murray appointed a council which he selected from amongst his leading officers, to them he entrusted the administration of civil and criminal law.

This council held its meetings in the Ursuline Convent. Canadians had but little faith in this tribunal however and they settled their disputes before their seigneurs or the parish priests.

The English governor made a considerable number of land grants to the army officers, in reward for their services. Many of the soldiers settled down in the city and buried themselves in trade and other pursuits. Others built houses in the country.

In a report which he submitted to His Majesty's government

1. Ernest Gagnon, Fort and Chateau Saint-Louis, p. 223.

in 1776, when he was recalled to England, the description which he gave of his countrymen in Quebec was anything but cheerful.



AFTER THE SIEGE OF 1759.
Views of the ruins taken on the spot by Richard Short.
The Treasury of the Jesuits' College.
Interior of the Jesuits' Church.
Interior of the Recollet Church.

He pictured them as a crowd of men lacking moral character, quite unfitted to reconcile the Canadians to the new regime.

"They refer to themselvelves," he said, "as the old subjects, of the King, in opposition to the French, whom they designate as the "new subjects," and they claim the monopoly of loyalty, as well as the endowment of superior intelligence."

Murray at the same time enlogized the Canadians, whom he said were thrifty, industrious and moral, though ignorant. (1)

Unfortunately, this good feeling

1 Quebec past and present, by Sir James Lemoine.

which the governor expressed, was not shared by most of the civil officers sent from England, and the Canadians had much oppression to bear from these prejudiced and insolent officials.

Their resentment was apparent on every occasion, and in some of the first reports made in the court of the King's Bench, Roman Catholics are referred to as a " public nuisance."

Quebec was still without newspapers, and in 1764 the *Quebec Gazette* was established and had a long existence.

Carleton succeeded Murray in 1766, and was as lenient and benevolent to the Canadians as his predecessor had been. It was most probably due to his influence as well as to that of Murray, that in 1774 the British Parliament sanctioned what is known as the " Quebec Act," which reestablished French law in our province, abolished the test oath, and granted freedom to Catholics. This law also provided for the organization of a regular government, to be known under the name of Legislative Council, and to which Catholics could be admitted as members.

That liberal legislation came at an auspicious moment, as the loyalty of the new subjects would soon to be submitted to a severe test.

The American War of Independence was about to be declared, and Quebec, which had barely been reconstructed was to witness, for the fifth time since its foundation, all the horrors of a siege.

The New England colonies had declared their independence and wished Canada to join hands with them.

The peril was imminent, as they were brothers in arms, language and religion, and appealed to the English Canadians. And as to the French Canadians, what a temptation it was for them to shake off the yoke of a domination to which they were averse and thus acquire their independence!

Fortunately for England, both Murray and Carleton had been kind to the French Canadians and not only did they not rebel but they remained loyal to England, and called to arms by Carleton, they readily responded ; upwards of five hundred of them, under Colonel Dupre came to fight under the British standard.

The history of this last siege of Quebec is well known. Arnold at the head of two regiments undertook to reach Quebec from New England, coming through the woods and following the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers, this expedition was considered bold and almost impracticable, still he succeeded. Montgomery joined him with his troops after having captured the forts at Saint John's and Montreal.

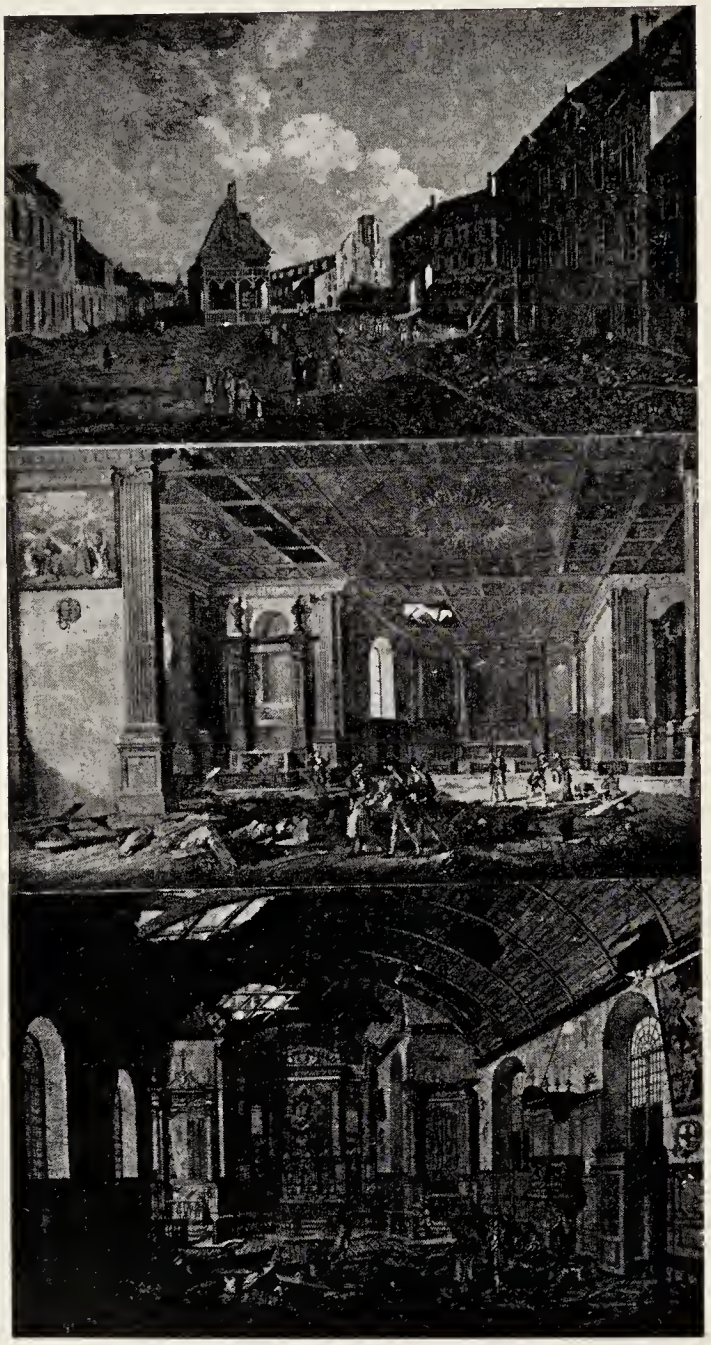
The siege lasted two months, and finally on the 31st of December 1775, the besiegers thought of capturing Quebec by a bold stroke. Arnold, master of Saint Roch's suburbs, was to become also master of lower town, and meet Montgomery at the cove, passing through the narrow road at the foot of Cape Diamond. From lower town they intended to boldly climb Mountain Hill, and in order to better conceal their real intentions, they had organized sham attacks in the direction of Saint Louis and Saint John's Gates.

But they had counted without their host, and instead of surprising the enemy they were themselves surprised. At the narrowest point on Champlain street, three guns had been mounted in a shed, and two French Canadians, Chabot and Picard, were holding this important post, having under them thirty of their countrymen and seventeen Englishmen.

Montgomery advanced, noiselessly and hearing no sound, he probably thought all watchmen asleep; but barely was he within twenty or thirty paces than a terrible volley was fired, he fell with his two aide-de-camps and twelve of his followers. The others fled.

Arnold had met with no better success as he was wounded on the knee in the first barricade, at the end of a lane which is now Saint Paul street, he was borne to the General Hospital. His men had continued advancing in the midst of a terrible snow storm. But upon reaching the extreme end of Sault-au-Matelot street, they met with an unexpected barricade defended by a gun. At the same time, a detachment sent by Carleton came down through Palace Gate and attacked the Americans in the rear, the latter fought fiercely, but finally they were compelled to surrender.

The Bostonians, as they were then called, lost over five hundred men in this engagement, one hundred were killed or wounded and four hundred taken prisoners.



AFTER THE SIEGE of 1759.
View of the ruins, taken on the premises, by Richard Short,
Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.
Bishop's Palace view going up from and down to
lower town.

After this reverse, matters were at a standstill, as had been the siege in the time of Levis. Three British men-of-war arrived in Quebec on the 6th of May 1776, and the Bostonians fled without any more noise.

In 1778 General Frederick Haldimand succeeded Carleton, but he was very far from following in the latter's footsteps. He was bigoted, suspicious and overbearing, and was consequently very much hated. It is he who began constructing a dwelling on the western side of Fort Saint-Louis, this dwelling successively bore different names.

It was quite

separate from the old chateau, and boldly stood at the edge of the cliff.

When the old chateau, which dated back to Frontenac was renewed and raised one story (1808 to 1811), people began calling it Chateau Neuf, and the new chateau built by Haldimand was then known as the old chateau.

But in 1834 the old Chatean Saint-Louis having been burnt down, the new one built by Haldimand, definitely took the name of Chateau Saint Louis.

The year 1791 is notable in our history. It is in that year that a representative government was first granted us. This was the fourth form of government since the capitulation. During a period of thirty one years we had martial law from 1760 to 1763, military government from 1763 to 1774, and absolute civil government from that date until 1791.

The new constitution was anything but what it should have been, as only one of the three branches of the legislature was comprised of members elected by the people. The two others were appointed by the crown, and the executive Council was allpowerful, and independent of the people.

The Canadians were very generous at the time of the first elections, and voted for sixteen English members out of fifty, while at that time the English did not represent more than one ninth of the population.

This however, did not prevent them, on the opening of the house, to ask for the nomination of an English president and the abolition of the French language.

Needless to say that both propositions were rejected by the house, which elected Mr. Panet, a French Canadian as President.

This antagonism between the two races was the cause of many quarrels which occurred later on, and many efforts were made by the executive council, and by the governor or agents from the Metropolis, to govern as they saw fit the race which the called the vanquished race, and to put under government orders the direction of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Yet all these attempts to enslave and subdue the Catholic clergy, and to reduce to naught the power of the French element, failed. Nevertheless, this did not prevent the Canadians from remaining loyal to England, or from greeting her princes when they came here, or from occasionally contributing towards the war fund for the struggle which the metropolis was then carrying on against France in 1799, or from pluckily fighting against the Americans in 1812 and 1813.

At that time, and in spite of the division of Canada into two provinces, Quebec long remained the seat of government, and the general business centre.

Quebec was the military, maritime, commercial and judicial Capital; there the governors, ministers, members of parliament, legislative councillors, ecclesiastical dignitaries, British officers and judges resided.

Its population was increasing and the city was progressing. A French paper, *le Canadien*, was founded in 1806, together with the *Quebec Gazette* and the *Mercury*. (1)

In 1809, the first Steamboat named "Accommodation," began travelling between Quebec and Montreal. The trip was accomplished in three days. There was nothing very wonderful in that, but what most astonished the *Mercury* and upset all its scientific notions, was that neither wind nor weather could prevent her sailing.

The political struggles at that time were racial ones, with alternate successes or reverses for the French race; much depended upon whether the Governor then in office was broad minded and just, or narrow and bigoted.

Occasionally, power was abused of and acts of despotism were committed in favor of the minority against the majority.

Yet, the French Canadians struggled on, with the energy and coolness which eventually was to be crowned with the victory of justice.

It may also be added that the fear which the British had of

---

1. The *Mercury* still exists and is as young as ever. Dr. George Stewart its editor is however, not quite as old as his paper.

the United States, still entertaining the thonght of the conqnest of Canada, greatly contribnted to impart wisdom to them.

Still, the parliamentary and constitutional strnggles were daily assnming greater proportions, and occasionally became fiercer and deeper, and spread rapidly amongst the people. Petition upon petition was signed by the electors and sent to the colonial office, but usually the petitions, the object of which was to complain of abnses, remained unanswered.

This state of affairs existed from 1816 to 1837. And as might be expected, the violent debates in parliament were followed by street riots and rebellion.

In the meantime, Quebec was



DE SALABERRY—by Philippe Hébert.

slowly developing. A year after the foundation of the Bank of Montreal, the Quebec Bank was also established (1818) and this gave another impulse to commerce.

Ship building also expanding considerably, was about to become one of the city's leading industries. In Quebec the "Royal William," the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New-York, was built in 1831. The return trip was accomplished in fourteen and a half days.

Towards the same period a certain literary movement took place, and it was then that the Literary and Historical Society was founded. After the Union, this movement assumed larger proportions. Many clubs were organized.

The educated young men wished to become proficient in parliamentary debates, that they might be in a position to fight against the attempts which were being made to anglicize the French race.

It is with this object in view that the Saint John the Baptist Society was organized, and later on the "Institut Canadien," two eminently national institutions which are still in existence, and which are prominent in all patriotic demonstrations. Saint John the Baptist is the patron of the French Canadians ; the banner of the National Society bears the image of its patron as a child beside a spotless lamb, to remind one of the words used when he presented Christ to earth : "Behold the lamb of God who bore the sins of the world !"

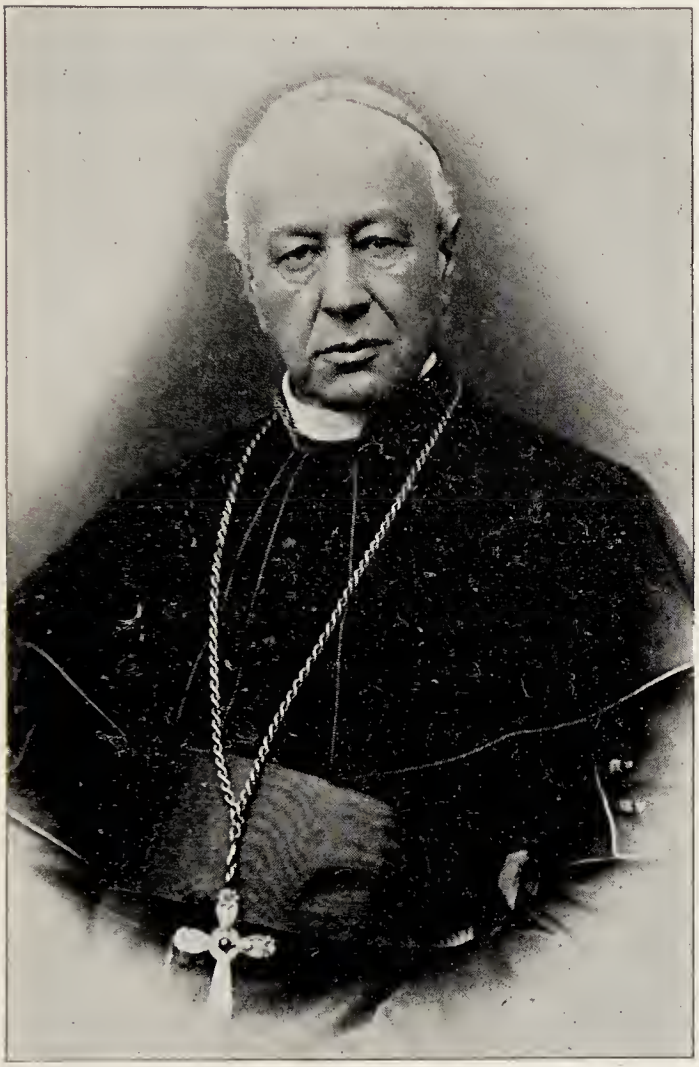
The rebellion of 1837 met with much sympathy in Quebec and in the surrounding country, but there was no general rising nor armed manifestation, thanks to the intervention of clerical authority, whose advice was continually to stick to the constitution, always condemning the rebellion.

The stand taken by the clergy, notwithstanding their many grievances, is one of the most striking facts of our history under British domination.

That a number of abuses were committed by the British government officials in the years following the conquest! What attempts were made at absorption ! There our Bishops had to staunchly resist. Yet never did the injustices to which

they were subjected cause their loyalty to waver, and when occasion presented itself, they reminded the French Canadian subjects of their duty towards the British Crown.

Such was the stand taken by Mgr. Briand in 1775, by Mgr. Plessis in 1812, by Mgr. Signay in 1837. Neither the last named nor his predecessor ever endeavoured to conceal their disapproval of the project of uniting the two Canadas, a plan which was discussed for several years by the Press and in Parliament. The means which they employed were always conciliatory and respectful to the civil authorities.



Cardinal Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau.

It is well known that the object of this union was to assure the power of the English minority, and to reduce the power of the French element ; but it was a failure, and the British themselves after less than twenty years, asked to have an end to the cry of : " No French domination."

The plan of this work does not allow me to enter into details of the Parliamentary struggles in Quebec which preceded and followed the Union. Suffice it to state that our countrymen distinguished themselves in these debates, and that it was due

to hard work and disinterested energy that they gradually succeeded in obtaining all the necessary liberties for the easy execution of Parliamentary matters.

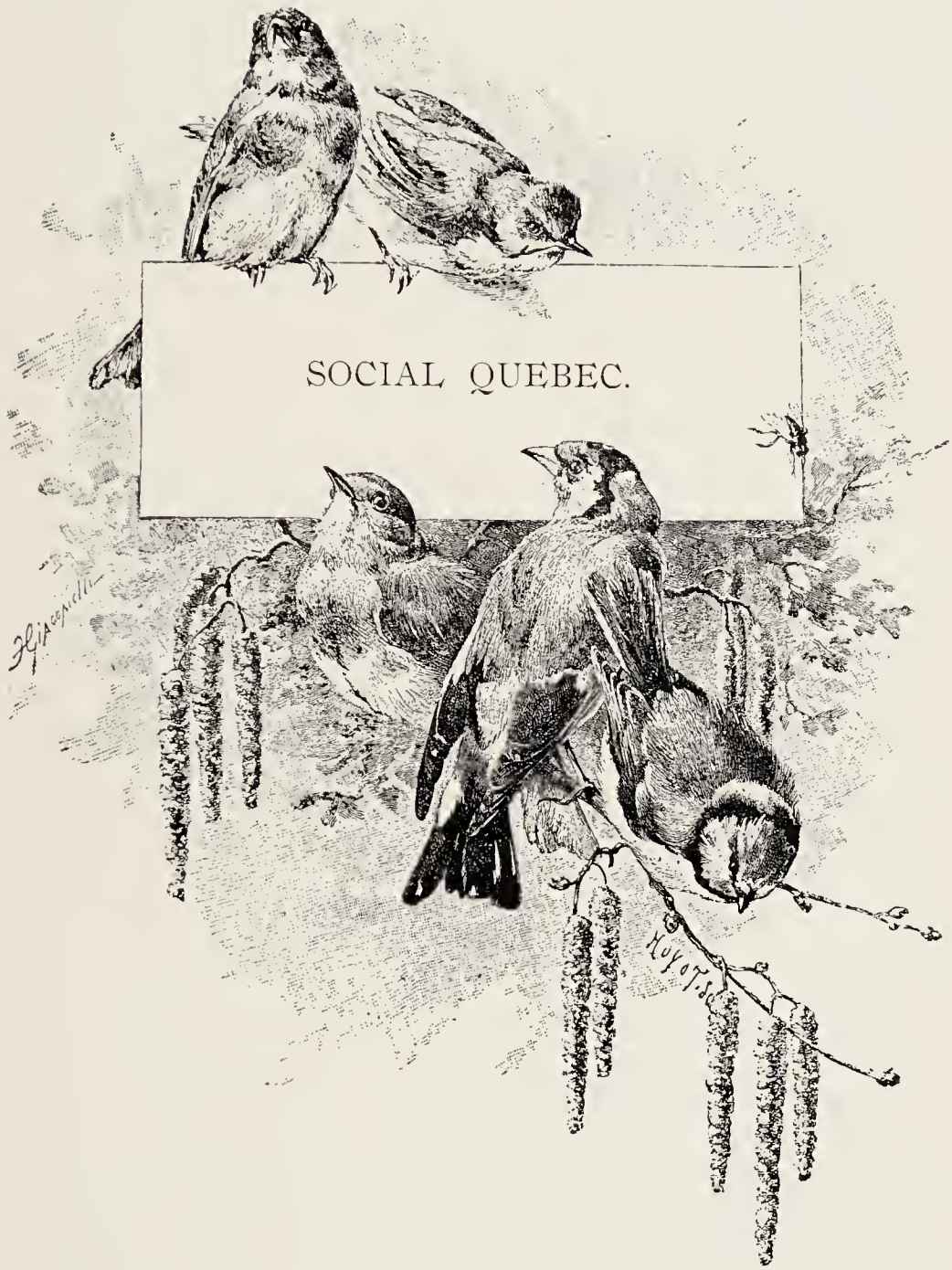
All the while Quebec was growing, its population increasing, and its suburbs extending. The number of churches, educational and charitable institutions was augmenting; steamship, railway and telegraph companies were being established.

New industries were introduced, and gradually the French Canadians were getting their share, which the English had long monopolized. Finally, waterworks and a gas house added to the conveniences enjoyed by the Quebec people.

The intellectual and religious progress was still more marked. The building of a Normal school and of Laval University had completed the organization of public instruction. And in order to form an idea of the religious increase, one must bear in mind that during his term as Bishop, from 1850 to 1870, Mgr Baillargeon ordained one hundred and ninety priests and consecrated five Bishops.

Finally in 1886, the elevation of Mgr. Taschereau to the high dignity of Cardinal came as a fit crowning to the hierarchy of the church in Canada.

The confederation of the provinces, which was established in 1867, instead of the Union, did in no way interfere with the material development of Quebec. On the contrary, it was instrumental in concentrating the strength and energy of the French race in Canada and it accentuated the national character. Our beloved city has certainly benefited by it and of late years particularly, hopes of future greatness have intermingled with the souvenirs of its past glory.


SOCIAL QUEBEC.



Social Quebec.



THROUGHOUT the whole of the American continent, Quebec, from a social stand point, is the French city, par excellence. Such it has remained, notwithstanding the ever expanding Anglo-Saxon element in Canada; in spite of the critical times in which French influence may have appeared a thing of the past; and also in spite of the climatic influences which have, to a certain extent, altered our national temperament.

In order to judge of the national aspect of our city, nothing more need be done than to have a look at the names of those holding the highest positions. Our Lieutenant-Governor, our Archbishop, the President of the Senate, the Judges of the Court of King's Bench and of the Superior Court, and most of the Judges of the other courts as well, the Premier and most of his colleagues, the Speakers of both houses, the Mayor of Quebec, are all of French descent.

We have remained French, but yet are somewhat different to our ancestors. Though we have retained their intellectual

qualities and enthusiasm, we claim to be less frivolous less gushing and less excitable. It is just as though



LORD MINTO,
Governor General of Canada.

something of the English coolness of character had been imparted to us, thus checking our native enthusiasm.

After having been for a century and a half the centre of the

French race in America, Quebec became the seat of British authority, where all the power and influence of conquerors was



LADY MINTO.

concentrated; yet, the spirit of the past survived in the race that had seen all its ambitious hopes of greatness fall to the ground. Quebec retained the souvenir of her vanished glory, and she relished the bitterness of having lost it; the nobles

who had remained in the colony in greater numbers than was at first believed, continued keeping up the ties of friendship and relationship with the Mother country.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G. C. M. G.,
President of the Privy Council, Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

Our French Society became more refined; those who remained were of the better class having less to do with the official world and moving part of the population, and nothing in common with speculation or dishonest officials.

During the last few years of the French domination, our capital had become very worldly and extremely brilliant. The people had acquired elegant French manners, in which were



HONORABLE SIR LOUIS AMABLE JETTÉ,
Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

mingled much grace and frivolity, and they lived in an alarmingly luxurious style.

France took the Court of Louis XV as her model, and our colony imitated France. Quebec had its miniature vice-regal court, which was more or less a reflection of that held in Paris.

The noble families lived in idleness, and intrigues were the order of the day. Gambling was indulged in to a very great extent, and entertainments were given which lasted all night, and usually ended in most wild and reckless debauchery.



His Grace Mgr. Louis-Nazaire Bégin.
Archbishop of Quebec.

Whether through carelessness, or in order to drown the thought of the approaching catastrophe, dissipation was greatly indulged in, sumptuous dinners were constantly given, and low intrigues were cleverly hidden by apparent refinement.

Pretexts were continually invented for the organization of pleasure parties to the country ; they started either by day

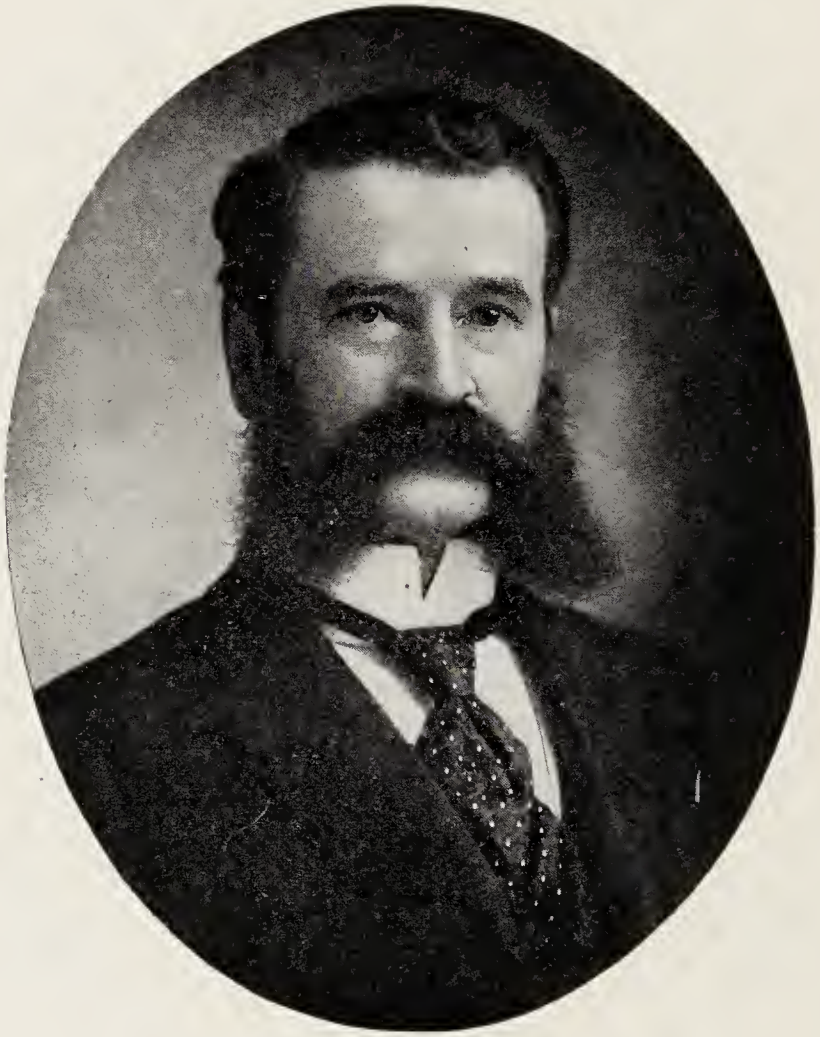
or by night, frequently covering fifteen to twenty miles with the object of dancing and partaking of recherché suppers in some out of the way place, where there was no fear of criticism.



HON. N. S. PARENT,
Premier of the Province and Mayor of the City of Quebec.

The members of the government, of the army and nobility, kept up this whirl of pleasure with an inexhaustible entrain, they were all witty, gallant and intriguing. They ran into debt, practised extortion, yet managed to retain a lofty bearing in spite of it all.

Beside this over-refined, powdered, perfumed, coquettish and immoral society, there were certainly others, who used their best endeavours to check that moral downfall; neither the sermons of the priests, nor the example which they gave could have any effect whatever, and the roar of the guns was the only sound which would recall them from their revels.



Hon. Sir Charles Alphonse P. PELLETIER, Senator.

Fire and sword swept over our city, and from her purified soil arose a new and regenerated society.

Everything was suddenly changed and the social character of Quebec as well. The Governor, officials, regular soldiers, and a great many noblemen, all French by birth, sailed for

home, and in their stead, an English Governor and officials were seen, as well as a British army.

British emigrants, not the most refined, began coming out and boldly settling down in the conquered country. All that



Hon. Adelard TURGEON,
Provincial Secretary.

savored of French was considered quite second rate, and the "væ victis" of Brennus became the by word amongst the colonial officials. All employments were monopolized by the British soldiers, merchants and speculators.

A few of the governors, among whom were Murray and Dorchester, better understood the situation of the colonial office and endeavoured to make friends with the vanquished, instead of governing them with a rod of iron.



HON. F. G. N. DECHÊNE,
Minister of Agrieulture, of the Province of Quebec.

Social intercourse was but slowly established between the two races, and was scarcely even begun before the establishment of representative government, in 1791. Though they were subjected to many restrictions, before being allowed to do their share in the government of the country, the French

Canadians were forced into contact with their British countrymen; the official receptions at Chateau Saint-Louis gradually accustomed both to live together.

The people, however, remained deeply attached to their late mother country as well as to its princes. Yet they were horrified, upon learning of the crimes committed during the French Revolution, of the regicide, the imprisonment and death



HON. JUSTICE H. C. PELLETIER,
Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec.

of Louis XVII, the spoliations and exiles, the suppression of Catholic worship, and they felt happy at having been spared the horrors of the Revolution and the guillotine.

They were then in a better position to understand the abyss which was springing up between France and themselves, and they realized that Providence had a hand in the severance of these ties.

They heard with awakening pride of the wonderful victories and triumphs of Napoleon, they were heartily pleased and proud of their country, yet the conviction that they would never be reunited to France remained deeply rooted in their minds.

For a long time there were two Canadas, they were neighbors, but many are the struggles which they had together. Legislative Union was established, it had a tendency to bring both races together without assimilating them, as the British statesmen had hoped to do.



HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK,
Minister of Justice of the Dominion of Canada.

Moreover the union between the two races is all that is necessary to make social life pleasant and advantageous to all. Were we to be assimilated, we would lose our original characteristics, whereas harmony and good feeling between the two distinct national types does not exclude a certain broad handed rivalry, which is one of the main elements of progress.

This union, which stands as a necessity to both races, is particularly noticeable in that part of the population called "Society",—and society here is a substitute for what aristocracy is abroad.



JUDGES OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

HONORABLE SIR ALEXANDRE LACOSTE,
Chief Justice.

HON. JOSEPH-GUILLAUME BOSSÉ.

HON. JEAN-GERVAIS-PROTAIS BLANCHET.

HON. JONATHAN-SEXTON-CAMPBELL-WURTELE.

HON. ROBERT-NEWTON HALL.



JUDGES OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF QUEBEC.

HONORABLE SIR LOUIS-NAPOLEON CASAULT,
Chief Justice.

HON. ADOLPHE-BAZILE ROUTHIER. HON. LOUIS-BONAVENTURE CARON

HON. FREDERICK-WILLIAM ANDREWS.

It is strange to note that amongst all people, even the most democratic, there is always in the larger centres, a certain division. Citizens have equal rights it is true, but that is all in vain ; the organization of authority, quite indispensable to any society, naturally creates a certain order of precedence which forms the various grades in the social scale.



MONSEIGNEUR O. MATHIEU, P. A.,
Rector of Laval University.

It is also noticeable that the part of the city which these people select for their residences, is also above the common level, and would as it were assume a certain aristocratic mark.

In Quebec one might possibly believe that the social caste of the people corresponds to the topographical level of the land,

and that the fact of living in Upper Town or on Grande Allée confers a certain superiority. This is prejudice, no doubt, yet those who are inconvenienced by it vainly try to overcome it ; the prejudice exists to such an extent, that people who through talent wealth or position have obtained a certain social standing, feel compelled to abide by it.



MGR. C. A. MAROIS, P. A.

Observe certain fellow citizens who have made their fortunes in trade or industry, and have long lived in the lower portions of the city. They had fine houses, servants, horses and carriages, etc., and lived in luxury. Some of them may have travelled and acquired learning. They have good breeding and easy manners, gentlemanly bearing, refinement both in language and feelings, all things which riches cannot buy.

What was there still lacking to bring them to the top of the social ladder? Nothing; yet they thought they had better make a change and come to live in Upper Town or on Grande Allée. I can see no reason for finding fault with them



MGR. C. O. GAGNON, P. A.

for doing so. In most large cities there are several social centres, one might even say several "societies". In Quebec there is but one very select circle, in which all are known to one another.

Yet outside of this "select society," there are different social



MGR. T. E. HAMEL, P. A.

grades and distinct classes. There are military clubs, professional associations, commercial, industrial and laboring societies, besides there is quite a separate element as well, and that is the political element.

Politics are much discussed in Quebec, in fact more interest

is taken in them than in anything else. In ordinary business transactions, the people seem to lack self-confidence and pluck and are somewhat reticent. Yet, many are ready to rush into the political arena.

This trouble however, is not exclusively belonging to Quebec.



MGR. H. TETU, C. S. S.

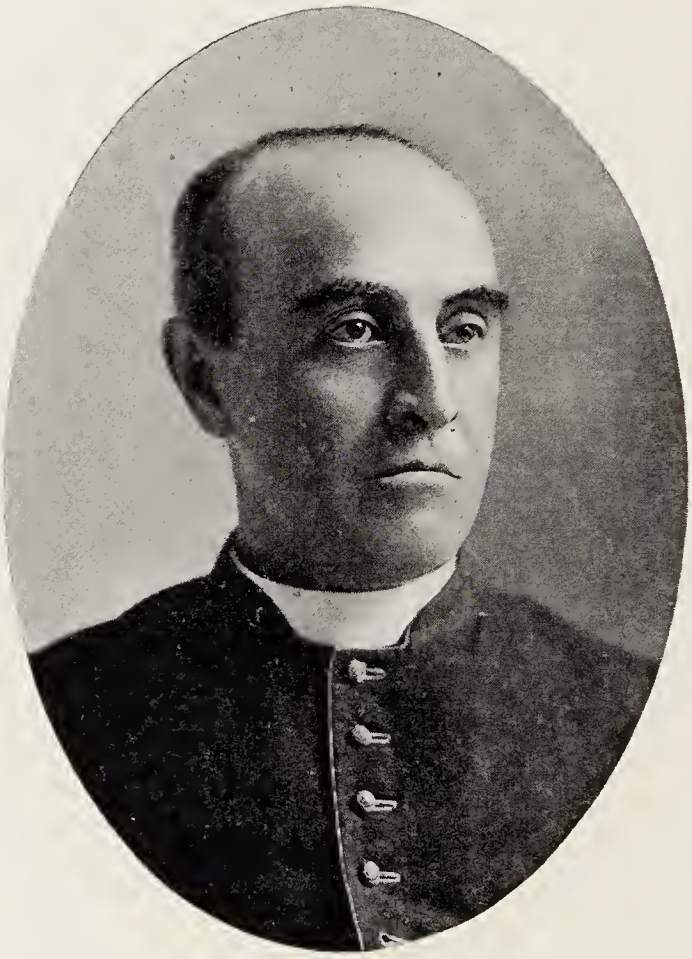
It seems to be a general failing in this country and peculiar to the times.

Political life has become a career by which many seek and find the means of making a living. That is where the trouble

lies. If politics afford a living to all who go in for them, the country will surely suffer.

That career evidently has its charms. In it one acquires a certain notoriety which has a false semblance to glory, it is the career in which men of ordinary ability have the fairest chance of success.

Men of higher attainments also succeed in it, but more slowly, unless they happen to possess certain aptitudes and means by which they may rapidly rise.



MGR. J. C. K. LAFLAMME.

The advantages which certain birds possess for crossing the sea are well known, they can fly and swim equally well. The political arena may be compared to a troubled sea, and amongst those who venture upon it, the lucky ones are those who can both swim and fly.

I trust this description will not lead you to suppose that Quebec politicians are worse than are politicians elsewhere. No ! there are here, as in all countries, some noble exceptions, men of strong principles and deep convictions, who view politics as a mission and not as a lucrative profession. I understand, moreover, that leaders are indispensable, and



HON. THOMAS CHAPAIS,
Legislative Councillor.

that men must be endowed with wonderful abilities in order to fulfil their duties with devoted disinterestedness.

Yet, I grieve at seeing so many young men going in for politics as a career, young men without means and having no other ways of earning a living, and so many others crowding into the civil service and becoming automatic workers. These

young men interfere with the advancement of their confrères, who otherwise would no doubt receive higher salaries.

Quebec has a number of Clubs of various kinds,—athletic, sporting, reading, musical and others.

The object of the first named is to amuse and develop the physical strength of the young men. That is all well and



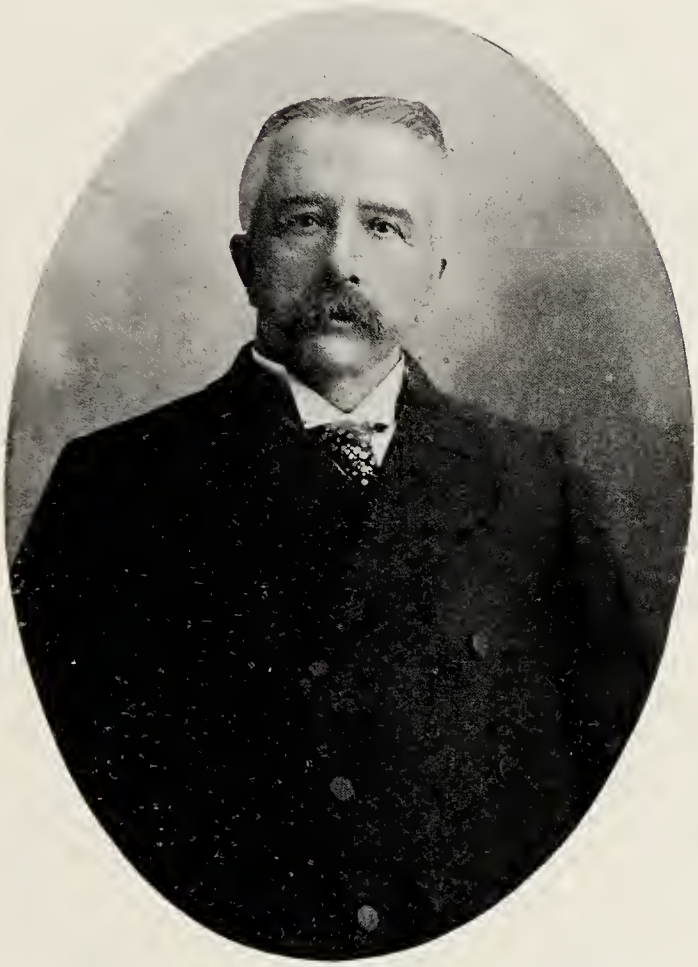
DR. N. E. DIONNE, Historian.
Librarian of the Provincial Parliament.

good, provided it does not absorb too much of their time, and keep them away from intellectual work.

Social clubs are also established with a very plausible object in view, that of bringing men in contact with one another in a place where they become better acquainted ; where they may talk, read and amuse themselves in an intellectual way. Too often however, does it occur that these clubs draw men away

from the fire-side, and lead to the tavern, instead of being a preservative against it.

There are also ladies' clubs in Quebec, devoted to music and literature, patronized particularly by English ladies. The object of these associations is quite commendable. In all large cities there are always a number of women both married and single



Hon. Pierre BOUCHER de la BRUÈRE,
Superintendant of Public Education in the Province of Quebec.

who have leisure hours ; this time could be no better employed than in the acquisition of knowledge, either in art or literature, while devoting themselves also to charitable works. Women are too apt to forget the charm which would be imparted to their homes by superior intellectual culture, they do not appear to realize that the best school for their children should be their own home-circle.

Once they have left the convent, they consider their education completed, and rest on their laurels. Besides, they require rest, assert the mothers, who hurry them into Society and offer them all the enjoyments of the gay season.



LIEUT. COL. OSCAR PELLETIER.

Quebec has three particularly worldly seasons.

The first extends from Christmas to lent. The Provincial Parliament is then in session. The Ministers and members of parliament, frequently accompanied by their wives, take up

their residence in our City. That is the time for official receptions at Spencer Wood, in the Speaker's Chambers and at the Chateau Frontenac. The whole of Quebec Society, as well as many distinguished persons from Montreal flocks to these entertainments. There are not a great number of balls ; but dinners and lunches, euchre, whist and poker parties and afternoon teas are innumerable. These entertainments last until the end of the Carnival.

It is also the skating, the snowshoeing and sleighing season, as well as the time for hockey and curling matches, sliding at Montmorency and suppers at Parent Park.

The hockey matches seem to passionately interest the young people, and teams from different cities enter into competition.

In summer also, there are any number of amusements. Ball games of all kinds, cricket, lacrosse and golf are very popular. Croquet and tennis appear to have lost favor.

Summer is the fishing and boating season, and may be called the "American Season," for our neighbors from the United States, invade the town, and Quebec becomes their summer resort, this fact is all the more evident as most of the Quebecers are away during the warm weather.

Particularly since the construction of Chateau Frontenac the city has become more cosmopolitan, and the streets, formerly so dull in summer, are now quite lively. Numbers of carriages are seen every day full of tourists, who are there to visit the spots of historic interest and our striking scenery; when evening comes, fashionable promenaders walk about Dufferin Terrace, looking into the Café at the Chateau, and listening to the lively conversation and jolly laughter of the French Canadians.

When September comes around and the Quebecers return to the city, there are fewer American tourists to be seen. The social world awakens, and Brother Jonathan retires in favor of John Bull. The Governor General and his suite take up their quarters at the citadel, and a British squadron anchors in front of the city. Just at present it is Lord and Lady Minto

who are enhancing by their presence the brilliancy of social Quebec, and who are doing the honors of our city.

The roar of guns from the Fort and from the frigates are heard, and artillery salutes are exchanged. The British flag floats everywhere, and the sound of God save the King re-echoes on land and sea. Merchant vessels pass before Quebec, very frequently without stopping, but the men-of-war remain there, and impart to our port the life and bustle which it usually lacks.

The Marines are greeted everywhere, and their bright uniforms are prominently seen on the streets and in the public places. From all elevated points, the citizens may admire the massive destroyers of the sea, which at night are lost in darkness and then appear brilliantly illuminated.

But the general attention is concentrated upon the citadel, where their Excellencies are established, surrounded by a regular court. There all is brightness, all is life and the citadel becomes the centre of all interest. It is the vice-regal court that lead in matters of etiquette and social formalities. Any innovation which they may see fit to introduce, runs a good chance of becoming popular.

Their Excellencies entertain magnificently by day and by night. The charm of these entertainments is enhanced by the incomparable site, and also by the brilliant uniforms of the Army and Navy officers.

The Lieutenant-Governor also receives at his princely residence Spencer Wood ; the citizens give at homes, either in the Parliament buildings or at the City Hall. Sailors and soldiers parade the streets and have reviews on the Plains of Abraham, and their bands give us concerts on the Terrace.

Then there is the Quebec Turf Club. It has no claim to rival similar clubs in other cities,—the Toronto Club for instance. However, the races which are organized every year are much appreciated by sporting men.

As may be inferred, Quebec is not a dead city and has a fair share of amusements. One undeniable fact is that Quebec is the place where children amuse themselves. It seems to me

that it is a regular paradise for children. In the very centre of the city there are the Esplanade, the Terrace and the Glacis, which they may use as perfectly safe play grounds and in winter they have the best natural slides in the world, almost at their very doors; the skating rinks are open during the day and in the evening.

Montrealers have an idea that Quebec is dull, that there is no amusement here. But what a mistake they make! The fact is, there is too much amusement and not enough intellectual culture.

Literature is at a standstill, notwithstanding the efforts which have this year been made by the Institut Canadien to awaken interest in it. Journalism is absorbed by party strife. As for the arts, we are without critics, and it looks as though the time was yet far off when we would have a national school of art. Music meets with but platonic lovers, and all efforts to establish an academy have failed.

The few concerts in which echoes from the ideal world are borne to us, we hear in the churches. The fine selections from the composers of sacred music are given upon the greatest festivals of the year, these are reproduced with organ and orchestral accompaniment by skilled amateurs.

I do not mention theatres, there are none. Are we becoming too English and business like? Has the thirst for gold and the pleasures which it gives got too great a hold upon us? Is it the stock gambling fever, or merely laziness which keeps us from brain work?

I suggest these questions, but do not reply to them. It seems to me that the material development of our city, which I certainly praise and admire, should not interfere with its intellectual or artistic progress; and it grieves me to feel compelled to admit, that the taste for things of a higher grade and of an intellectual order is dissappearing from our midst.

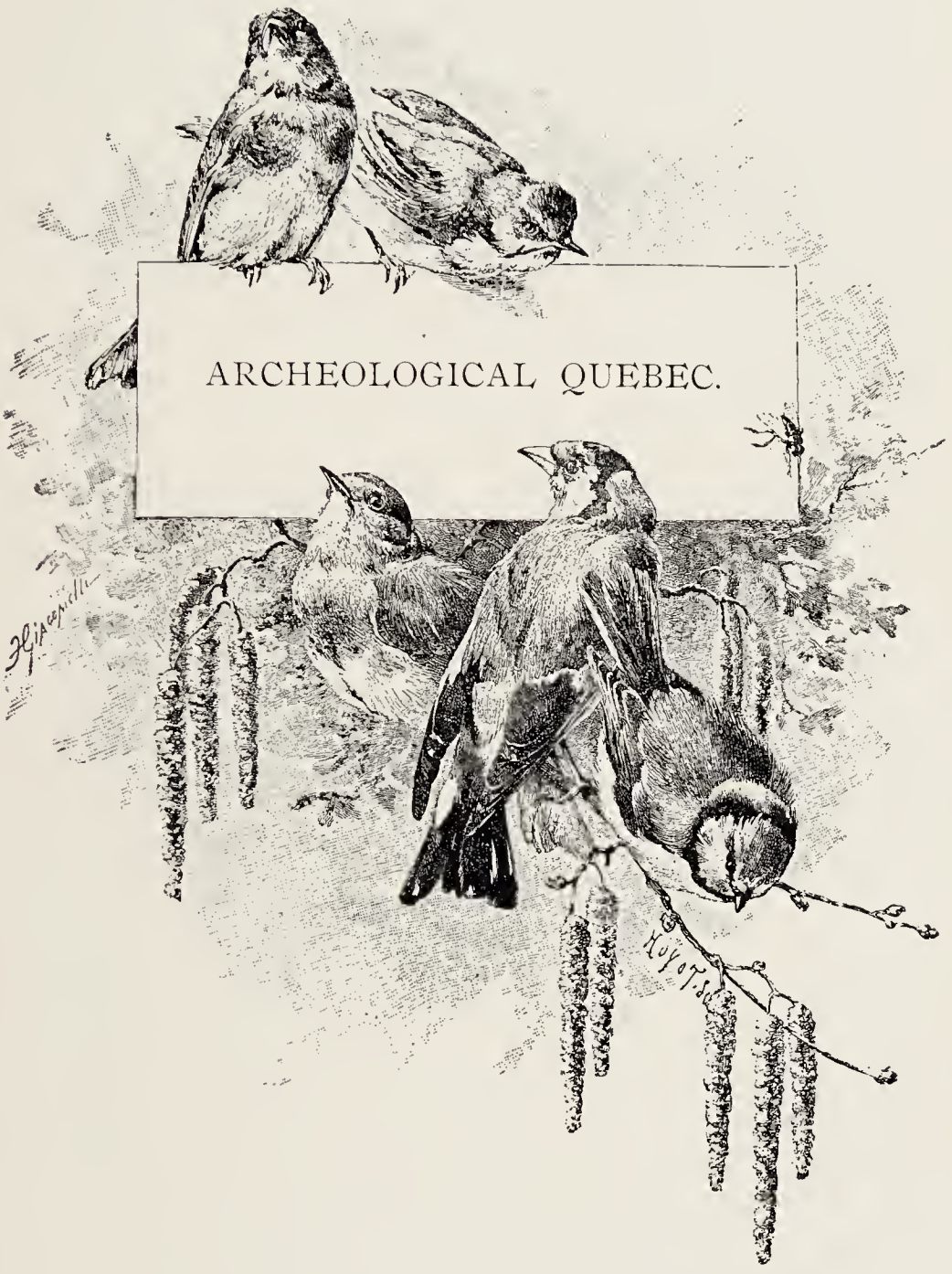
As the French Canadians in Canada are in the minority, lacking riches, political influence, and material power, through their intellects they must assert themselves. They are

certainly well gifted, and I therefore believe that work is what is necessary.

The present generation is too fond of ease, of the *far niente*: and young people, now a days, seem too little interested in the struggle for life and in mind culture.

Am I a pessimist? Or have I reached the age when one becomes *laudator temporis acti*? So it may be, and indeed I should feel happy to be convinced of it.




ARCHEOLOGICAL QUEBEC.



I

STONES THAT SPEAK.

EVEN before he draws his last breath man loses his power of speech. Yet his thoughts and works survive him; and that is one of the main features which makes him bear a certain resemblance to his Creator. What a number of illustrious men, who have been dead for centuries, still speak to us in that way! When their works become a mass of ruins, the remaining stones talk in their stead. Doubtless they are not all eloquent. There are cities in which the stones have no language of their own. But Quebec is one of those spots in which the memory of the past is awakened at every step, and where all things seem to raise their voices in proclaiming those who are no more.

In one of his wonderful visions, the prophet Ezechiel saw the bones of dead generations joining together and taking life. But it is not necessary to be a prophet to hear the stones of

Quebec vibrate and speak. They have a language of their own in which they reply to travellers, and relate the history of the foundation and growth of the city.

Jacques-Cartier's Monument.

Should tourists wish to find out what famous discoverer first took possession of that wild land, in the name of Christian civilization; of that historic spot upon which now stands our city, they have but to descend to the shores of the river Saint-Charles, at the confluence of the Lairet stream. They will there find an humble monument, which will relate the tale, carved upon a block of Laurentian granite. That is the spot upon which, nearly four centuries ago, a sailor from Brittany first planted the flag of France. That is the spot upon which the sign of the cross first christianized our hitherto pagan land.

In that spot Jacques-Cartier and his brave sailors spent the winter of 1535-1536. There they built a little fort, (the ruins of which were found by Champlain in 1608) there also did twenty-five of them die. A cemetery! such was the first foundation of France on the shores of the Saint-Lawrence. Such is the first seed of life in which is found the origin of most nations.

There also is the spot upon which, nearly a century later, in 1625, the first Jesuit Missionaries built a house and chapel, under the patronage of Our Lady of the Angels. Amongst them were fathers de Brebœuf and Lalemant, who were afterwards put to death by the Huron Indians.

It is also near by, on the south shore of the Saint-Charles river, that the Recollet Convent, also known under the name of Our Lady of the Angels, once stood.

Nothing now remains of those ancient establishments, and the monument which is there to commemorate them is in a solitary spot, and has been but recently erected. The Cercle Catholique of Quebec took the initiative, and the monument was solemnly inaugurated in 1889.

Tourists who go there are rewarded for their pains. It is a pleasant trip, and it would be hard to find in America a place



Quebec, view of the Legislative Palace.



View taken from Chateau Frontenac.

which recalls so many reminiscences of such incontestable authenticity.

Moreover, from this monument, with its striking symbolism, a deep lesson may be learned. As I said in one of my speeches : " Cartier taking possession of this country, upon which he planted a cross, and de Brebœuf, son of Loyola, shedding his blood for it, signify country and religion sealing a sacred agreement. These two glorious names, engraved on the same block of granite, placed side by side on the same memorial of honor, each represent Church and State embracing and living in harmony."

Champlain's Monument.

What will be of greatest interest to tourists however, is the history of the founder of Quebec, and it is another monument which will tell the tale.

Should they be stopping at the Frontenac, from the very windows of their hotel they will see the statue of Champlain with his back turned to the old continent, proudly standing in the open space, upon a high pedestal. His attitude is that of the founder of a country while he bows to the new land upon which he proposes to establish New-France. Sight-seers will hasten to have a closer glimpse at this work of art and its allegorical group in high-relief, with the superb pedestal built of stones sent out from old France.

When they have read the brief history engraved at the base of the monument, they will be more interested in this spot, which to us is sacred. They will learn upon inquiry that Champlain built a fort on that very spot, he lived and died there, and that this summit, which was a Calvary to him, is now the Thabor where he appears transfigured with glory to passing generations.

No doubt, the most beautiful monument to that great man, is the city which he founded, it alone forms a most gigantic pedestal to his glory. But his memory, mingled with that of other great men, who took up his task for the greater glory of their country is particularly glorius upon this height.

The Chateau and Place d'Armes.

From an archeological standpoint, this is the most interesting part of our city; when one comes here to muse, one fancies that it should be to us, as were to the ancients Mount Sion of Jerusalem, the Acropolis of Athens, the Palatine, the Forum and the Capitol of Rome. This is where our governors resided, and the place in which the seat of power was held for upwards of two centuries. It is from the height of this rock that the French standard floated from 1620 to 1759, when soldiers favored by fortune planted in its stead, the banner of England. It is true that none of the buildings erected by our ancestors are left; there are few places in Quebec that have not been demolished, burnt and rebuilt again. Yet, this land torn up by bullets, and opened up in all directions by successive owners, has remained the same, and the materials used to build the first fortifications must have also been used in the reconstructions.

Of course, Chateau Frontenac has been but quite recently erected, yet some of the stones in its walls belonged to the old Chateau Haldimand, and prior to the erection of that building, they had been used in others. Above the entrance, on des Carrières street, you will observe an original stone, which must have belonged to the first Chateau Saint-Louis, built by Mr. de Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain; upon it is engraved a Maltese cross and it bears the date 1647. Now, at that time, Mr. de Montmagny, Knight of Malta, was still governor of Quebec; he had reconstructed in stone, the earthern and wooden fort, built by Champlain in 1626, and made the addition of a dwelling, which he called Chateau Saint-Louis.

This stone was found whilst excavations were being made for the building of the Chateau Haldimand, in 1784; but how long had it been lying in the earth? "Most probably," says Mr. Ernest Gagnon, "since the first Chateau Saint-Louis was demolished by Frontenac in 1694."

This stone, therefore, brings us very far back; in fact to the very cradle of the colony. Though it can tell us nothing of

Champlain, it reminds us of his immediate successor, and bears the marks of the order to which he belonged. It might speak to us of Mr. d'Ailleboust de Coulonge, third governor of New-France, and of Madame d'Ailleboust, who was the first lady that dwelt at Chateau Saint-Louis. (1)

Here then lived for many years, Governors de Montmagny, d'Ailleboust de Lauzon, d'Argenson, d'Avaugour, de Mésy, de Courcelles, de Frontenac, de la Barre, de Denonville, de Callières, Philippe de Vaudreuil, de Beauharnois, de la Gallissonnière, de la Jonquière, Duquesne de Menneville, and Pierre de Vaudreuil, (son of the first Governor of that name). They were not all great men, but all were members of noble French families, and either counts or marquises.

Many beautiful and charming ladies also resided within the walls of Chateau Saint-Louis. Their presence was a delight to these soldiers, and imparted to entertainments a cachet of distinction and good breeding.

Here died Messrs. de Mésy, Frontenac, de Callières and the first Marquis de Vaudreuil. These four were buried in the Recollet church, which, as previously stated, was a short distance to the west of the fort and separated from it by Place d'Armes. But that place was not then as extensive as it is now.

The portal of the church faced the entrance to the fort, the head stood on the spot where now stands the portico of the Court House, and the side wall extended along Saint Louis street.

The convent adjacent to it, forming a large square on the north side, had an interior yard or promenade.

After the church had been burnt down on the 6th of September 1796, the remains of the governors were gathered and placed in the crypt of the Cathedral where they are still at rest.

What became of the stones of the Recollet church and of the convent near by, which covered a great portion of place d'Armes as well as the next street to the Court House and

1 See "Le Fort et le Chateau Saint-Louis," by Ernest Gagnon.

English Cathedral? It is most probable that a good many of them were used in the building of this Anglican church; as at the time of the fire the government was already in possession of the Recollet church and convent, as that order had been suppressed; so when the Cathedral was built a few years later in 1804, the ruins must have been demolished and the stones made use of. They have changed their belief, but are still consecrated to God.

"The Recollets of whom the Place d'Armes reminds us, were dearly beloved by the entire French Canadian population," says Mr. de Gaspé in his "Memoires." "They lavishly distributed alms to the indigent, as a result of their begging. They were most hospitable, nursed the sick, buried the dead, and educated the children of the poor."

Other still more remote souvenirs are attached to Place d'Armes, where the governors reviewed their troops. On the northern side, in the vicinity of Treasure street, the Company of "One Hundred Partners" had built a rather large two-story house, and it is there that the Nursing Sisters were lodged, when they reached Quebec with the first Ursuline nuns, in 1639. There were three of them, and as was customary in their order, they all bore names of Saints: Saint Ignatius, Saint Bernard, and Saint Bonaventure of Jesus. They had barely settled down, when their house was filled with Indians who had small-pox. They were, for long months, much overworked, and had to submit to untold misery; their patients died in such numbers, that the terrified Indians fled from the city into the woods. But when they ascertained that other tribes had suffered as much as themselves, they returned and settled on the shores of Sillery. After they had overcome their fear of the Sisters, they tried to persuade the nuns to dwell in their midst. (1)

---

1 They did go in 1640 and remained until 1644, when they returned to Quebec. After having spent two years in a wretched hovel in lower town, they were finally enabled to take possession of the Monastery which the Duchess d'Aiguillon had put up for them. It is now the Hotel Dieu.

On the north-east side of this same Place d'Armes, there was a Huron Camp. Those good Indians, faithful friends of the French, felt happy there under shelter of the guns in the fort, and furnished contingents to the military expeditions.

The Obelisk.

At a short distance south of Place d'Armes, there existed in ancient times and still exists to-day, a garden in which the



Monument of the first Missionary. Monument erected to the memory of many brave soldiers.

Monument of Wolfe and Montcalm.

governors and the ladies of the Chateau must have had many a confidential chat.

At the entrance to this garden stands an obelisk, which speaks in plain and eloquent terms. Two names are inscribed thereon,—names which personify two rival races, yet to-day they share the same honor and glory. In life they were foes,

but death united them. One was the conqueror, the other the conquered, yet both are immortalized.

How well this monument symbolizes our double nationality, and the union of the two races forming the Canadian Nation! Their two great warriors are there side by side. No more rivalry, no more struggles, a common fate joins them forever. The Almighty arm of God, wrenched from them their bloody swords; He felled them both and laid them side by side in death, saying: "Death shall make ye brothers, and in life your people will also be brothers. The same glory will crown ye, and the same eternal peace will reign over your descendants!"

Wolfe's name is on the south side of the monument, and that of Montcalm on the north side, no doubt because they came from opposite directions to meet on the plains of Abraham.

The monument faces the river, which at times, carries everything away in its course; yet there it stands, awaiting events, and repeating to generations as they pass by, the beautiful words which are engraved on its pedestal:

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM,
FAMAM, HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM, POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

These words briefly state in admirable language, the fate of the two heroes, and teach a fine lesson of patriotism to all; to those who generously shed their blood for their country, history gives fame, and posterity confirms and immortalizes it in archives of stone.

The Soldiers' Monument.

The same language of union and love of country is spoken by the Soldiers' Monument, which is erected on the Plains of Abraham, the field of the second battle; and there also is found the same national dualism, symbolized and eternalized in bronze.

A superb column of truly monumental proportions supports the statue of Bellona, the goddess of war; not with the object of glorifying her, but rather in token of peace.

The hatchet of war between the two nations is buried at the foot of the monument, and on the sides of the pedestal the names of the two generals, Murray and de Levis, are united in common glory, as are those of Montcalm and Wolfe on the stone obelisk.



Soldiers' Monument on Saint-Foy Road.

But the column on Saint-Foy road is not only a symbol; it is a funeral monument as well, and the land upon which it stands is a huge grave, as there still lie a great number of those slain in the last battle, which was an exceedingly bloody one.

Honorable Mr. P. J. O. Chauveau gave a most learned interpretation of the eloquent language of this monument, in the course of a speech which he delivered at the time of the laying of the first stone, on the 18th of July 1855:

"What will not this monument say to posterity? What a beautiful lesson, and what higher tribute to the heroism of by gone days! To that fraternal union of the present day, to the oblivion of old scores, to the commemoration of glories which will never be forgotten!

"Will not this monument appeal to the British as well as to the French, to Emigrants as well as to native Canadians, and tell them that we have been as faithful to the new flag as our forefathers were to the old one; and that if they were the men of Carillon and of the Plains of Abraham, we also have

in our midst the men of Lacolle and of Chateauguay; and that the last word in the history of our race has not yet been uttered.

"Will it not say to future generations, that though the souvenir of great actions may long remain in oblivion, the day is bound to come, though it be a century later, when they are brought to the light and radiance of unforeseen splendor?

"Will it not say to men who are perhaps too matter of fact, that after all we have but to die once, and that it is just as well to die by grape shot as to be crushed under a car wheel; that those who were gambling in stocks and amassing riches a century ago are dead, just as those who stood on the battle-fields. Bigot and Deschenaux as well as Montcalm and Levis; that the former are forgotten and hated, whereas the poor soldiers, militiamen and Indians of the 28th of April are to-day receiving the most magnificent appreciation which they could possibly get?

"Will it not teach nations of the future that the wars and hatreds of one century are changed into friendship and alliance in another; that Empires decline and disappear; that one thing only remains,—the remembrance of brave men? Will it not say that after having struggled on land and on sea, in war and in peace, and in the arts and sciences which produced such men as Pascal and Bacon, Newton and Cuvier, Laplace and Herschell; in literature where they have placed at the summit of human intellect men such as Bossuet and Milton, Shakespeare and Corneille, Lamartine and Byron, our old and our new mother countries, in despair of ever conquering each other, decided to join hands and together dominate the rest of the world?"

The old Bishops' Palace and old Parliament Buildings

There are many other stones in Quebec that do not speak as eloquently as monuments, but which yet bear in mind and recall to us memories of the past.

For instance, from the Terrace looking downwards you can

see a broad stone structure, one side of which faces on Champlain street, and the other upon the wharves of the city.

—Well ! there is Champlain market.

Yes, but what does that mean ?

Not much in itself, yet the stones with which it is built have a history, and I shall tell it to you, if you will kindly follow me to that pretty willow-shaded garden full of flowers, which you see suspended on the flank of the mountain, one story lower than the Terrace.

That is Frontenac Park. This spot has resumed its former appearance, a silent and solitary grove. Yet it has been at certain times the scene of glorious events.

In 1616 it belonged to the Recollets, who used it as a vegetable garden. It then became the property of Louis Hébert, who used it for the same purpose, and it afterwards passed into the hands of Guillaume Couillard, his heir.

At that early date, the part of the garden which now lies outside of the walls, sloping towards mountain hill, and is shaded by a clumb of willow trees, was a cemetery, most probably the first ever laid out in Quebec.

After it had changed hands many times, Intendant Talon gained possession of the property which he sold to Mr. Provost, who made it over to Mgr. de Saint-Vallier, in 1688.

One of the finest houses of the city was then erected upon the site, and it stood at the south west corner, facing Mountain street and the Cemetery. " It was a two story stone structure, had a slate roof, a separate kitchen and shed, a yard and a garden." (1)

Mgr de Saint-Vallier went to reside there in August 1688.

This was the second Bishops' Palace, the first stood upon the site of the present presbytery and dated as far back as 1663.

It was that Palace in which Mgr de Laval had resided, and in rear of it was his Grand Seminary adjacent to the cathedral. " It is most probable," says Mgr Tetu, " that Mgr. de Saint-Vallier also lived there during the few months that the two bishops spent together."

---

1 The whole of this *History of the Bishops' Palace of Quebec* is borrowed from Mgr. Tétu's version.

Yet the new Palace was not large enough for Mgr. de Saint-Vallier and in 1694 he began the erection of a wing which extended northward.

As to the big stone house, purchased from Mr. Provost, it appears to have been destroyed in 1697.

The new building was much more spacious, yet formed but a portion of the projected palace.



Parliament Buildings, from 1833 to 1851.

Mr. La Potherie gives quite an extravagant description of it. One of the wings was seventy-two feet long, and the chapel which faced Mountain street, measured sixty feet. After having presided over his last synod in October 1700, Mgr. de Saint-Vallier left Quebec for France; on the return trip, he was taken prisoner by the British, and held in England for nine years. He did not return to Quebec before 1713.

In the meantime, (1701), the seminary and the residence of Mgr. de Laval had been destroyed by fire, so that the venerable prelate had to come and reside at the new palace, from 1702 to 1704. But two years later, as his seminary had been rebuilt, he took up his abode there and spent the rest of his life within its walls. After 1705, the new palace was no longer a bishopric, and it was occupied by Messrs. Beauharnois and Raudot, then by Intendant Bégon, whose palace was burnt down, on the 5th of January 1713.

When Mgr. de Saint-Vallier returned from Europe in the following August, he found that he could not afford to go back to his palace, so he took rooms at the General Hospital, where he resided up to the date of his death, on December 26th 1727.

After Intendant Bégon the palace was occupied by Doctor

Sarrazin ; and then by Mgr. Dosquet, who lived there from 1729 to 1730.

Finally in 1743, Mgr. de Pontbriand took possession of it, and made extensive repairs. For many years he received most hospitably. Marquis de la Jonquière and Montcalm were guests, and many others were frequently invited to dine.

In 1759 while Wolfe was bombarding Quebec, the palace was injured to such an extent as to render it uninhabitable, and while Mgr. de Pontbriand resided in Charlebourg, it crumbled into ruins and was abandoned. On November 13th 1775, a meeting was held in the deserted chapel; a man by the name of Williams made a speech from the pulpit, and tried to induce the citizens to give up the city to the Americans, who were about to besiege Quebec.

More patriotic eloquence was heard there later on, as this chapel was converted into a House of Parliament, and the legislative assembly created by the constitution of 1791, met there from 1792 to 1832.

For forty years, parliamentary strife was maintained and frequently became quite bitter; when strolling about there I fancy I still hear among the willows, the patriotic accents of Papineau, Bédard, Panet, Bourdage, Neilson, Lafontaine and Morin, as well as the noble claims and conciliating speeches of Mgr. Plessis, who was a member of the Legislative Council.

He was at home in that building which the government tenanted. What columnies he heard uttered against his Church, in that very house which had been that of his God !

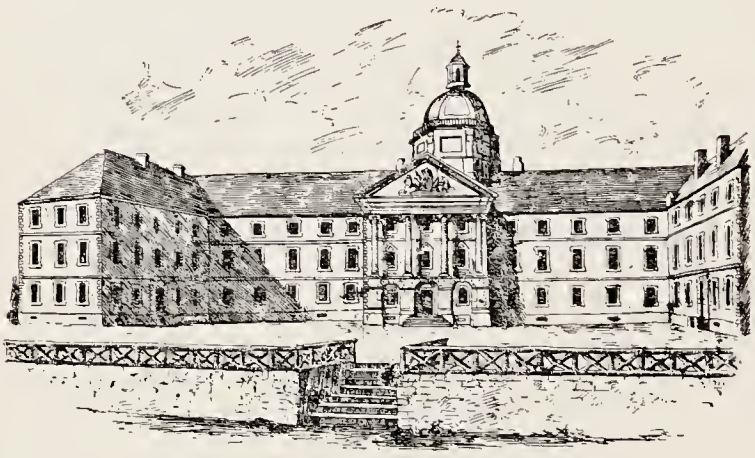
Finally, on the 1st of August 1832, the government purchased the property which had been the Bishops' Palace, as well as the adjoining land, in consideration of an annual rental of three thousand pounds sterling.

The government immediately set to work, repairing and enlarging the building, in order to make it fit to answer the purpose for which it was intended. The chapel was thrown down, and in its stead appeared the main portion of the Par-

liament Building, with a fine portico and columns. That was in 1833. But from 1838 to 1852 there were no sessions in Quebec, and the Parliament House was used as a City Hall.

In 1851 the south-eastern wing of the old Bishops' Palace was demolished, and the plans drawn out for the Parliament Buildings were completed, so that in 1852 it was the finest edifice in Quebec.

Unfortunately, fire destroyed these buildings two years later, together with the library and the museum which they contained.



Parliament Buildings from 1851 to 1854.

The walls and the columns of the portico alone remained, and up to 1858 they were an imposing ruin, reminding one of many political and religious events of bygone days.

Now do you wish to know what has become of those ruins? Look at that large stone building which extends from Champlain street to the wharves. The ruins of the old Bishops' Palace and of the old Parliament Buildings form part of it, and those handsome columns now decorate the front of Champlain Market!

O fate of inanimate objects! Like ourselves they have their downfalls. These stones descended from the Acropolis to Champlain street, from the Church to the Parliament, and from Parliament to the Market place.

When I now question them about our Bishops, our great politicians whom they have seen and heard, the columns remain mute. Instead of Papineau, Bourdages, Lafontaine and Plessis, they hear the shouts of market women and of

pork butchers. Former glories they have cast into oblivion. They have no recollection of the sumptuous receptions held by Lord and Lady Durham, which they witnessed in 1838.

The noble count had arrived on the 27th of May on board the frigate *Hastings*, and with him a whole squadron of men-of-war, the *Andromache*, the *Hercules*, the *Madagascar*, the *Medea* and the *Vestal*. The *Coldstream Guards* had landed a few days previous, having come on three other warships: the *Racehorse*, the *Pique*, and the *Malabar*.

All Quebec was afoot. The Citadel was full of military men. Artillery-men were setting off their guns, and the sounds of trumpets were heard in all directions.

The old Chateau was not spacious enough for the fastidious tastes of the new Governor and High Commissioner; he was therefore given the old Parliament Buildings as a residence, and balls and entertainments of all kinds were the order of the day.

Yet, all this bustle could not drown the voice of the patriotic orators, who finally did manage to secure justice.

The big columns on Champlain Market have forgotten all about those days. Yet in July, August and September of each year, they shudder when they see the British squadrons in the harbor and hear the artillery salvos.

Early History of the present Bishops' Palace.

In his most learned book from which I have borrowed the facts just related, Mgr. Tetu gives a history of the present Bishops' Palace, which was only put up in 1843. But his history goes still further back, and he offers a most interesting account of the previous occupants of that site.

The pretty avenue leading to the door of the palace has but recently been widened. Prior to that, there was but a passage of twenty-five feet wide, and before the palace was built it was called Parlor street.

Two houses stood upon the site of the present archbishopric, and faced that part of the street; and from 1728 to 1843 well

known families lived there amongst others, Dr. Sarrazin, the de Lanaudières, Marins, Taschereaus, Babys and de Gaspés.

Thomas-Jacques Taschereau, Councillor and Marine Treasurer resided there for a long time. What would have been his feelings had he known that many years later, his great grandson would live in the same spot, and there die a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church!

In the years preceding the conquest, the de Lanaudières lived in one of those houses, where they received the most distinguished men of the times.

Men such as Marquis de Vaudreuil, Montcalm, Bougainville, Bourlamaque, the de Longueuils, de Saint-Ours, Babys were often met in their drawing rooms.

The hero of Carillon gives most enthusiastic accounts of Madame de Lanaudière. In 1758 he wrote to Bourlamaque: "Everyone praises the beauty of the lady of Parlor street; I have always thought her charming, and possessed of much more wit than she is given credit for. The whole street seems to fascinate me. (1)

In 1764, Mr. de Lanaudière purchased another house on Parlor Street, from Joseph Lamargue de Marin, a naval officer who had married Mlle Fleury de la Gorgendière, and being thus a brother-in-law to Mr. Thomas Jacques Taschereau. Mr. de Marin sailed for France after the conquest and never returned to this country.

Madame de Lanandière who became a widow in 1776, owned both houses on the site of the present Bishops' Palace. After her death in 1788, both were sold,—one was bought by Mr. de Gaspé, while the second became the property of the Hon. François Baby, who was the grandfather of Hon. Judge Baby, and of Mr. F. Baby of Saint Louis street.

Mr. de Gaspé lived in his house up to 1806 and then sold it to Dr. Lengmore. From 1806 to 1841 it often changed hands. Amongst other tenants was Mr. Andrew Stuart,

---

1 Madame de Lanaudière was Mr. de Gaspé's grand-mother, and it is in that house, on Parlor Street, that the author of *Les Anciens Canadiens* was born.

then one of Quebec's most prominent lawyers, and who later became Sir Andrew Stuart, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, and one of the celebrities of the Bench.

In 1834 the property was converted into a Post-Office and in 1841 it was burnt down. It had not yet been reconstructed when Mgr. Turgeon purchased the ruins and land in 1843.

The Baby homestead has a less eventful history.

Honorable Mr. François Baby having married a Miss de Lanaudière, the house remained in the family, though under a different name. It was still the rendez-vous of Quebec's most select society.

After the death of her husband in 1820, Madame Baby still continued living there with her sister, Marguerite de Lanaudière, who enjoyed the reputation of having a very wonderful and quick wit.

Mr. de Gaspé refers to her frequently in his Memoirs, and the way in which she left the house where she had lived for so many years, is a proof of her originality.

In 1843, the Bishop of Quebec having purchased both houses began to demolish them in order to put up the present palace, it was agreed that Miss de Lanaudière was to lease the Baby residence, on the 1st of May. But she absolutely refused to do so, and seemed quite ready to withstand a regular siege; it was rather embarrassing for the builder, who was too polite to resort to violence. This is what he did. The south-eastern gable of the house was on Mountain street, as it still is now. The masons partly demolished the base of the edifice and in pulling it from the top caused it to fall in towards Mountain Hill. Miss de Lanaudière was then forced to leave, and went to reside in Saint-Louis street until she was eighty-two years of age.

Mr. de Gaspé relates the following anecdote. Mr. de Belvèse, commanding the French frigate, *La Capricieuse*, which visited Quebec in 1854, went to call on the old lady, and after a long talk about France, she said: "Our hearts belong to France, but our arms to England."

From the Seminary to the Ursuline Convent.

Let us now continue to visit our Acropolis and hear what the stones have to say about days gone by.

One would vainly search for the remains of Champlain's Chapel or for that of Notre-Dame de la Recouvrance. Nothing remains visible; it is even impossible to ascertain positively where the former of these chapels stood.

As to the latter, it appears that Abbé Laverdière discovered its foundations in the garden of Notre-Dame presbytery, near the carved point of the Basilica.

This chapel was burnt down in 1640, and it may be conjectured that some of the stones were used in the building of the Cathedral, which work was begun in 1647.

We need not venture any great distance from this little lot, so rich in historical souvenirs, to find well authenticated stones which tell us of the heroic periods of our history. Is not the Quebec Seminary there touching both the Basilica and the Bishops' palace, and have we not walls upwards of two centuries old?

Yes, most assuredly, those old walls which have been called upon to witness the many sterling qualities of Mgr. de Laval, and also the great zeal and self sacrifice of his successors for the cause of education and religion, are well worthy of a glance.

Neither the fires in 1701, nor in 1705, nor the shells from the British guns in 1759, managed to make any impression upon them, considering that the base of these solid walls is fourteen inches thick!

After the siege de Quebec, Mgr. de Pontbriand wrote that walls six feet thick had been unable to withstand the bombardment. But the old Seminary walls, built by Mgr. de Laval, braved Wolfe's shells, and they will last as long as the institution which was founded by that great Bishop.

Let archeologists and antiquarians go and see them, and they will surely agree that they are indestructible. Admire the old winding cherry staircase, blackened by age, and the

gigantic vaults bearing the upper stories, and tell me whether buildings of that kind are put up now a days ?

"Sunt quorum non est memoria" says Ecclesiastes. There are men who do not wish to remember ; but as you are not one of them, you will visit Mgr. de Laval's little chapel. It is a perfect gem. The altar screen is in wood, wonderfully well carved, the work of Mgr. de Laval himself and of the pupils of the industrial school which he established. Many of those pupils were Indians.

There also you will see a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was an object of particular veneration to the great Bishop, and on the pedestal of which the following inscription is engraved : "*O mater Maria, ab originali labe preservata, corda terge nostra.* O Mary our mother, preserved from original sin, pray guide us and purify our hearts."

Thus it will be seen that devotion to Mary Immaculate was practiced at the Quebec Seminary, two hundred years previous to the proclamation of that dogma, just as devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was honored at the Ursuline Convent, long before Blessed Margaret-Mary.

The wing in which those treasures are placed is that which face the yard of the "Petit Séminaire". On your return from venerating the relics stop a moment under the large and solitary elm tree which shades the yard. Though still young I myself saw it planted, it is of rare beauty and of gigantic size.

Emerging from the seminary, you will be brought in view of the City Hall, which is built on the site of the old Jesuits' College and in which many of the old stones were used.

To archeologists these stones appear to have grown younger, and they still speak of the past which none should forget. Let us recall all the lights which surrounded the infant colony's cradle, and none are more worthy of being remembered than those pure disciples of Loyola, of whom a great number shed their blood for their faith while evangelizing the Indians.

I could not speak more eloquently of them than did Mr. Faucher de Saint-Maurice in his beautiful pages :

" Great amongst the great of New-France, the Jesuit Missionaries, here as elsewhere, were the victims of injustice, calumny, persecution, and even death ! The most admirable pages of the history of our country are those in which the tales of their wonderful intrepidity are related. Most of them bore great names, yet they were examples of humility, wore hair cloth, and carried on the harvest of souls, devoting their leisure hours to the study of languages, and to the solution of geographical problems.

" Referring to them Bancroft says : ' The history of these missionaries' labors is coupled with the origin of all the cities of French America. No territory was crossed, nor was any river found if not by parties led by the Jesuit ? '

" Occasionally in the midst of their arduous labors, their superior would look them up and find them in thick forests and on the shores of great rivers hitherto unknown, he would bid them return to the college to recuperate, and there they spent their time in prayer and retreat. Those dark robed men then came from the Abenaquis, Montagnais, Esquimaux, Huron, Outaouais, Iroquois, Algonquins, Illinois, Outagamis. From the fragrant shores of Detroit, and from Florida to the solitary shores of the Arctic Ocean ; those apostles of Christ met in Quebec, which was their metropolis. They surrounded their superior, and under shelter of that hospitable roof, they spent a few months recuperating, and editing those wonderful " Relations," which astonish historians and learned men ; then after a short rest, they were stronger and better fitted to start off again on their missions which meant isolation, suffering and often martyrdom.

" Within that old Jesuits' college which has just been thrown down, the great discoveries of Jean Dolbeau were related at recreation time, as well as his wonderful explorations in the Northern Saint-Lawrence. There did Father de Quen announce the discovery of Lake Saint-John ; and there also did Father Druillard describe the country which he had to cross, in order

to reach the Atlantic, via the Chaudière and Kennebec. De Brebeuf, Daniel, Lalemant, Jogues, Raimbaut, related accounts of their journeys, undertaken with a view of reaching the lower part of Lake Huron ; Chaumonot and de Brebeuf were preparing to explore the valley extending from river Saint Lawrence to Lake Superior. When the hour for parting had come, those leaving were escorted by the little path which led down mountain hill, and they started in bark canoes, with no other baggage than a crucifix and a patched cassock, it was then to Quebec that they sent news of their sufferings, struggles and triumphs. Thus the Catholic world read with tears in their eyes, what Father Jogues had done when his torturers pulled off one of his thumbs.

—'I then took that thumb with the other hand, and presented it to Thee, O true and living God, in memory of the sacrifices which for seven years I had been offering up on the altar of Thy church.'

"It was in Quebec on the site of the old College, that the Jesuits who remained for service in the city, joyfully and piously received the oft repeated news of the martyrdom of one of their congregation. How often at night their little chapel was lighted and the office of the dead chanted, followed by the joyful strains of the Te Deum. During the day news had doubtless reached them of the martyrdom of Jogues, de Brebeuf, Lalemant, Bressani, Garnier, Daniel, René Goupil, (whose vows were taken before their torture began) of Garreau, Buteux, Rasles, Chabanel or Auneau who had bravely shed their blood while confessing their faith in Christ."

We are still on the look out for the old walls, and our monasteries can readily furnished them, there is the Hotel-Dieu within a stone's throw.

The ladies who founded that convent, reached Quebec by the same ship as those who laid the foundations of the Ursuline Monastery in 1639.

Two years previous, in 1637, the Duchess d'Aiguillon had

made a contract with the Hotel-Dieu at Dieppe, for the foundation of the Hotel-Dieu in Quebec.

As previously stated, on arrival in Quebec these ladies dwelt in a house owned by the "Hundred Associates", on Place d'Armes, which was burnt down a few years later. It has also been said before, that in 1640 the religious had established a convent at Pointe-à-Puisseaux, in order to be in closer touch with the Indians who had a settlement at Sillery, under the direction of Jesuit Missionaries.

Four years later, upon returning to Quebec from Sillery, their hospital was not yet ready for occupation, so in the meantime they were compelled to live in lower town. In 1648 only were they able to settle in their present quarters.

Nothing is now left of the walls of the original monastery but the foundations, and they serve to support one of the large wings of the establishment. The greater portion of the Hotel Dieu was built in 1696, consequently its traditions are less ancient than those of the Ursuline Monastery, the Cathedral, or the Seminary.

Yet inside of the convent are preserved with the greatest care, precious objects which are real relics, recalling events that date much further back.

There are kept, in a shrine, the bones of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant, which were brought there in 1649 after these missionaries had been massacred by the Iroquois.

There also are preserved, in a kind of oratory, which is called Calvary, relics of the martyrs of Montmartre, sent to Canada in 1640 by the Duchess of Beauvilliers, and also a relic of Father Garnier, another Jesuit martyr.

In the choir of the present chapel, which was built but in 1800, hangs a beautiful solid silver lamp of rich workmanship, which was a gift to the community in 1664, from Mr. de Courcelles, who was Governor of Canada at the time. It bears the arms of the giver.

Madame d'Ailleboust (Barbara de Boulogne), wife of our third governor, resided at the Hotel Dieu during the last fifteen

years of her life and she left half her property to the institution. They still have tin plates bearing her crest, which are used for the meals of the poor.



Wolfe's Monument.

The nuns of this hospital possess many most precious souvenirs which they secured from the Jesuits, and are well worthy of mention: a beautiful bust in massive silver, artistically chased, representing Father de Brebeuf, it is life size, and in the pedestal is placed the skull of the martyr. An illuminated missal, printed in 1761, bound in strong calf, and

upon the cover of which is a solid silver statue of the Virgin Mother, and on the back a statue of Saint Joseph also in solid silver; two crucifixes, one of which was saved from the fire in the Jesuits' chapel and sent to the nuns by Father Duplessis, on his return from France.

The iron railing which surrounds the steeple of the church, is that of the pulpit of the old Jesuit church.

There also, can be seen many paintings, several of which are most valuable.

Unfortunately however, they are scattered here and there in the various rooms of the convent and the effect is thus lost, as in many instances, they hang beside other paintings which have no artistic value whatever.

Thus in the church, I cannot see anything which is of any great worth, but the *Nativity* of Stella. In the vestry, the oratory, dormitory, in the parlors however, and in the other rooms are a few really wonderful works of art. Some are by Rubens, others by Lebrun, others by Van Dyke; there is also a *Saint Bruno*, by Lesueur, a *Saint François of Paul*, by Leonardo da Vinci, a *Nativity*, by Petit, a *Saint Paul*, by Van Dyke, a *Saint Peter*, a *Saint Bonaventure*, a *Saint Ambrose*, a *Louis XIV*, a *Talon*, all by unknown painters who must have been artists, as their paintings are very beautiful.

To my mind, the most valuable of the whole collection is a Crucifix by Van Dyke, which bears a great resemblance to the one which is so much admired in the Basilica, special characteristics particularly distinguish it. Christ is on the cross alone on the summit of Mount Calvary, the surroundings are gloomy, and his attitude and the expression of his face seem to tell of the sufferings which he has undergone. The picture is more realistic than the painting in the Basilica, and the expression is that of a suffering unto death.

It reminded me of a painting of Christ by Velasquez, which I saw in Madrid, and greatly admired.

Other paintings, no less beautiful, and other archeological souvenirs are to be found in the Ursuline Monastery.

This convent comprises a great number of houses built at various periods, some of which are very old. Amongst them are walls dating back still further than those of the Seminary, and many to 1642.

Those of the first convent, facing Garden street, are still in existence, others were put up in 1650. If these stones could only speak, they would repeat the words of Madame de la Peltrie and of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, whom Bossuet called the Teresa of the new world.



One of the recreation grounds of the Ursuline Monastery.

Both lived there, the former until 1671, and the latter until 1672.

On the ground floor of this first monastery is a chapel where Mass was first said from 1642 to 1650. "It was burnt down with the convent on the 30th of December 1650, and rebuilt on the same foundations and with the same stones. It was reopened for worship from 1652 to 1667. (1)

In 1667 it was given up, and a new one partly built by Madame de la Peltrie was used instead. But in 1686 both the convent and chapel became the prey of flames, and were

---

1 Abbé Lionel Lindsay.

reconstructed in 1689, divine service was again held in the old chapel until 1724.

"This humble sanctuary," says the learned chaplain of the Ursuline convent, in a pamphlet which he has just published with reference to the origin of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Canada, "reminds one of the crypts and catacombs of the primitive church. Is it not in fact the oldest sanctuary in New-France, coming soon after Notre-Dame de la Recouvrance, which has long since disappeared? It contains so to speak, an abridgement of the history of the faith in Canada.

"As indicated by one of the inscriptions placed beside the altar, mass was said there by the venerable François de Laval and the Jesuit martyrs, fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant. There slso did women such as Mary of the Incarnation, Mother Saint Joseph, Mother Saint Asthanasius seek fortitude in prayer and Communion, together with Madame de la Peltrie and the other holy founders of the institution.

There also did such women as Angélique de Verchères and other illustrious Canadians prepare for their mission in the world, and learned to bravely bear the standard of faith and virtue. In this humble chapel did Mary Marguerite Dufrost de la Jemmerais, who later on became known as venerable Sister d'Youville, have the joy of receiving the body of Christ, in the sacrament of his love.

There originated her love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and her biographers state she was most zealous for the propagation of this devotion.

Mgr. de Saint Vallier also celebrated Mass and prayed there. An old missal and two sacred vessels, of solid silver beautifully chased, are still kept in the monastery, they were in use at that far off period.

The present chapel, which opens on Donnacona street, dates as far back as 1724. Yet the primitive chapel is still in existence under the name of Oratory of the Sacred Heart, it is a most precious archeological relic, and full of touching traditions.



Bird's eye view of the Ursuline Monastery, taken in 1889 on the 250th anniversary of its oundation.



A corner of one of the recreation grounds at the Ursuline Monastery.

Though not so old, the present chapel is none the less interesting, nor does it lack many valuable souvenirs of days gone by; in addition to the wood carvings, which were done at a time when work was intended to last for centuries, there is quite a collection of beautiful paintings, many of which are master-pieces.

I do not know of any picture in Canada which is of a higher order of merit than Philippe de Champagne's, "Jesus at the house of Simon the Pharisee." It is an immense painting, covering the greater part of the inside wall of the portal, and seen from the choir, in full light, one is enraptured with its exquisite loveliness.

The scene is an ideal one. Four personages are particularly prominent and seem to stand out in relief: Christ, in the attitude of a wonderful orator discoursing of heaven, Magdalen groping at his feet, which she bathes in perfume and in tears, wiping them with her hair, yet daring not to raise her eyes to Him. To the right stands Simon, in all the pride of a Pharisee; he appears astonished at the greeting given this woman by Jesus. He points to her as though saying: "Wert thou a prophet, thou wouldst know that she is but a miserable sinner!" To the left of Jesus is John, young and beautiful as a girl, enraptured, he bends his head towards Jesus as though he wished to lay his head on His heart. The whole painting is wonderfully true to life, and the coloring irreproachable, the perspective throws out each personage with wonderful vividness.

There are also other paintings of great beauty: particularly the "Redemption of the Prisoners" by Claude-Gni Hallé, the "Parable of the Virgins," by Pietro da Cortona, and the "Nativity," by Lebrun.

The interesting tombs in the Ursuline Chapel will be referred to later on.

II

HERE AND THERE.

In addition to that part of archeological Quebec, which I have described in the preceding chapter and called our Acropolis the vestiges, and particularly the souvenirs of the past are in no way scarce; they seem to spring from the very soil, particularly in the environments of Quebec, where there are innumerable.

But a whole volume would be necessary to give an accurate description of them, and I could not very well undertake to do so just now.

My intention is merely to go quickly through Quebec and its surroundings, and dwell only upon those places and objects connected with its earliest history.

We do not claim to describe anything new, or not found in our historical writings, or in the old archives. We have neither discovered nor sought to discover anything new, and time has failed us to seek the fountain head and endeavour to elucidate any obscure points.

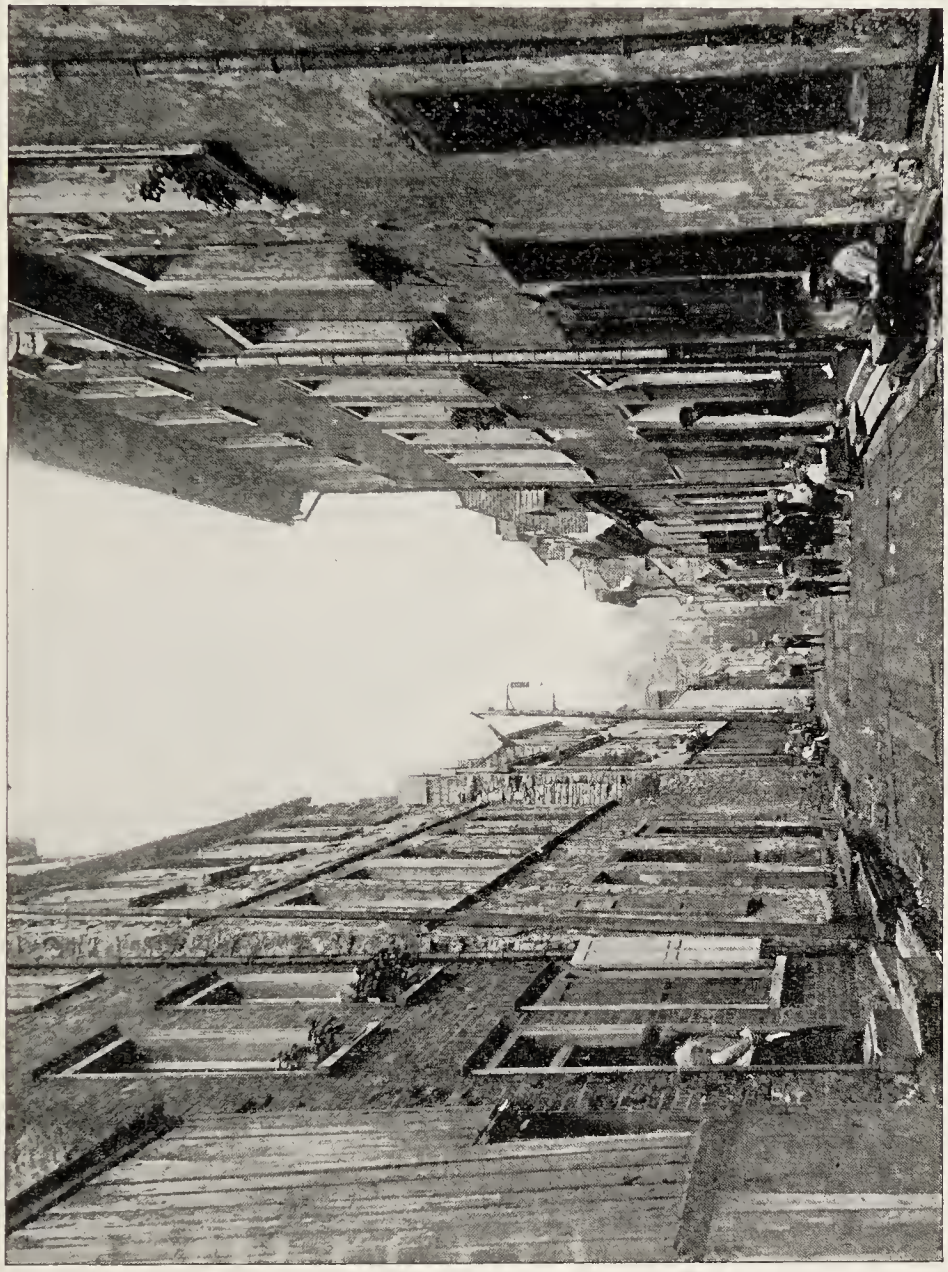
We shall therefore draw all our information from works previously published, and more particularly from those of Sir James Lemoine, who has written so extensively about our old Quebec. He has, so as to speak, devoted the whole of his life to the publication of its history.

The attention of tourists is first attracted to the names of the streets, drawn in greater part from historical personages, more or less closely connected with our history.

Saint Louis street, for instance, was thus named in memory of Louis XIII, who obtained from England the restitution of of the growing colony of New France, that had been captured by the Kertks, after which it was again entrusted to the government of Champlain.

Louis XIII has been described as a prince who was weak and incapable, but let us bear in mind that he was surnamed, "The Just", and that it may be owing to his religious views that historians have described him as being

wanting in administrative power. He had a minister called Richelieu, however, and was wise enough to give that man credit for the genius with which he was endowed, and allow him to govern France as he saw fit.



Little Champlain Street.

Queen Ann of Austria, his wife, was a wonderful woman who took the keenest interest in the establishment of New France. That is why the next street, parallel to Saint-Louis street was called Saint-Ann. Two other streets near by

are called Richelieu and d'Aiguillon ; the former in memory of Louis XIII's prime minister, and the latter in memory of his niece, who for a long time was lady-in-waiting at the Court of



Sous-le-Cap Street.

Louis XIII. She is well known as the foundress of the Hotel Dieu of Quebec.

Buade street was named in commemoration of the noble count who was twice Governor of Canada and so well known to the people by his title of Frontenac.

I merely mention those that occur to me just at present but there are numbers of them which were named in commemoration of celebrated men of France, Canada and England, and whose histories are most interesting.

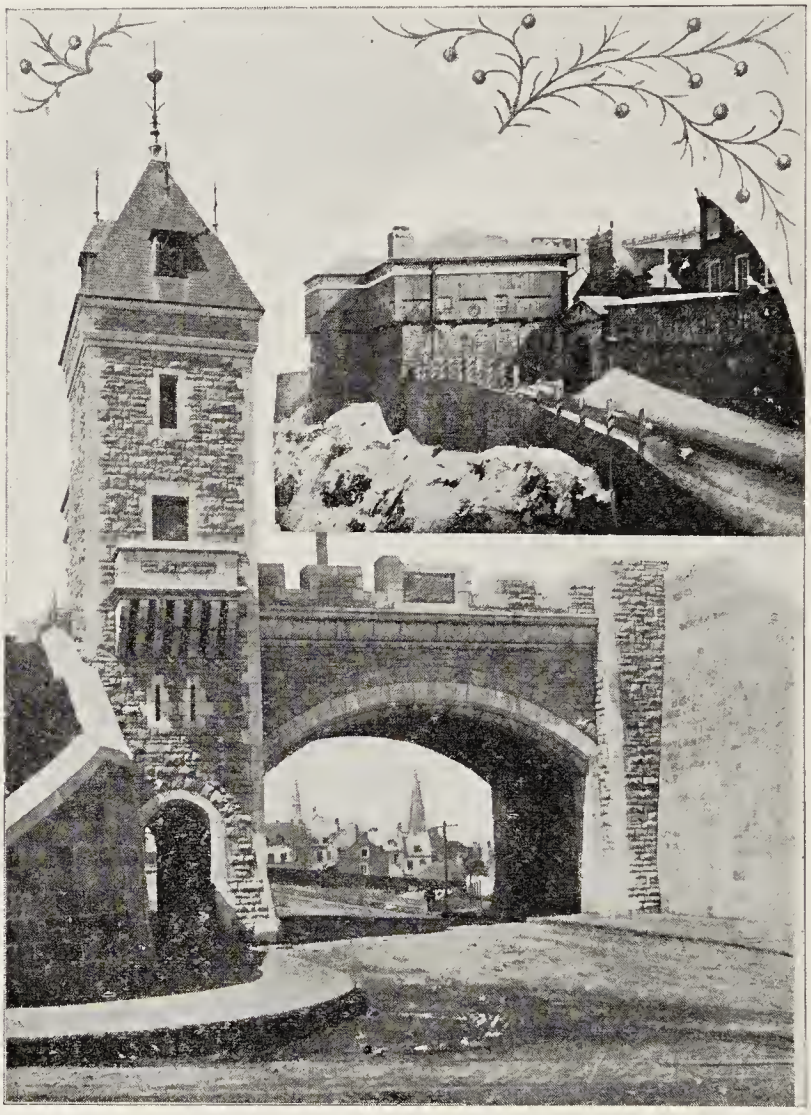
When was Saint-Louis street thus named? We know not definitely. In an old painting, representing the first Ursuline



Saint-Louis Gate, old and new, seen from both sides.

convent, there are the outlines of a road called Grande-Allée, which must have originally been in the heart of a primitive forest. On the north there is a pathway called "little road," which led from what is now known as Garden street to the door of the first convent, and at the angle of this little road and Garden street, stood a little house, the residence of Madame de la Peltrie.

Now did the name of Saint-Louis which was originally given to the fort and the old Chateau, also extend to the street which led to it coming from the west? Or did Mr. Louis d'Ailleboust give his name to that part of Grande Allée situated without the Gates? That we do not know.



Hope Gate. Kent Gate.

No matter what the case may really be, Saint-Louis street and Grande Allée are the most interesting in Quebec owning to their historical associations, and we shall go through them rapidly.

In 1792, people coming out of Chateau Saint-Louis frequently saw a regiment of His Majesty's soldiers drilling on

Place d'Armes. They were the 7th Fusilliers then garisoned at Quebec and commanded by a handsome colonel, Knight of the Order of the Garter, and fourth son of George III, King of England. That was the Duke of Kent, father of our august sovereign Queen Victoria. Until quite recently, that large building situated at the corner of Saint Louis and Haldimand streets, bore his name. It was for a great number of years known as the Kent House, but now it is used for lawyers' offices and private dwellings.

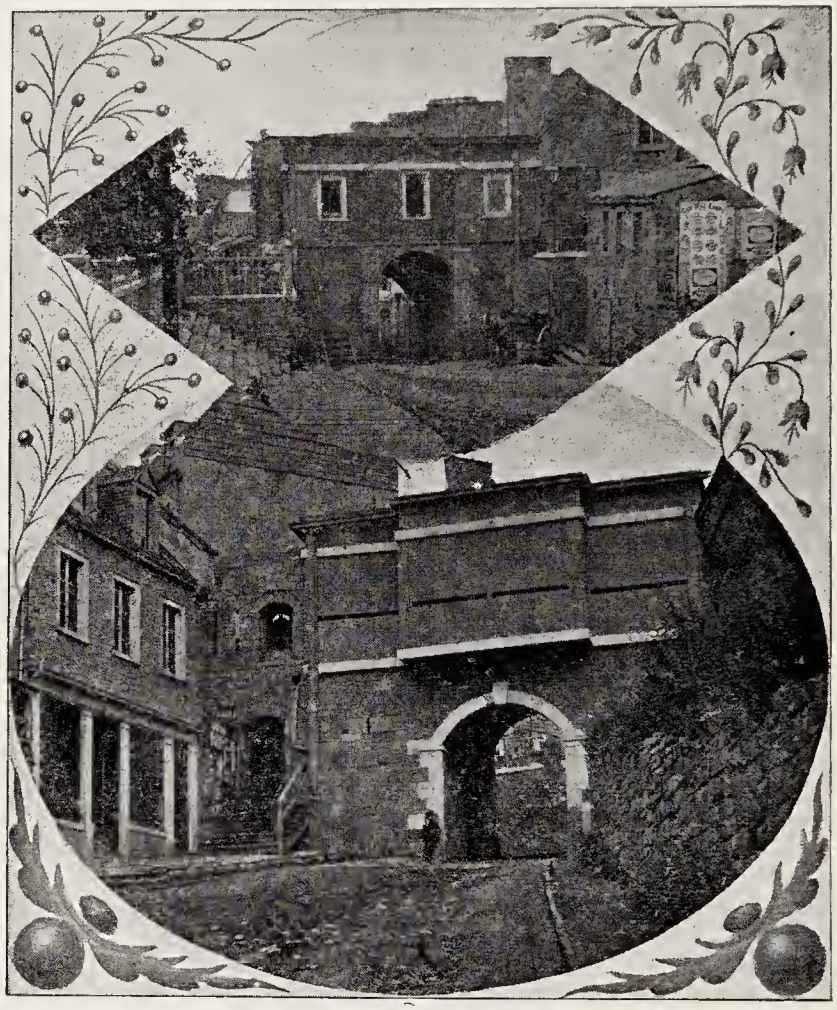
I do not believe the prince himself ever lived there, as His Royal Highness, who was very fond of the country, had taken a house, called the Haldimand House, near Montmorency Falls. Nevertheless, the prince was a frequent guest at Kent House where he often entertained his friends at dinner; amongst them were the Hales, the Caldwells, the two de Salaberrys, and the last of the Recollet Fathers, Felix de Berey.

There are few men having a more varied and eventful history than that of the Duke of Kent. He was born at Buckingham Palace, London, and at eighteen was sent to Hanover for his military education. Later on he went to Geneva for a short time. He was afterwards sent to Gibraltar where he stayed but a few months; there he was made colonel of the 7th regiment of Royal Fusiliers. From Gibraltar he came to Quebec, at the head of his regiment in 1791, and spent three years in our city.

Is it here or elsewhere that he met Madame de Saint-Laurent, who took up so much of his life, and who perhaps interfered with his prospects?

Whether there was between them a morganatic marriage or not, as Sir James Le Moine avers, our historical writers, do not positively assert; but there is no doubt that while the prince resided in Quebec, Madame de Saint-Laurent did the honors of his house, that he treated her as his wife, and so did the public. On the 2nd July 1792, he was Godfather to a son of Louis de Salaberry, seigneur of Beauport, and Madame de Saint-Laurent was Godmother. The Register at Beauport contains

her names and surnames: Alphousine-Thérèse-Bernardine-Julie de Montgenet de Saint-Laurent, baronne de Fortisson; she appears to have been the widow of a certain M. de Fortisson, a colonel in the French army. In 1794 the 7th Fusiliers and their royal commander, were sent to East India. There the Duke distinguished himself as a soldier. He returned in 1795 as lieutenant-general and commandant of the troops at Halifax.



Psescott Gate.—View from both sides.

His correspondence proves that Madame de Saint-Laurent followed him there. Again his taste for country life was manifested, and he built himself a pretty house on the shores of Bedford Basin, which now forms part of the port at Halifax. Judge Haliburton, who visited the spot, was sorry to ascertain that the princely house was then crumbling, and no doubt it must have quite disappeared by this time.

In 1797, the duke was recalled to England, but he returned to Halifax in the following year, as Commander in chief of the British forces in North America, In 1799 he was obliged to leave his post owing to ill-health, and in 1800, much to his disgust he was made governor of Gibraltar. In 1803 he was again called home, where the treatment which he received from both the government and his family, was anything but what he had a right to expect. He had left behind him debts which he was unable to meet, and the allowance which the government granted him was less than that which his younger brothers received. In 1804, he was promoted and appointed Field Marshal, and during the following years, until 1815, he lived at Kensington Palace, where he used his best endeavours to improve his position, but without much success. He was held in high esteem however, and became even popular. His correspondence demonstrates the fact that Madame de Saint Laurent still lived with him.

In 1815 he left London and took up his abode in Brussels, and it is there, in 1818, that his marriage with the sister of Prince Leopold of Belgium was negotiated. England approved of the alliance, and thus did Princess Mary Louisa Victoria, widow of Prince Leiningen, become Duchess of Kent and mother of our Queen.

As to what became of Madame de Saint Laurent, we have no particulars, but it is most likely that she entered a convent.

This tale is perhaps a trifle long, yet it seems rather interesting. The Duke of Kent was certainly a remarkable man, a distinguished soldier, a noble-hearted and devoted friend. He also had a broad and cultured mind.

Yet, he was an unlucky man, and his ill-luck seems to have followed him through his whole life. As an instance of it, let it suffice to relate that within five years, he ordered seven uniforms from his tailor in England, and all were lost : the first had been put on board the "Antelope," which was captured by the French, and the last one on board of the "Amelia," which was wrecked on Sable Island ; the other ones

met with similar mishaps and were also lost. They had cost him upwards of ten thousand pounds sterling.

It will perhaps also be said that he was unlucky in love, and his loves seem to have considerably interfered with his advancement, and given him endless trouble. He died while in full manly strength, as the result of a chill, which he took after having been out on a rainy day.

The Duke of Kent's correspondence with the de Salaberry family is most interesting, and bears indications of a refined mind, as well as of a wonderful literary culture.

Just two steps from Kent house, on the opposite side of Saint-Louis street, stands an old building in which Montcalm at one time had his head-quarters; Williams, the hair dresser is the present tenant. A little further on, to the left, you will notice a livery stable kept by Mr. Campbell. It is believed that upon that spot stood Doctor Arnoux's house, where Montcalm was carried, mortally wounded, on Sept. 13th 1759, and soon after breathed his last.

It is however, not definitely known where Dr. Arnoux's house stood; it is maintained by some, that it was at the corner of Saint-Ursule street, on the site of the old City Hall; in his Tourist's Album Sir James Le Moine favored this belief. Since then however, in his "Maple Leaves," published in 1894, he states that Doctor Arnoux's residence faced Parlor street, and stood on the site of Campbell's place, the latter is most probably the right conjecture.

Another question in dispute is regarding the place in which Montcalm died; some state that it was at Doctor Arnoux's, and others claim it was at Chateau Saint-Louis. Garneau, in the History of the Ursulines, and Doctor Dionne claim that he died at Chateau Saint-Louis, the latter states that he was first borne to Doctor Arnoux's and afterwards to the Chateau. On the other hand, Abbé Casgrain, Mr. Ernest Gagnon and Sir James Le Moine are of the opinion that Montcalm died at Doctor Arnoux's.

There appears to me no good reason for the contrary belief; it does not seem to me likely that Montcalm would

have wished to be brought to Chateau Saint-Louis, owing to the unfriendly feeling existing between the Marquis de Vaudreuil and himself, particularly as Mr. de Vaudreuil was absent from the Chateau that day. Montcalm's house was on the Ramparts, and had he not seen fit to spend the last few hours of his life at Doctor Arnoux's, he should certainly have had himself carried to his own residence.

It therefore appears to me quite certain that the valiant general died in the old, low building with a pointed roof, which faced Parlor street, and was still in existence a few years ago ; it is in that house that after having carefully examined the General's wounds, young Doctor Arnoux frankly said : "The wound is mortal, you will not live more than twenty four hours." To which the General replied : " So much the better, as I shall therefore not see the British masters of Quebec." It is there that Mgr. de Pontbriand heard his confession, and administered the last rites of the church ; that was on the 13th of September, and he died at day-break the following morning, and was buried in the Ursuline chapel on the same night. He was but forty seven years of age. We fancy it would interest our readers, to read the extract from the registers of the Ursuline chapel, bearing proof of his burial :

In the year 1759, on the 14th day of the month of September, was buried in the Church of the Ursulines of Quebec, the high and mighty Lord Louis Joseph Marquis de Montcalm, Lieutenant General in the King's Army, Commander of the royal and military order of Saint-Louis, Chief Commander of the land troops in North America, who died this day from wounds inflicted the day previous, after having fervently received the last rites of the church. The following persons witnessed the burial : Messrs. Resche, Cugnet, and Collet, Canons of the Cathedral, Mr. de Ramesay, Commander of the place and the entire staff.

(Signed) Resche,
Priest, Canon.
Collet, Canon.

On the opposite side, at the corner of Saint-Louis and Parlor streets, lived for a number of years Abbé Vignal, who was long confessor and chaplain at the Ursuline Convent. In 1661 he was captured by the Iroquois, at Magdalen Prairie, near Montreal, roasted alive and devoured by those savages.

Continue walking up Saint-Louis street, and you will notice

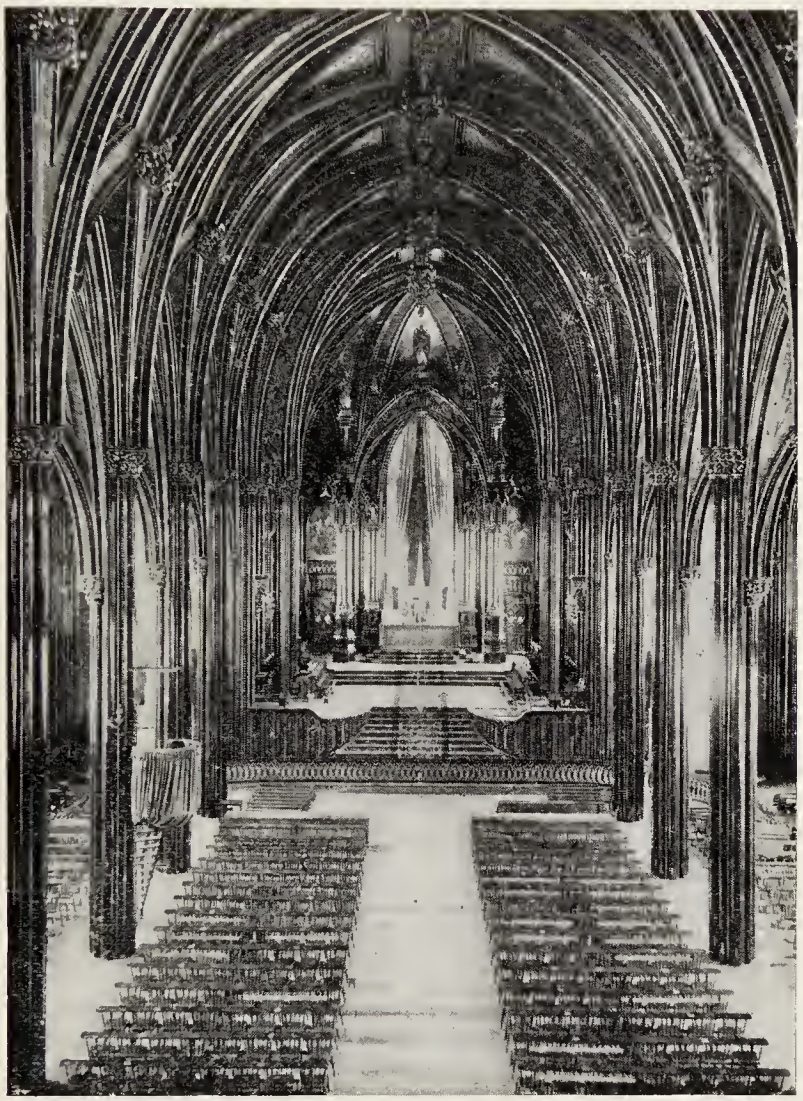


Beauport Church.

a large brown stone edifice. It is universally agreed that the beautiful Angélique des Meloizes, who afterwards became Madame de Péan, lived there. In his novel "The Golden Dog," Mr. William Kirby gives the following description of that house :

"The residence of the des Meloizes was situated on Saint-Louis street. It was quite large and imposing in appearance.

The building still exists, but it is now old and gloomy, seeming to mourn its by-gone splendor Now, passers by do not take notice of it, nor do they admire its broad front. In the olden days it was quite different however, and on beautiful



Interior of the Beauport Church.

summer nights, the bewitching Angélique and her friends would sit in the casements, and exchange smiles and bows with the young officers of the garrison."

Mr. Kirby seems to believe that the house, which is there now, is the identical one which existed during the last years of

the French domination, but he is mistaken, as that house was burnt down in 1796. It was rebuilt however, upon the same spot, and it is most likely that many of the old stones were used for the purpose. Madame de Péan was supposed to be Bigot's mistress, her drawing-rooms were most popular and there many of the gentlemen and military men of the day were entertained.

It is well known that de Péan, who was an accomplice to Bigot's extortions, shared the same fate as the former after the conquest, and was held in public contempt.

A few years ago, there still stood on Saint Louis street, near Saint Ursule street, a little house where the body of Montgomery was laid out, after he had been killed on the 31st of December 1775.

An inscription placed on the front of the building informed tourists of that fact, and they never failed to stop there and do honor to one of their most brilliant though unfortunate generals. That historic souvenir has now disappeared, and a new stone house stands on the same spot. Mr. Baillargé, who is the owner of the building, has however had a zinc copy made of the inscription, and it is attached to the front of the new house.

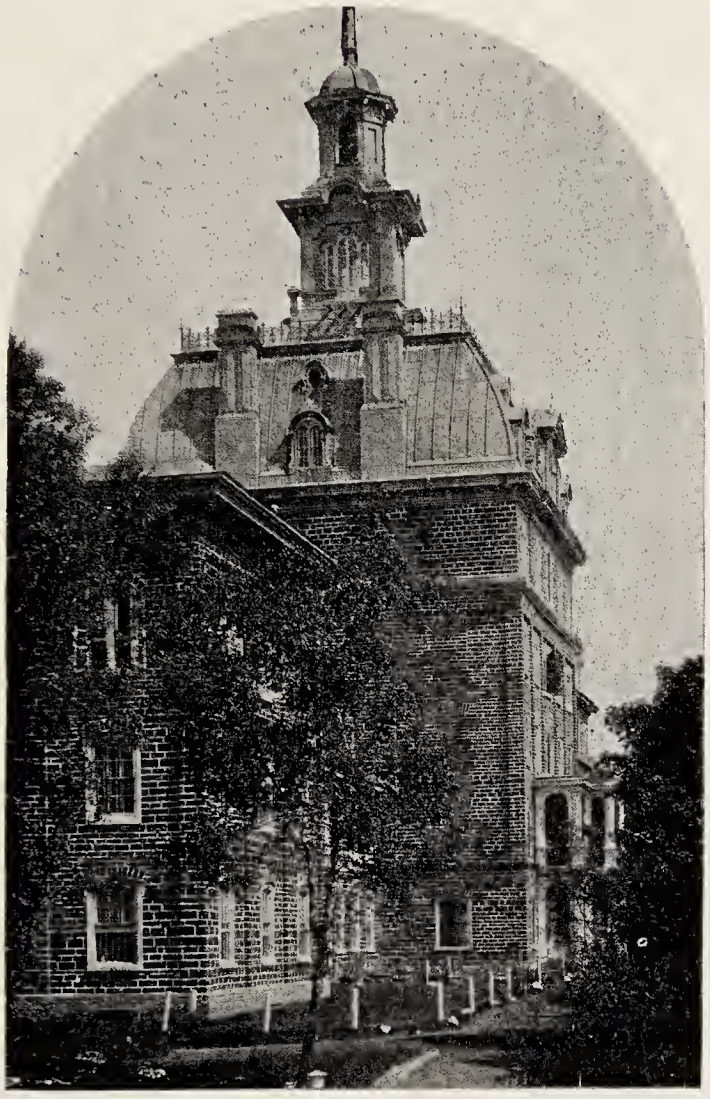
There is another spot of still greater interest to American tourists. In turning to the left, inside Saint Louis Gate, and up a few steps on the road leading to the citadel, they will notice on the wall on the right hand side, a marble inscription worthy of note, from which they will learn that thirteen of Montgomery's followers, who were killed ont he 31st December 1775, are buried there. General Montgomery's remains rested there for forty three years ; but in 1818, the State of New York obtained leave from the Canadian Government, to remove the remains, which have been placed in a tomb more worthy of him in Saint Paul's church, New York.

Much to our regret, we are compelled to cut short this archeological pilgrimage.

Let us pass out beyond the walls, leaving behind us this city, so full of traditions, and take a bird's eye glimpse at the

surroundings of Quebec. Selecting those of greater historical interest, we first stop at Spencer Wood.

The Province of Quebec may boast of affording a princely dwelling to her lieutenant governors, if we take the surroundings into consideration, and particularly the incomparable site



Beauport Asylum.

of their official residence. The park which surrounds it, the long avenue, through a regular forest which leads to it, the gardens which extend around it and are continued as far as the high cliff in view of the river Saint Lawrence, the broadened horizon which the eastern side presents to the view,

embracing at a glance both the river in full breadth and the picturesque promontories of Quebec and Levis,—all tend to make of it a home of ideal beauty, fit to excite the envy of princes.

The house itself has no claim to architectural merit. It is a huge two-story dwelling, flanked with a beautiful greenhouse, a broad portico in rear, and a broad veranda in front, the roof of which is supported by a row of columns.

But the venerable old oaks, the masses of flowers, the shaded walks and the fragrant meadows, as well as the deep ravine that divides the property from Wolfe's Field, and also the steep hills and the wonderful perspective, really appear to me admirable and well worthy of a vice-regal chateau.

Now here is what Mr. Ernest Gagnon, who has a hobby for hunting up old archives, has discovered with reference to Spencer Wood : it was erected in 1657 for Mr. Louis d'Ailleboust, third governor of Canada, and then bore the name Châtellenie de Coulonge.

His study on the subject forms Appendix "A" of the report of the Commissioner of Public Works, for the year 1900, and therein will be found copies of original documents serving to reveal the original history of the place, the changes which it has undergone, in fact the most interesting accounts of this chateau, from 1649 up to the present day.

Mr. and Madame d'Ailleboust lived at Coulonge, at it was first called, for many years, and after the death of the ex-governor, the property passed into the hands of his widow, the interesting and virtuous Barbara de Boulogne. She lived there but a short time afterwards, as it had been her dream to spend the remainder of her days in a religious community. Vainly did Mr. de Courcelles, Governor of Canada, and Intendant Talon, who were charmed with her beauty, cultured mind and fine qualities, seek her hand in marriage; she persistently rejected their advances, and entered the Ursuline convent as a novice. But a few months later, having ascertained that she had no calling to the monastic seclusion of

that institution, she took up her abode at the Hotel Dieu where she lived for the rest of her life, leaving all her fortune to that community.

The property of Coulonge afterwards passed into the hands of the Quebec Seminary. The land was then divided and sold in lots. After various changes, that portion forming the seigneurial property was called Spencer Wood, in honor of Honorable Spencer Perceval, who at that time was prime minister of Great Britain a relative and protector of Michael-Henry Perceval, who had purchased the property.

Perceval's heirs sold the place to Henry Atkinson, a merchant in Quebec, who in turn made over the greater portion of it to the old government of the Province of Canada, in 1852 and 1854.

Finally, the Province of Quebec purchased it in 1870, and since then it has been the official residence of our lieutenant governors.

Several of the old English governors have lived at Spencer Wood. amongst others : Lord Elgin, Sir Edmund Head, Lord Monck, Lord Lisgar and Lord Dufferin.

" And it would seem as though France had returned " says Mr. Ernest Gagnon, or rather the sons of another branch of the Norman family, all born in the Province of Quebec, who come to the chateau as representatives of the British Crown.

" What a number of illustrious guests, how many political men forever gone from the scene of parliament and from this world, have shared the hospitality of the vice-regal home, and have there debated upon the destinies of our country !

" Within a short distance east of the falls of the Saint Denis stream, which forms the north eastern boundary of Coulonge, Wolfe and his men scaled the cliff on the shores of river Saint Lawrence, and lined up in battle array on the heights of the Plains of Abraham, on the morning of September 13th 1759. A little further west, Brother Liégeois, whose remains lie at rest in the chapel of the Ursuline Monastery, was massacred by the Iroquois on the 29th of May 1655, and on the shores of Sillery, near Coulonge, Father Ennemond Massé,

one of the companions of Jean de Brebeuf died in the night of the 11th to the 12th of May 1646.

"History, legend, and anecdote familiar to well informed men, spring to their minds at every step through Spencer Wood."

The adjoining property, Spencer Grange the residence of Sir James Le Moine, is also well known. The estate next to it was called Samos. How did it acquire the ancient name, that of the famous island of the Aegean Sea? It was thus called by Mgr Dosquet, who before he became Bishop of Quebec, was Bishop of Samos, in partibus infidelium, and who had built a cottage which was most beautifully situated. Upon leaving Canada in 1734, the Bishop sold the property to the Quebec Seminary, later it passed to the celebrated Judge Mabane. The judge enlarged it and built two towers, which gave it the appearance of a castle.

Several prominent personages have since lived there, and it is now known as Woodfield, amongst others who occupied it are Bishop Mountain, of the Anglican Church, and Honourable Mr. Sheppard.

Let us now hasten to a still more interesting and picturesque spot. Sillery! there is a place, which seems to lack popularity, is all but ignored by tourists though beautiful and most interesting from an archeological standpoint. The shore is uneven and consists of rugged cliffs and wooded promontories. Formerly these shores were full of noise and bustle, but now they are solitary and silent, and invite contemplation.

A few ruins, a monument, and any number of historical traditions, serve to enhance the charm and magnetism of this picturesque spot.

In the first instance, its name reminds us of a famous personage, with a history as full of adventure as a legend or a novel.

Noël Brulart de Sillery, was the youngest son of an illustrious magistrate, and state Councillor to King Henry IV. After having completed a brilliant course of studies in Paris,

at eighteen, he joined the order of Malta, of which he subsequently became commander.

In 1607 Queen Mary de Medicis took him under her protection and made him a knight of honor. He was French ambassador in Spain and in Rome. He was immensely wealthy, and lived in the greatest luxury.

Rome is the reef upon which both human pride and vanities are wrecked, but it is also the fountain in which great souls are purified. The brilliant ambassador there learnt the vanity of human greatness and pleasure, and soon afterwards he took holy orders. In 1632 he sold his princely dwelling in Paris to Cardinal Richelieu, and resolved, to devote his brilliant faculties, his zeal and fortune to the propagation of faith among the Indian tribes in Canada.

It is with that object in view, at his instigation and thanks to his money, that the Sillery Mission was founded by the Jesuits, in 1637.

It was mostly composed of Montagnais and Algonquins, and a chapel, dedicated to Saint Michael, was later on replaced by a church.

A fort was erected, as a protection against the inroads of the Iroquois, and nearby a dwelling was also put up for the missionaries, as well as houses for the neophytes. In compliance with the requests of the Indians and missionaries, a hospital was established there in 1640, by the hospital nuns.

Mr. Pierre Puiseaux, of whom we unfortunately know but little, came to settle there in 1639 and built a manor house which at the time was regarded as quite monumental. In the winter of 1641-1642 he there received Mr. de Maisonneuve, Mademoiselle Mance and Madame de la Peltrie.

Abbé Ferland, Sir James Le Moine, Mr. Chauveau, Abbé Casgrain, and most of our historical writers have devoted some most interesting pages to that pretty little place called Sillery, which still retains such valuable archeological vestiges, such as the Puiseaux manor, the missionaries' house, and the ruins of the church of Saint Michæl.

As a site, the spot was a delightful one but being so isolated from Quebec, it was unsafe at a time when stray bands of Indians scoured the country; so much so that the hospital sisters thought it more prudent to return to Quebec after having spent four years there.

Their forebodings had not deceived them, as a few months later Brother Liégeois was massacred near by, and Father Poncet was taken prisoner.

In 1870 excavations were made in Sillery by Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain, and the foundations of the church were unearthed, as well as the bones of Father Massé, who was buried there in 1646.

A handsome monument was then placed over the tomb of this venerable Jesuit father, and the following inscription upon a marble slab :

THE RESIDENTS OF SILLERY
HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
IN MEMORY OF
FATHER ENNEMOND MASSÉ, S. J.,
FIRST MISSIONARY IN CANADA
BURIED IN 1646
IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT-MICHÆL
THE RESIDENCE OF
SAINT-JOSEPH OF SILLERY.

Another slab reads as fellows :

THE CHURCH OF SAINT-MICHÆL
WHICH STOOD ON THIS SPOT.
WAS BUILT BY
COMMANDER DE SILLERY
FOUNDER (IN 1637)
OF THE RESIDENCE OF SAINT-JOSEPH.

Cap Rouge and Notre Dame of Saint-Foy.

The ground which tourists cover, when taking what is called the Cap Rouge round trip, is full of historical traditions, which are related at length in Sir James Le Moine's books, and they should be read for full particulars concerning the

historical anecdoctes which Saint Louis and Saint Foy roads recall to mind.

Unfortunately these particulars are rather scattered, and it would be well for the author to remodel and condense them, and make a single volume on the surrouudings of Quebec and, two volumes about our historical city itself.

Cap Rouge recalls the most ancient souvenirs, as in 1541 Jacques Cartier erected a fort there. Few cities in America can refer to traditions three centuries old !

Coupled with that charm of antiquity, Cap Rouge has the fascination of being an enchanting spot. It is a most lofty promontory, watered by the pretty river bearing its name, as well as by the river Saint Lawrence. Happy are the poets, who like Mr. Fairchild, are fortunate enough to give way to their poetical musings upon its picturesque heights.

Cap Rouge, which was formerly Cartier's Royal-Charlesbourg in 1541 and Roberval's France-Roy in 1542 formed, in olden days, part of the parish of Saint-Foy ; but now it is a parish by itself, and its pretty village is built at the foot of the Cape, where it is sheltered from storms and quietly nestles, like a tired sea-bird, on the shore of its peaceful river.

Here the pretty road turns, and another is taken which brings you back to Quebec ; the bends of the great river are no longer followed however, but the return trip is accomplished in following the heights above the valley of river Saint Charles. It was formerly called Saint Michael or Saint John's road, but now it is known as Saint Foy road. Abbé Scott, parish priest of Saint Foy, has quite recently published a most interesting notice about his parish, in the Report of Historical Researches, and we have taken the liberty of borrowing some of the information he gives.

This village was first called Notre Dame de Foy and the chapel bearing that name was built in 1669, by the Huron Mission of Sillery.

" Here are the circumstances " says the abbé, " which led to the parish being called Notre Dame de Foy.

" A miraculous statue was found in the trunk of an old oak in the small town of Foy near Dinant, in Belgium. Foy soon became a renowned spot for pilgrimages, and there the Blessed Virgin under the name of Notre Dame de Foy, took pleasure in working miracles. Foy-Notre-Dame as it is there called, is still a much visited sanctuary.

" From the oak tree in which the statue had been found and from another where it lay for a long time, small statues similar to the original one were made, and they were distributed throughout various cities.

" Father de Vérancourt, S. J., sent one to Father Chaumont in 1669 " and with it, documents to substantiate its authenticity.

That statue was held in high veneration by the Indians, who after being converted had an ardent devotion to the blessed Virgin ; together with the French colonists they built a chapel under the patronage of Notre-Dame-de-Foy.

The miraculous statue disappeared some years later, probably carried off by the Hurons who emigrated to Lorette in 1673. But Mr. de Prevost, who was parish priest there from 1714 to 1756, carved one in oak, it is very handsome and a copy of the lost madonna. It is still in existence, and is prominently placed in the present church of Saint-Foy.

This church has but recently been constructed, it was blessed in 1878, when the old one was demolished. The old church had been rebuilt in 1762 after the conquest ; as the original stone edifice, erected in 1699 was destroyed by the English in 1760, in order to prevent Chevalier de Lévis from getting the ammunition which he had stored therein. (Garneau, vol. 2, p. 360).

Jeune Lorette.

There are few historical spots among the surroundings of Quebec which are more popular among tourists, than Lorette. The main attraction of this village to them is the hope they cherish of still finding there those Indian types, which history



ABENAQUIS (A HALT IN THE FOREST) — by Philippe Hébert.

(Group decorating the front of the Legislative Palace).

"As soon as a young Indian was able to handle a bow, he was trained to the use of arms, and brought up to follow in the foot-steps of his forefathers."

GARNEAU'S History of Canada, Vol. 1, p. 108.

and fiction have made famous and which to their mind present most fantastic images.

When they get there however, they are naturally rather disappointed, as the Hurons of now a days do not bear any likeness to their ancestors. The greater number of them, and their descendants as well, are by their language, dress and customs, more like the two races with whom they have been associated during the last two centuries.

Notwithstanding all this, there is a peculiar interest in visiting Lorette, and Abbé Lindsay, chaplain of the Ursuline Convent, has begun to publish, in the "Revue Canadienne," a history of that parish which promises to be most interesting.

It will be remembered that towards the middle of the XVII century, the Hurons were conquered by the Iroquois, and thought themselves condemned to extermination unless they forsook their country. Thus they became scattered. In 1650 a certain number of families belonging to that tribe, came to Quebec and sought the protection of the French.

Their wandering propensities, however, and other circumstances as well, particularly the inroads of the Iroquois who were still pursuing them, prevented the tribe from taking up any permanent abode. Thus did they successively stay in Quebec, on the Isle of Orleans, at Notre Dame de Foy, in old and new Lorette.

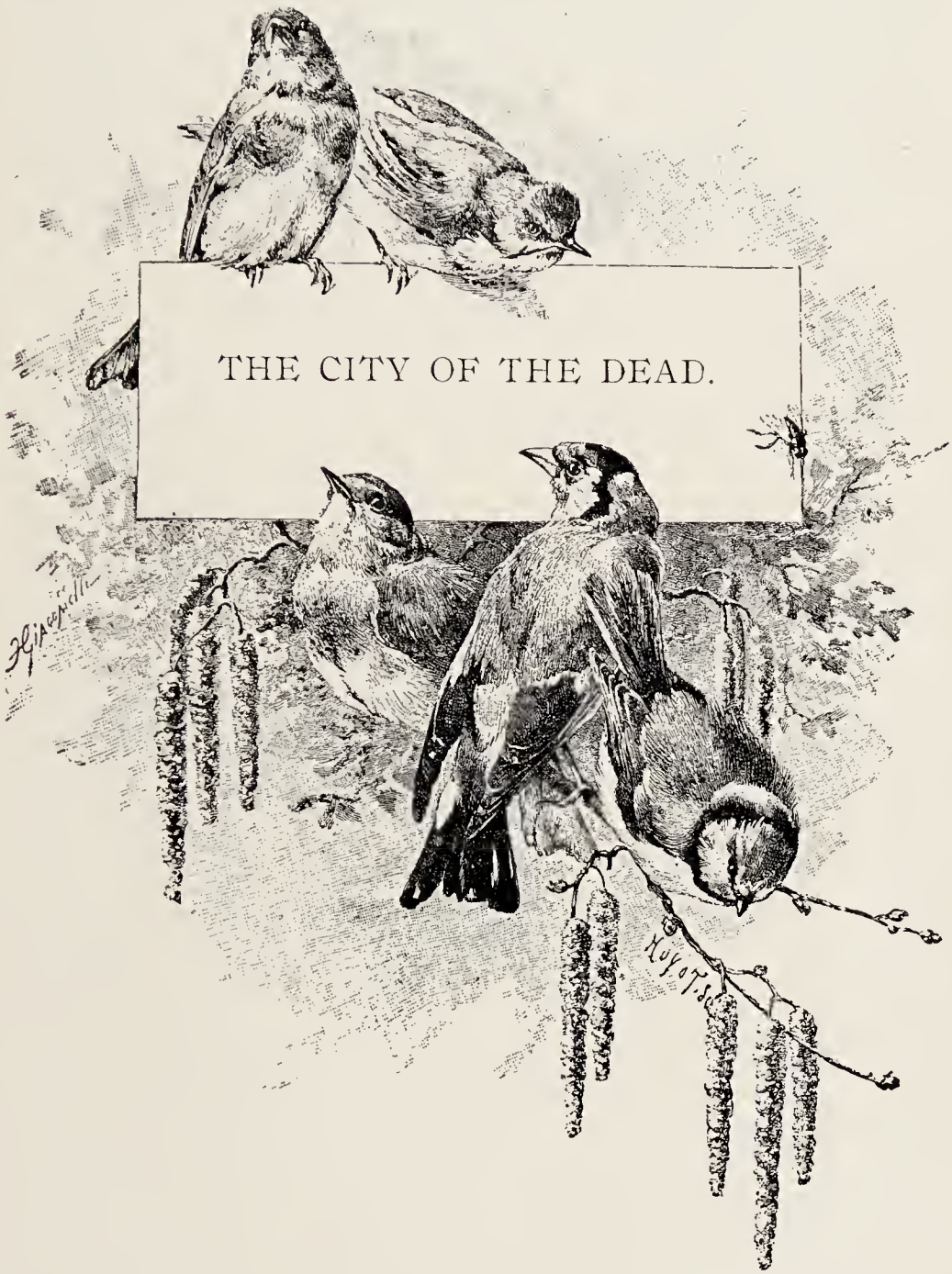
The first chapel at old Lorette was built in 1674. But where did the name Lorette come from? Simply because their chapel was built on the plan of Santa Casa de Lorette, in Italy. The history of the Holy House of Nazareth, in which the Holy Family lived for thirty years, is well known, it was miraculously transported from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and from Dalmatia to Loretta near Ancona. Well, the first chapel built by the Hurons at Lorette, was a fac-simile of the Holy House. The same design, the same proportions, the same openings and constructed in the same manner; it was of brick however, whereas the Holy House (which by the way, I have had the happiness of visiting) is built of stone; but these stones are

like bricks in snape and size. The original chapel is no longer in existence.

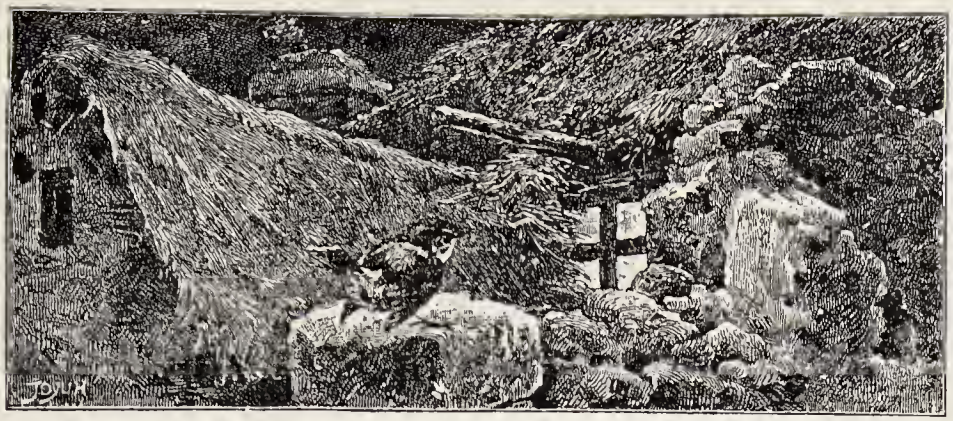
The younger Lorette was founded by the Hurons only in 1699. It is most picturesquely situated, and the river Saint-Charles, which was called *Cabir-Coubat* by the Indians, flows through the village.

The church possesses a facsimile of the image of the Blessed Virgin which is venerated at Loretta, in Italy, and which has been attributed to Saint-Luke. It was sent from Loretta to Canada by Father Poncet.





THE CITY OF THE DEAD.



I

The After Life.



N the archeological trip which we have just taken, we have studied inanimate objects and endeavoured to revive them. We have questioned ruins and they have replied, and told us the history of a past not wanting in glory.

Yet, with all these objects that have disappeared or been destroyed, the generations of human beings even more rapidly were laid in the dust of centuries, and there they now lie in that mysterious sleep called death.

Beside the city of the living is the city of the dead, which it will be interesting to visit. The population of the latter is much greater than that of the former, and when one is half through life he knows many more people underground than above its surface. Yet, in the midst of this innumerable subterranean population, multitudes lie forgotten

and are of so little consequence, that it will not take us long to visit those who are remembered by posterity.

Do not imagine that the trip which we are about to undertake will be a sad or gloomy one. The dead are surrounded by light : "Lux perpetua luceat eis," chants the church upon their tombs ! Take careful note of the word, it is "perpetual" light, the cloudless light, which never fades, and has no twilight. Day eternal without morning or night !

Travellers in the arctic regions see the sun continually turning around them, and night or morning they know no longer. This is a figure of the perpetual light promised the dead, and the sun which continually surrounds them and showers upon them its rays, is nothing else but God.

The tomb is also the seat of endless rest : *requiem æternam*, again chants the church.

That is where the contrast ends between the city of the living and that of the dead. Here is endless toil; beyond unceasing rest; here the night, yonder the light.

No doubt, all this is most mysterious, and mystery signifies darkness. But, let us bear in mind that God called himself : the Beginning and the End ! And that is the reason why our human minds are unable to fathom His Divine meaning. We have a mere glimpse at objects, at time and space. Yet as to the beginning or as to the end, we are in darkness, they are mysteries.

And these mysteries are not revealed to us now, but in after life !

This problem of life is solved but through equation, and as in all equations, its last term is x, the Unknown. Yet this Unknown exists, erase it from the problem, and it cannot be solved !

That Unknown is Invisible as well. Yet, He is nevertheless the most real of all beings, the only one that never changes,— the Immutable, the Eternal ! All the bodies in touch with our senses, the innumerable and immense worlds by which we are surrounded, are but temporary and changeable material bodies of matter, which will some day disappear, swept away by the mysterious whirlwind.

But, that which we now designate as "hereafter" will remain, and then will begin our after life.

What will it be ? Only such as we have willed it. The last term of the equation is dependent upon the first which we have put down, just as the conclusion of a syllogism depends upon its premises.

Therefore, if the first terms, which we are at liberty to lay down, are good, our future happiness is assured ! Hence the unknown, the *x*, as far as we are concerned lies within our own power.

I will now leave you to meditate upon these philosophical and religious questions concerning the after life. Your mind may endeavour to solve them while you are walking in the midst of tombs.

II

In the Crypts.

Churches are frequently built upon grave yards, and in time every church will become a more or less crowded necropolis. In some of the old European cities, there are crypts wherein the dead are crowded, and where epitaphs make of the building a regular museum of sculpture. In our churches Mausoleums are not very frequently met with, yet quite a number of Christians are laid in them to sleep their last sleep, and there we may find most of our illustrious dead.

The crypt of the Basilica is the most ancient in Canada. Therefore we may search it for the most prominent fathers of our country.

Does the founder of Quebec, the father of New-France rest in this crypt ? Possibly, but the fact is far from being certain.

At one time it was believed that Champlain had been buried in the chapel which he had built beside his "Habitation," and that is what led Abbés Casgrain and Laverdière to believe

that the remains found by them at the foot of the staircase of little Champlain street, at the time the excavations were made, were those of that illustrious founder.

Their theory appears to have been given up for several reasons, and amongst others, this one ; the Chapel erected by Champlain next to his "Habitation," had been destroyed by fire while the Kertk brothers were masters of Quebec, and there is is no record of its reconstruction.

Dr. Dionne, in his Historical Notes, avers that Champlain was buried in a chapel which was subsequently called : "Champlain's Chapel," and which was situated somewhere on the mountain slope, where the Post Office and the group of houses opposite now stand, that it was burnt down in 1640, at the same time as Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, and rebuilt by Mr. de Montmagny. In was later on abandoned and then demolished, and that the remains of the founder of Quebec must have then been laid in the crypt of the Cathedral.

The reasons stated by the learned historian for the location of the tomb, seem to me rather convincing, but the removal of the remains seems much more doubtful. The only reasons which he has to substantiate his theory, are those which propriety would dictate ; and there is a serious objection involved. Registers were kept in Quebec before the fire of 1640, and this important fact would certainly find mention therein, had it taken place.

It would indeed be a great consolation to know, that the founder of Quebec was at rest in that venerable Basilica, so full of traditions, and in which are laid so many of the governors and other illustrious men.

But this interesting historical problem is yet unsolved : "adhuc sub judice lis est." One thing, however, which is an absolute certainty is, that the remains of that great man are at rest, somewhere in our city, which in truth is his, and constitutes his real monument, as it is universally known as the city of Champlain.

Another governor, whose grave it would be rather hard to

find is Mr. de Mésy. In compliance with his own wishes, he was buried in the Cemetery for the Poor attached to the Hotel Dieu, in May 1665. But that cemetery no longer exists. Charlevoix street, as well as the houses upon it are built on the site. When that change was made, exhumations took place, but the remains of Mr. de Mésy were not found; and it is believed that his grave is somewhere under Charlevoix street, or beneath Doctor Rousseau's house at the corner of Collins' street.

It has already been stated that four of the first governors of New-France had at first been buried in the Recollet church, but that in 1796, after that edifice had been burnt down, their remains were exhumed and laid in the crypt of our old Basilica.

Yet, nothing was there until quite recently, to remind one of those precious remains. It was an unfortunate oversight, because life is short and man's memory is shorter still, and marble is faithful in keeping a record of traditions. Funeral monuments are archives of stone which relate the history of nations, and the dates thereon are permanently established. They are milestones and tell of the ground covered.

Mr. Fagny, parish priest of Notre Dame, understood the importance of those records, and of the prominent place they should occupy, and in 1891, he had marble slabs attached to the walls of his church, where visitors are enabled to read the names of the governors, bishops, priests and curés who are laid at rest in that venerable sanctuary.

The first of these, which is placed on the left hand side as you enter, reads as follows :

A LA MEMOIRE
DE QUATRE GOUVERNEURS
DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE
DONT LES RESTES D'ABORD INHUMES
DANS L'EGLISE DES RECOLLETS
FURENT TRANSPORTES EN SEPTEMBRE 1796
DANS CETTE EGLISE.

LOUIS DE BUADE,
COMTE DE FRONTENAC,
MORT A QUEBEC LE 28 NOVEMBRE 1698.

HECTOR DE CALLIERES,
CHEVALIER DE SAINT-LOUIS,
DECEDE LE 26 MAI 1703.

PHILIPPE RIGAUD,
MARQUIS DE VAUDREUIL,
GRAND-CROIX DE L'ORDRE
MILITAIRE DE SAINT-LOUIS,
DECEDE LE 10 OCTOBRE 1725.

JACQUES-PIERRE DE TAFFANEL,
MARQUIS DE LA JONQUIERE,
COMMANDEUR DE L'ORDRE ROYAL
ET MILITAIRE DE SAINT-LOUIS,
CHEF D'ESCADRE DES ARMEES NAVALES,
DECEDE A QUEBEC LE 17 MAI 1752.

The second tombstone on the right hand wall contains the following inscription :

A LA MEMOIRE
DU REV. PERE FELIX BEREY,
DERNIER SUPERIEUR DES RECOLLETS
EN CANADA,
DECEDE LE 18 MAI 1800,
ET DE TOUS LES MISSIONNAIRES
DU MEME ORDRE
DONT LES RESTES
FURENT PIEUSEMENT TRANSPORTES
DANS CETTE EGLISE,
APRES L'INCENDIE DE LEUR COUVENT
EN 1796.

A LA MEMOIRE
DU REV. PERE JEAN-JOSEPH CAZOT,
DERNIER MEMBRE DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JESUS
EN CANADA,
DECEDE AU COLLEGE DES JESUITES
LE 16 MARS 1800,
ET DE TOUS LES RELIGIEUX
DU MEME ORDRE,
DONT LES RESTES
REPOSENT DANS CETTE EGLISE.

Two other tombstones are attached to the pillars nearest to the choir, and serve to remind one of many glorious names :

A LA MEMOIRE
DES EVEQUES ET ARCHEVEQUES
DE QUEBEC
INHUMES DANS CETTE BASILIQUE.

MONSEIGNEUR FRANÇOIS-LOUIS POURROY DE LAUBERIVIERE
20 AVRIL 1740.

MONSEIGNEUR JEAN-OLIVIER BRIAND,
25 JUIN 1794.

MONSEIGNEUR JEAN-FRANÇOIS HUBERT,
17 OCTOBRE 1797.

MONSEIGNEUR JOSEPH-OCTAVE PLESSIS,
4 DECEMBRE 1825.

MONSEIGNEUR BERNARD-CLAUDE PANET,
14 FEVRIER 1833.

MONSEIGNEUR JOSEPH SIGNAY,
3 OCTOBRE 1850.

MONSEIGNEUR PIERRE-FLAVIEN TURGEON,
25 AOUT 1867.

MONSEIGNEUR CHARLES-FRANÇOIS BAILLARGEON,
13 OCTOBRE 1870.

To the above mortuary list should now be added another illustrious name : that of Cardinal Taschereau who was buried in the Basilica in the beginning of the year 1899.

Another inscription reads as follows :

A LA MEMOIRE
DES CURES DE QUEBEC
INHUMES DANS CETTE BASILIQUE.

HENRI DE BERNIERES,
3 DECEMBRE 1700.

PIERRE POCQUET,
17 AVRIL 1711.

L.-ANGO DES MAIZERETS,
2 AVRIL 1721.

THOMAS THIBOULT,
13 AVRIL 1724.

ETIENNE BOULLARD,
29 SEPTEMBRE 1733.

CHARLES PLANTE,
21 MARS 1744.

B.-S. DOSQUE,
31 JANVIER 1774.

A.-D. HUBERT,
7 JUIN 1792.

JOSEPH AUCLAIR,
2 DECEMBRE 1887.

Near the crypt of the cathedral is that of the Seminary Chapel which contains most precious remains, amongst others those of Mgr. de Montmorency-Laval, one of the father of New-France and the founder of the Church in Canada.

There also are laid at rest several of the Superiors of the Seminary, as well as many of the rectors of Laval University, amongst others Louis-Jacques Casault, brother of our Chief Justice, Mgr. Méthot and Mgr. Benjamin Paquet, who died quite recently.

Montcalm's Tomb.

It is in the Ursuline Chapel, in a grave dug by the explosion of a shell, that the illustrious warrior is laid. A marble slab, fastened to the right hand wall, makes known the exact spot in which he lies. The following inscription is there engraved :

HONNEUR
A
MONTCALM
LE DESTIN, EN LUI DEROBANT
LA VICTOIRE,
L'A RECOMPENSE PAR
UNE MORT GLORIEUSE.

In the presence of God dwelling in the tabernacle, and while listening to the sweet voices of women hidden behind the gratings of the monastery, I have often knelt over the grave and wondered what opinion posterity would finally hold regarding that great man.

Should he be admired without restriction, and no thought whatever be given to his faults ? Or should one judge of his mistakes with an implacable severity, and magnify them to such an extent as to lessen his glory ?

Excessive severity as well as excessive leniency are both wrong. Justice may have its rights, yet mercy also has hers. One must bear in mind that God forgives, and that human frailty is great, and common to all human beings.

Every man has two centres of gravity, because in his nature there are two different elements. His soul soars towards heaven and his body towards earth. He stands between both attractions, now inclining to one, and then to the other; occasionally he rises to a great height, and suddenly again, he comes down with a crash.

These two conflicting elements subject man, during his whole life, and he cannot get rid of them. Saint Paul, Saint Jerome and many others, who have reached the highest pinnacle of virtue, still felt the invisible chain which bound them to earth. Like balloons held captive, they could reach great heights, yet death alone which would sever the links could enable them to take their final flight towards heaven. So also are great sinners unable to ward off the thought of a higher life, and for that reason they are bound to suffer. They make strenuous efforts to sever the invisible cord which draws their souls to God ; but they fail. That divine attraction holds them fast, even though they be slaves to earthly impulses.

That double psychological problem is most marked in Montcalm's correspondence, certain portions of his private life are there too openly referred to, and cast a blemish upon the greatness and glory of his public life.

Indeed, I am not one of those men who believe in two codes of morals, one for public and the other for private life, one for

great men, another for ordinary individuals. Furthermore I maintain, that the higher a man is in the social scale, the higher should be his code of morals, in fact his life should be a model to his inferiors.

Yet, though he may be judged with as much, and with even greater severity than others, allowances must certainly be made for the particular circumstances under which he is placed, and also for the greater temptations by which he is assailed.

One must not be blind to that fact, the greater are a man's power, influence and glory, the greater are the temptations of which he is the object. Tempters of both sexes surround and attack him. In social life, the most beautiful and most seductive women do him homage, and far from being indifferent, he is much more sensitive than others. Extreme sensibility being one of the characteristics of great men.

Therefore, while condemning Montcalm for the serious immorality of which he was guilty, one must keep account of the attenuating circumstances, and moreover, the fact that he died for his country, must not be overlooked.

Mary Magdalen was pardoned, on account of the great love which she bore her divine Master; is it not therefore just to forgive the hero, who shed his blood for the love of his country?

Where almighty God has been pleased to forget such misdeeds, why should we recall them? Was it as a pledge of expiation that God drew him from family and friends, and as it were, cloistered him in a convent of virgins.

I fancy that this will be the decree of future generations; and some day a monument will be erected to him worthy of his glorious career, and of the brilliancy which it cast upon his race in the new world.

Here is the proud eulogy which the Academy of Inscriptions made of him, in an epitaph which was composed in 1763, and engraved upon a marble slab, placed in the Ursuline chapel in 1859:

HIC JACET
UTROQUE IN ORBE ÆTERNUM VICTURUS
LUDOVICUS JOSEPHUS DE MONTCALM GOZON
MARCHIO SANCTI MERANI, BARO GABRIACI
ORDINIS SANCTI LUDOVICI COMMENDATOR
LEGATUS GENERALIS EXERCITUUM GALLICORUM
EGREGIUS ET CIVIS ET MILES
NULLIUS REI APPETENS, PRÆTER QUAM VERÆ LAUDIS
INGENIO FELICI ET LITTERIS EXCULTO
OMNES MILITIA GRADUS PER CONTINUA DECORA EMENSUS
OMNIUM BELLI ARTIUM, TEMPORUM, DISCRIMINUM GNARUS
IN ITALIA, IN BOHEMIA, IN GERMANIA
DUX INDUSTRIUS
MANDATA SIBI, ITA SEMPER GERENS, UT MAJORIBUS PAR
HABERETUR JAM CLARUS PERICULIS
AD TUTANDUM CANADENSEM PROVINCIAM MISSUS
PARVA MILITUM MANU HOSTIUM COPIAS NON SEMEL REPULIT
PROPUGNACULA CEPIT VIRIS ARMISQUE INSTRUTISSIMA
ALGORIS, INEDIÆ, VIGILORUM, LABORIS, PATIENS,
SUIS UNICE PROSPICIENS, IMMEMOR SUI,
HOSTIS ACER VICTOR MANSUETUS
FORTUNAM VIRTUTE, VIRIUM INOPIAM, PERITIA
ET CELERITATE COMPENSAVIT
IMMINENS COLONIÆ FACTUM ET CONCILIO ET MANU PER
QUADRIENNIUM SUSTINUIT
TANDEM INGENTEM EXERCITUM DUCE STRENUO ET AUDACE
CLASSEMQUE OMNI BELLORUM MOLE GRAVEM
MULTIPLICI PRUDENTIA, DIU LUDIFICATUS
VI PERTRACTUS AD DIMICANDUM
IN PRIMA ACIE, IN PRIMO CONFLICTU, VULNERATUS,
RELIGIONI, QUAM SEMPER COLUERAT INNITANS,
MAGNO SUORUM DESIDERIO, NEC SINE HOSTIUM
MŒRORE EXTINCTUS EST
DIE XIV. SEPTEM. A. D. MDCCLIX
ÆTATE XLVIII
MORTALES OPTIMI DUCIS EXUVIAS, IN EXCAVATA HUMO,
QUAM CLOBUS BELLICUS DECIDENS, DESILIENSQUE DEFODERAT
GALLI LUGENTES DEPOSUERUNT
ET GENEROSÆ HOSTIUM FIDEI COMMENDARUNT.

Facing Montcalm's tombstone, in the Ursuline chapel, the Government of Quebec has erected one to three religious of

the Society of Jesus, whose remains were discovered in 1891, on the spot where their college chapel formerly stood, and where our City Hall is now. Here is a copy of the inscription :

HEIC. CONQVIESCVNT. IN. CHRISTO
TRES. E. SOCIETATE. IESU
DE. FIDE. CATHOLICA. EGREGIE. MERITI
IOANNES. DE. QVEN. DOMO. AMBIANUS. SACERDOS
QUI. LACVM. S. IOANNIS. LVSTRAVIT. PRIMVS
ALGONQVINOS. EXCOLVIT. ANNOS. XX.
LVE. AFFLATIS. OPEM. FERENS
CESSIT. E. VITA. QUEBECI. A. MDCLIX. A. N. P. M. LIX.
FRANCISCVS. DV PERON. NATIONE. GALLUS SACERDOS
IN. HVRONIBVS. RELIGIONE. CIVILIQVE. CVLTV. IMBVENDIS
ANNOS. XXVII. ADLABORAVIT. PRÆMIA. LABORVM. A. DEO. TVLIT
IN. CASTRO. S. LVDOVICI. A. MDCLXV.
IOANNES. LIEGEOIS. CAMPANVS. IN. GALLIA
REI. DOMESTICÆ. ADIVTOR. PATRIBVS. OPERAM.
SOLERTEM ANNOS XIX. PRÆBVIT
DVM. CHRISTI. FIDEM. AMPLEXOS. IN. REGIONE.
SILLERYA. TVTARETVR. AB. IROQVENSIBUS.
PECTORE. TRANSFOSSO. CAPITE.
ABSCISSO OCCVBIT. IV. KAL. IVNIAS. A. MDCLV.
A. N. P. M. LIV.
PROVINCIÆ. QUEBECENSIS. MODERATORES
COLLECTIS. RITE. RELIQVIIS
MONVMENTVM. POSVERVNT. IV. ID .MAIAS. A. MDCCCLXXXXI.

Facing Montcalm's tomb, at the foot of the opposite wall, rests the Honorable Pierre J. O. Chauveau, one of our most brilliant literary men.

The artist who carved his marble tombstone placed thereon a profile of the deceased, having below it an inkstand and pen, resting on a sheet of paper, upon which is engraved in golden letters the following verse from the Old Testament : " *Quaesivit verba utilia et conscripsit sermones rectissimos de veritate plenos.*"

If we may be allowed a few additional words to this fine eulogy, let us here reproduce what we wrote the day after his death :

" Mr. Chauveau was an upright citizen, a man of honor, and

a true Christian. He loved his country, his religion and letters. During the whole of his career, he was always faithful to those three loves. He was particularly fond of Quebec his native city, and the old city dearly loved him. He was a master in the art of writing. Verses often refused to obey his summons, and rhyme frequently ignored his beckoning, but prose was gracefully submissive to him. He was born shrewd, witty and gay..."

In the same chapel other tombstones recall other names : Sir N. F. Belleau and Lady Belleau. Madame Jean Langevin (née Laforce) mother of Sir Hector Langevin, and three of Mr. Chauveau's daughters who died before him, are laid to rest there. The crypt in the Hotel Dieu only dates back to 1800, yet many tombs are already counted, the most prominent of which can be found out by reading the inscriptions fitted into the walls ; they are Lady Langevin (Marie-Justine Tétu), and her daughter Léa, who died at nineteen years of age ; Honorable Justice David Roy, Honorable Mr. Louis Massue and Mme Massue, and Mr. Alexandre Lemoine their son-in-law.

In regard to the benefactresses of this hospital in its early days, their remains rest within the cloister, beside those of the religious who founded the establishment.

III

In the Catholic Cemeteries.

The two most important of these are the Saint Charles and the Belmont cemeteries. Both are admirably situated and shaded by beautiful trees. Belmont cemetery has the advantage of being upon a higher elevation, but that of Saint Charles is watered throughout its whole length by the pretty river from which it borrowed its name.

One could easily imagine that the noble pines which surround it are worthy survivors of the great primeval forests,

so majestically do they rise in all the beauty of their sombre, rustling foliage.

It would almost seem as though one could enjoy more peaceful rest within hearing of the gentle murmur of their great branches, and the monotonous sound of the flowing stream.

In this cemetery, a Way of the Cross has been erected, each station of which is in relief. It is terminated by a representation of Calvary, in which the personages represented are life size statues. The idea is a brilliant one and well worthy of imitation.

Some rather striking mausoleums decorate a few of the graves. My special attention was drawn to a stone chapel, and a very graceful little Greek temple formed by six handsome Corinthian columns.

I cannot but take particular notice of several names, as they remind me of people whom I knew well. They are those of Cauchon, Côté, Lemieux, Rhéaume, Légaré, Brunet, Hudon, Roy, Blanchet, Lelièvre and Mailhot.

A visit to Belmont Cemetery created a still greater impression upon me, as I went there in the autumn, at the end of September, a time of the year when nature is sadder though more beautiful. It was upon the evening of a lovely day, and the sun was just about to set behind the clouds. The view which nature presented filled me with emotion and delight.

The sun seemed tired after his long journey, and was gradually receding from earth, casting upon it a saddened glance, as though it had shared in all the woes, which he had witnessed upon the journey. As if all the ingratitude of men and the crimes committed under his soothing rays had deeply moved him, and to escape that sad sight, he was silently slipping beneath the horizon with his big luminous eye fixed upon our planet. " To-morrow however, I shall return, and see whether I cannot meet with more consoling sights."

And as though preparing for the joys of the morrow, he flooded the fields, forests and mountains with golden rays.

The foliage on the top of the great trees was being thinned out, and the leaves flew off with the least breath of wind. The hand of an invisible artist changed the color of their emerald coats, shading them with deep and beautiful tints of amber and purple.

Yet, barely had the task been accomplished, when the leaves fell to the ground, covering the graves with a thick and rich pall composed of the pontifical colors.

Was this simply a decoration? No, it was also a silken covering, which would serve to shelter the graves from the chill autumn winds, and from the biting frost. Under this hot coverlet, some flowers still could live and scatter their fragrance.

The heavens were growing pale, a long procession of dark clouds were sailing above the distant horizon, and might be compared to heavenly hearses, bearing our dead to better worlds.

The silence had that solemnity about it which one feels in an empty church, or within a palace in ruins. The birds alone kept up their songs in minor keys, and now and then the choirs were hushed, and melancholy solos were heard instead.

What a number of names on these tombstones, serving to remind one of intimate friends, and bringing back to memory recollections of a past, alas! so soon vanished.

There were the four Hamel brothers : Abraham, Theophile, Joseph and Ferdinand, next came my old colleagues, Judges Taschereau, Tessier, Bossé senior and McCord. There were lawyers, members of parliament, artists, politicians, Edward Taschereau, Amyot, Dessane, Evanturel, Honorable R. E. Caron, lieutenant-governor, Mme Caron and their daughter. There were rich merchants J. B. Renaud, Isidore Thibaudeau, Eugène Chinic, and many others whose names it would take too long to enumerate.

But, one particular tomb attracted my attention. It was a large block of stone laid on the ground, with no other decoration but a cross carved in relief, and beneath was simply the name : F. X. Garneau. Neither a word nor a date, and I thought of the funeral, the crowd which filled the cemetery,

and of Mr. Chauveau, who, standing upon the adjoining lot spoke the following words :

" François Xavier Garneau was a poet, a traveller, an historian, as well as a man of influence, courage, heroism, perseverance and unflinching will; he was unselfish and self-sacrificing. A certain fixed idea, a great mission to be fulfilled took a strong hold upon his mind. For the fulfillment of that object he sacrified all ; heart, intelligence, rest, wealth and health. The great task which he had undertaken, that of erecting a national monument, and of revising and completing it when it was finished, that was his main object in life.

" Sacrificing his rest, sleep and health, as well as the fortune which it would have been an easy matter for him to acquire, his time was devoted to his life work and thus he taught a great lesson of self-respect, love of country, and hope in the future. Our recognition would certainly have been but scanty, had it consisted but of this monument, which simple and expressive though it be, would yet be quite insufficient, if there were not another one far greater and lasting in the memory of a whole nation.

" Here are thy mortal remains laid at rest, under that tomb stone, upon that battlefield which thou has rendered famous, near the one thou hadst the joy of seeing erected to our heroes, and surrounded by the great beauties of nature of which thou wert so fond. In thy honor, will those great pines retain their sombre verdure, and the winter birds immortalized by thy verses will warble over thy grave. Those shifting lights of our northern skies, of which thou hast also sung, will surround thee and add lustre to thy crown. The remains of the heroes around thee may perhaps tremble beside thine ; the last natives whose plaint thou hast reproduced may wander about this enclosure ; thou shall perhaps hear strange sounds ; then shalt those repeat the strain of some of thy harmonious verses :

Perfide illusion, au pied de la colline
C'est l'acier du faucheur.

"This throng will silently disperse, night will fall, but in regard to thee, silence and night will never dwell in our souls, where thy memory shall be ever present."

IV

Two Protestant Cemeteries.

Saint-Mathew Cemetery, on Saint-John street, is I believe the oldest one in the city, excepting the crypts in the monasteries and churches. Many of the tombs there are crumbling, and some of the monuments are so old, that the lettering upon them is almost obliterated.

When Mount Hermon Cemetery was established, many of the graves in Saint-Mathew Cemetery were opened and the remains transferred to Mount Hermon. But there are still graves there well worthy of mention, amongst others those of Thomas Scott, a brother of Sir Walter Scott, who was paymaster in the Seventieth Regiment, garrisoned in Quebec in 1823. Like his illustrious brother, he also was a poet and Sir Walter spoke of him as "the unknown genius." Brigadier General Henry Hope, who died in 1789, after having been lieutenant-governor of Quebec. Lieutenant-General Peter Hunt, who died in 1805. Thomas Carey, literary ancestor of my friend Mr. George Stewart, was the first editor of the *Mercury*, in 1805.

Mount Hermon is much larger than Belmont Cemetery. The land is more uneven and more picturesque, gradually sloping towards the river in terraces, as far as the edge of the rugged cliff, where it towers above the broad, watery surface and commands a beautiful view.

It is surrounded by a high forest of pines and resinous trees ; and the winding pathways and alleys are shaded by maples, oaks and elms. Most of the graves are covered with flowers, and white, grey and red granite and marble tomb stones, dot the green. The monuments are rich, but lack variety in shape. There is a profusion of obelisks, columns,

and urns on pedesdals, there are also crosses but no real specimens of sculpture.

There are few or no epitaphs; only names and dates appearing. Yet names and dates mean a great deal, they speak in a particular manner to the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Mount Hermon cemetery is much more populous than any other burying-ground in the city; but may I use that term "populous" in reference to a grave-yard? And why not? Dead men are not reduced to nothingness; they exist, they live, not in the memory of men alone, but in another world.

I have visited it twice,—in December and in July. On the first occasion, it was the evening of a stormy day. I had been for a drive on Saint-Louis road, as far as the turn leading down to Saint-Foy Road, and on my way back, I took a fancy to go into the cemetery. The storm was over and night was just beginning to cast its dusky shades over the heavens—it was a cold December night, one on which things assume fantastic shapes.

The great spruce trees were overcast with snow-flakes, and looked like giants wrapt in palls; yet all had not human forms. There were the fossils of antediluvian monsters, animals seen in dreams and of unknown descent. And again, there appeared to stand before me monks in white robes with brown cowls, brothers of Mercy, who had black holes where their eyes should be. Further on were processions of nuns, whose heads were covered with white veils, and slowly ascending the slope.

The slightest breath of wind caused all these imaginary beings to shake their palls of snow, as though the dead were about to rise. And those clouds of white dust gently fell as a veil over the graves.

Soon however, the heavens brightened and the crescent of the moon finding its way through the trees, shed its warm light upon all the surroundings. The deepest calm then reigned. No longer a breath of wind, a shudder of the trees, a chirping of birds, not a sound could one hear in the city of the dead. It was the deep and eternal silence of the grave, and covered as they were by snow, the plots assumed the appearance of

hearses for children. In the distance, clouds of white smoke arose from the housetops, and scattered in the dry cold of the night.

The sight was mournful, terrifying, yet so grand and beautiful that never will it be forgotten.

Seven months later, in July, I revisited the same spot; what a wonderful contrast I then beheld! That place, so dull and gloomy when I had last seen it, had become a true picture of life, attractive and fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

The sun showered its warm rays lavishly upon the white marble and red granite tombstones. Green branches shaded the newly opened graves.

I sauntered through the shady or sunny pathways, reading the names carved upon the tombstones, which were sufficient to make a much larger directory than that of the city of the living!

I paused at several graves, particularly at those of men I had formerly known well, and some of whom had been my predecessors on the bench, or my colleagues.

Upon a huge, grey-stone sarcophagus, at least fifteen feet square, upon which were large blocks of red granite, I read these two names : H. Black and Okill Stuart. Both had preceded me on the bench of the vice-admiralty court, and I had often read and admired their learned dissertations on the subject of maritime law.

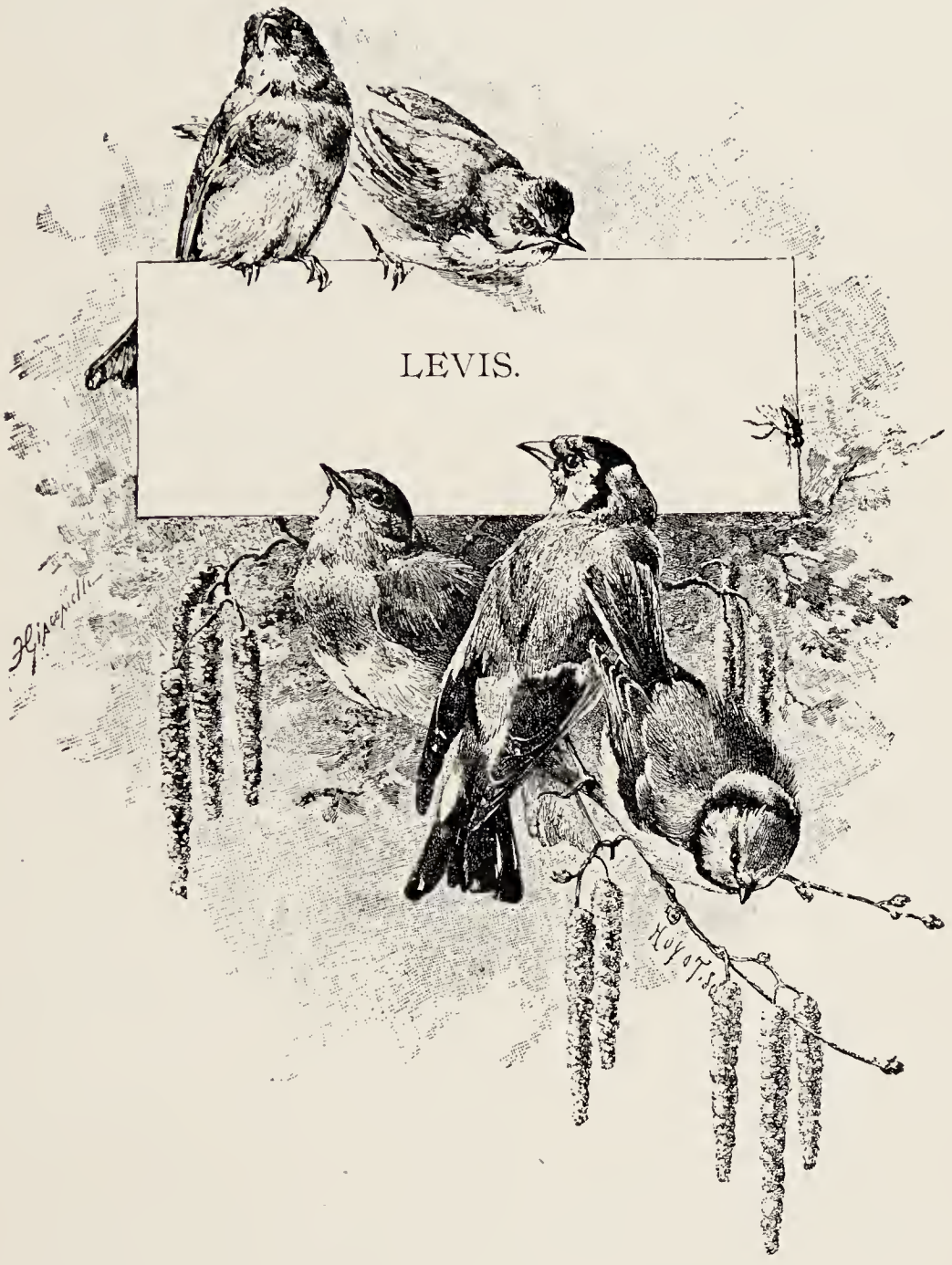
Further on, another name met my eye : William Collis Meredith, who for eighteen years was Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and a magistrate for thirty-five years. He was born in Ireland in 1812, and died in Quebec in 1894. On his marble tombstone are engraved these lines, which are a very humble and very incomplete eulogy to that great man : "A lofty ideal of duty and thoughtful consideration for others marked all his acts, and made bright his daily walk through life."

Further on, still another name strikes my notice, that of a

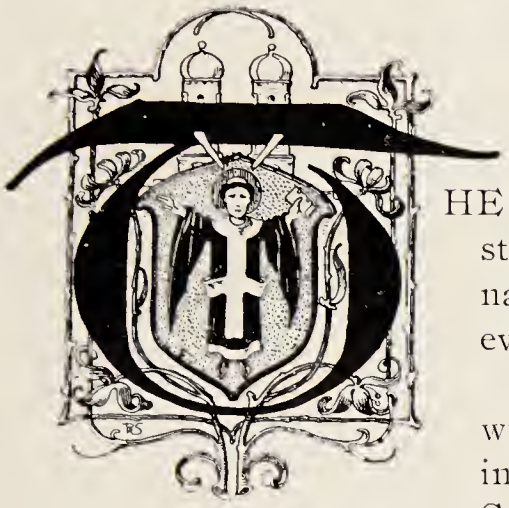
most eminent lawyer who was the father of my colleague, Honourable Judge Andrews.

And what a number of others with whose children and grand-children I come in daily contact! It would be a hard thing to mention the name of any English family in Quebec, whose name is not somewhere inscribed upon a tombstone in Mount Hermon Cemetery.




LEVIS.

LEVIS.



THE superb promontory, upon which stands the city of Levis, bore that name long before the city was ever founded.

As far back as 1629, Champlain wrote that Kertk's ships had put in an appearance "behind the Cape of Levy." Now, where did the name originate? Mr. J. E. Roy who has been mayor of Levis, and in truth is its historian, states that it was thus named in honor of Henry de Levy, Duke de Ventadour, viceroy of New-France in 1625. That name was later extended to the whole of the sea-coast called Point Levy.

Concerning the present city its name which is spelt "Levis," is taken from that of the most illustrious warrior in our history, the hero of the second battle on the Plains of Abraham.

The surrounding parishes and the city itself, belong to the ancient seigniory of Lauzon conceded to Jean de Lauzon in 1636, who had been intendant of the Company in New-France.

Mr. J. E. Roy has begun a very minute and interesting history of the seigniory of Lauzon. Two volumes have already been issued, and it is said that there are still two more to follow.

From that work we have taken the liberty of borrowing many of the historical facts which are about to be related.

The name of the first colonist in Levis was Guillaume Couture, who settled there in 1647. He was a great traveller and hunter, before he fixed his residence at Point Levy.

Strange to say, Mr. George Couture, a descendant from the fifth generation, was one of the most active fellow-workers of Mgr. Deziel in the foundation of Levis. This city is but a recent foundation, and its parish priest Mgr. Déziel may be regarded as its chief organizer. In 1843, that devoted ecclesiastic was parish priest at Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets, and was afterwards appointed to the church of Saint-Joseph of Levis. Two years later began the agitation caused by those who claimed the division of the parish, it lasted several years. There were petitions, contests and even law-suits. Finally in April 1850, the church was built. In that same year the Grand Trunk began constructing their railway. In the following year, seeing the progressive, religious, intellectual and material spirit which had taken a hold on the population, Mgr. Deziel established a college.

The direction of that institution was at first entrusted to Friars, but in 1860 they relinquished their authority in favor of the Quebec Seminary. In 1874 the Levis College became independent, and in 1876 classical studies formed part of their curriculum, which up to that time had been exclusively commercial.

The college was then affiliated to Laval University, and since then has progressed so rapidly that it had to be enlarged ; it now affords education to upwards of four hundred pupils. Other institutions were also being established at the same time, Saint Michæl's Hospital for sick or invalided priests was founded under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. In 1864 a convent was opened by the same nuns for the education of young ladies.

In 1861, Levis was laid out as a city, its population was then seven thousand.

The Hospital of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus, and that of Saint-Joseph-de-la-Délivrance completed as far as institutions

are concerned, the improvement of the city. In 1881 its population was 10,691.

Here is Mr. J. E. Roy's description of his native city :

" It rises like an amphitheatre, with three rows cut from the rock and turf. On the upper row are seen three imposing buildings, a college, a convent and an hospital. They look like the three most prominent personages in a picture. In the centre of this panorama shoots up the spire of Notre Dame surmounted by a cross. It towers above the whole of that



The Levis College.

radiant scene, and thereby demonstrates that the church is its main progressive element. To the right and left, are vacant lands upon which building has begun ; in time the town will extend to Lauzon and Saint-David. The daughter holds out her arms to the mother on one side, and to the child on the other. Some day no doubt, they will form but a single family."

Since then Levis has continued its progressive march and its industries have developed. The villages of Bienville and Saint-David have increased ; and when those scattered groups on the picturesque hill of Levis, from Saint-Joseph to Saint-

Romuald will have been joined together to form but one city, then will it be said that Levis is the Brooklyn of Quebec, should we be permitted to compare Quebec to New York.

What is quite allowable however, and may be considered a compliment to Levis, is to establish a comparison between it and Quebec.



Church of Notre Dame de Levis.

Like Quebec, Levis is most picturesque, and built as an amphitheatre on the shores of the incomparable river Saint Lawrence. Like Quebec, it abounds in beautiful scenery, delightful perspectives and unlimited views. Like Quebec, it has a fort no less formidable perhaps, than our Citadel.

Levis is one of Quebec's beauties, as Quebec is Levis's greatest charm. I mean that we Quebecers regard Levis as one of the most picturesque sights upon which we may gaze, and the Levis people have the advantage of seeing Quebec better than we do ourselves. They are quite at liberty to nurse the fond belief that it is to please them and for their benefit that the city of Champlain increases, and that the number of spires, cupolas and domes is always becoming greater. They may also harbor the illusion that Quebec is every night illuminated for their gratification, and that the myriads of stars which they see shining on the deep azure of the northern skies are there to dazzle and charm them.

They return the compliment, however the great variety

of its colorings prevent us from any wearisome feeling when viewing the magnificent panorama which Levis presents. Those colorings vary with every hour of the day, now they are bright and then they become shady and veiled, the morning sees them bathed in transparent mist and at night they are a blaze with the rays of the setting sun.

Morning is the time when Levis people may view Quebec in all its southern splendor. But for us Quebecers, the hour of sunset is that in which Levis can be seen clothed in her richest garb, it is then flooded with radiance and rays of ruby colored light shine upon her spires.

Like Quebec, the young city, has her port, her wharves, her shops, factories and houses which extend along the shore : that is her lower town. But the upper part of the city is much more important, it is perched upon a chain of steep promontories which give it the appearance of bastions joined together by gigantic forts.

Upon those natural, formidable and rough fortifications it gracefully sits surrounded by verdure and trees. The summits are shaded by great forests which are higher than all their surroundings ; upon these heights three forts have been erected, which might readily become terrible in any great emergency. Through the high forest-trees their menacing outlines may be seen or rather guessed at.

There are but very few large buildings yet, owing to the monumental pedestal upon which they are built, they have the appearance of being wonderfully high and stand out well with the azure sky as a background. The real monument of Levis is the College. It is very large, solidly put together in grey stone, and stands upon a rocky declivity whence it towers over the whole of the surrounding country which is of ideal beauty.

A chapel, or rather a church is joined to its western extremity, it is in Roman style of architecture and a work of art. It contains three naves, with two rows of columns which surround the choir and altar as well. The vaults have the regular Roman

curve, the centre one is beautifully lighted from windows which are on the second floor.

There is no profusion anywhere, none in coloring, nor in decoration. It is plain, natural, solid, graceful and bright. One can breathe freely there and may sit and admire without any fatigue to the eyes. Those pleasant touches of white and gold impart to the details of ornament a calm and distinguished appearance.



Church of Saint Joseph de Levis.

The front of the building is sufficiently carved and decorated, and two broad and graceful bay casements are there built in. It stands upon the summit of the cliff, and commands a splendid view of the river, it may be seen from the Quebec Seminary, of which it still has recollections.

The reason for this is, that Levis College was, for several years, under the direction of the Quebec Seminary and is still affiliated to Laval University.

Beside the college stands another pretty building, the Hotel Dieu of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus. It was established eight years ago on a most humble footing, it is already flourishing and has been greatly enlarged. The reason for that is because it answered a great need in the city, and has already done an immense amount of good.

Its mission is the same as that of the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, and it is in charge of nuns of the same order, though quite independent. The parish church of Levis stands in the middle of the city, and serves to crown it with its high steeple. It is very spacious, is built in brown stone and well put together, it is over two hundred feet long and seventy-six feet wide.

The portal is simple and severe, yet in conformity with the rules of art.

Here is the description which is given of the interior by Mr.



Convent of Notre Dame de Levis.

J. E. Roy, in his most interesting biographical sketch of Mgr. Déziel :

"The most prominent parts of the interior of the church are well proportioned. The grand central vault is borne up by an Ionian colonnade surrounding the nave and extending into the choir. The side vaults, leaning on pillars, support two arcades, which are attached to the walls of the building. At the end of the apsis, in the curved bay stands the main altar, which in shape is similar to that of Saint-Peter's in Rome. The canopy is supported by a Corinthian colonnade, and beneath is a statue of the Immaculate Conception. Sur-

rounding the statue is a semi-circular inscription on blue glass reading : " Regina sine labe concepta."

In order to complete the description of this church, it must be stated that on his return from Europe in 1866, Mgr. Déziel endowed it with ornaments which hitherto had been wanting, he also brought paintings from Rome for its decoration.

They are but copies of some of the works of great masters, yet they constitute a rich decoration for the church, in which the Way of the Cross is a copy of Van Dyck's at the Vatican.

By a strange coincidence, that edifice is built on the very ground upon which Wolfe's men had entrenched themselves



Hospital Saint Joseph de la Délivrance.

and set up their batteries in 1759. The church has got possession of that historical spot and is called Notre Dame de la Victoire! "Providence" says Mr. Roy, "was instrumental in allowing that on the same spot from which were fired shells that destroyed the little church of Our Lady of Victory, a century later would arise a church of the same name."

There is another large building in Levis which is much admired as seen from Dufferin Terrace and that is the Hospital of Saint Joseph de la Délivrance. That monumental structure is due to the bounty of the late George Couture to whom most of the other prominent institutions in Levis are

more or less indebted for their existence ; his brother, Mr. Ed. Couture, is making considerable additions to his work.

After this brief description of the city, it is but right to relate a few historical events about Saint-Joseph de Levis, from which parish the present city was formed. That old parish has often shared the fate of Quebec, particularly in time of war, and was always the first victim, owing to its outward situation and want of fortifications. In 1690 Phipps



Convent of Jesus Mary at Saint Joseph de Levis.

with his men made an attack upon Saint-Joseph de Levis, but they met with a reverse, owing to the pluck and patriotism with which the inhabitants received them.

The first engagements between Wolfe's men and the Canadians, in 1759, took place on its heights, and there was the first blood shed for the country.

It was at Saint-Joseph de Levis that Brigadier Monckton, at the head of his rangers, as well as two other regiments, met with the most stubborn resistance at the beginning of

hostilities. Soon, however, they captured the church and settled down there, at the end of June 1759.

By the following September, the church had been converted into an hospital, and that is where many of the wounded men were carried, after the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

On the spot where now stands Notre Dame, they had set up their batteries, and it is from that point that they met the greatest success in the bombardment of Quebec.



Chapel of the Sacred Heart and a corner of the recreation ground of the Convent of Jesus Mary, at Saint-Joseph de Levis.

At the beginning of the winter of 1760, when Murray was master of Quebec, he sent a detachment of men to take possession of the church and presbytery of Saint-Joseph de Levis.

Five years later Murray purchased the Lauzon Seigniory, which at the time comprised but three parishes : Saint-Joseph, Saint-Henry and Saint-Nicholas. Etienne Charest, from whom he had bought it, had done as a great many others did at that time, that is he disposed of his property and returned to France, where he died in 1783.

The city of Levis itself, which is not yet fifty years old, may still be numbered amongst the happy nations that have no history. Consequently the archives contain the record of no very important events.

One of the most interesting is the account of the visit of the Marquis de Lévis, on the 18th of June 1895.

It will be readily understood what an event this visit was to the young city when a representative of the family of that illustrious man was the guest of honor.

The demonstration was a grand one, and the general enthusiasm quite irrepressible.

The festivities began on June 17th and were initiated by an illumination of the city, which Quebecers were enabled to admire from the heights of Dufferin Terrace. From a Levis newspaper, "Le Quotidien," we have taken the liberty of borrowing a description of the entertainment.

"Levis on fire... but the fire is one of joy! That is the best term in which to describe the bright scene that Levis presented to view last night. The scene was enchanting, and thousands of eyes witnessed it from the Terrace, the Ramparts, the heights of Levis and elsewhere. Levis which is perched, so as to speak, on the edge of the steep declivity, is by day a magnificent sight to behold. But when on a beautiful summer's night and on such an occasion as last evening presented itself, it is suddenly witnessed springing out of its habitual darkness and ablaze with myriads of bright and dazzling lights of the most varied tints, one cannot resist a cry of admiration for the spectacle beyond compare which greets his vision.

"That is what occurred last night, when upon a given signal, the quiet and joyful city was suddenly transformed into a blaze of dazzling lights, much to the astonishment of thousands of spectators.

"The Marquis de Levis and his suite who were the honored guests and objects of the *fête de nuit*, which is but the forerunner of other demonstrations in their honor, must have been moved, when from the Terrace, they beheld Levis in holiday attire, and casting forth into the night rays of brightest light.

The sight of that city and the name that it bears, must have recalled to their minds many a proud family tradition.

" All the main public buildings were resplendent with light. The most striking among them being : the college, the hospital, convent, city hall, workman's building, Intercolonial station, King's boot and shoe factory and Carrier, Lainé & Co's workshops.

Bengal lights everywhere shed their red, green and azure tints on the houses and on the thick foliage of the trees. It was simply fairy-land.

" Bonfires were also seen here and there on the slopes of Saint-Joseph de Levis and Saint-David, casting their wan glare on the peaceful waters of the river Saint-Lawrence, and imparting to their surface, tints of iridescent hues.

" Needless to say our streets and public places were crowded with throngs of lively masses."

The distinguished visitors were, the Marquis and Marchioness de Levis, Marquis de Nicolay, great grandson of the hero of Saint-Foy, and the Marchioness de Nicolay, Countess d'Hinnisdal, niece of the Marchioness de Levis, Count and Countess d'Hunolstein, daughter of the Marquis de Levis of Mirepoix.

The boat which bore them from Quebec to Levis was all adorned with flags, and many prominent Quebec citizens crossed with them.

The whole population of Levis was there to receive and greet the party, and the leading citizens, headed by the mayor stood on the wharf to welcome them.

Handsome carriages awaited to drive them through the main streets, which were illuminated and decorated with bunting, inscriptions and royal banners of old France. They were thus led up to the City Hall, where thousands of people were awaiting to cheer them. It was a gorgeous and never to be forgotten sight.

Mr. Isidore Belleau, advocate, and mayor of the City then read the following address so full of lofty sentiments :

" Monsieur le Marquis,

" The Citizens of Levis, are here to welcome you, and offer their most cordial and sympathetic greeting.

" Your arrival in this old Province of Quebec, has, as you have already ascertained, been the occasion of general rejoicings, yet no where was the pleasure so great as that which you may read upon the beaming faces which surround you.

" The honor which you have conferred upon our young city in making it your first stopping place is much appreciated, and we are flattered by the preference shown us.

" Why should we not admit at once, that we claimed the privilege of your first visit? You are proud of your name. You find it here honored, borne with pride, and associated to the destinies of a young city which, though modest in its proportions, aspires to some day a more prominent part on its little corner of French soil.

" You are proud of your name,—all your surroundings here tend to remind you of it. Nowhere can be found as great a number of traditions, which while giving a vivid illustration of French valor and pluck, also cover the great name of Levis with a mantle of glory.

" In front of us stands the promontory of Quebec, which was the last bulwark of France in America; to the west are the plains of Abraham and Sillery, and to the East, the Isle of Orleans and Point Levis. At this very place did the enemy endeavour to conceal their movements, and Chevalier de Levis watched them with an attentive and anxious eye.

" What reminiscences, Monsieur le Marquis!

" After having long contemplated this grand scenery, and fondly gathered those precious souvenirs of the past, you might go and kneel at the feet of Notre Dame de Levis, that Madonna which is a faithful reproduction of one which for two centuries in the Abbey de La Roche, watches over the tombs of your ancestors. There is the place, at the foot of that miraculous statue, that the first sympathetic chord between our heart and yours was ever touched.

" While entrusting that sacred deposit to the faithful of Levis, you made but one request :—that France should not be forgotten in their prayers.

" Every circumstance connected with that gift, the thoughtfulness, as well as the touching message sent with it, moved us deeply.

" Therein we recognized the French and Catholic heart and the delicacy of the old nobility, which in 1870 so proudly bore both cross and sword. They were the flower of Christians and heroes, and to them the white standard was of double symbolism, while wrapt in its folds they died in distant lands with their eyes turned to France, and offering up their souls to God.

" Thus died Montcalm. Thus lived Levis.

" And while the illustrious Marquis was breathing his last and pressed the crucifix to his lips, after the disastrous day on the Plains of Abraham, the noble knight, who shared his glory was going to France the bearer of a token of love.

" That precious message, Monsieur le Marquis, was transmitted to your family. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and upon reaching you, no doubt awakened in your bosom that kindly interest which members of your family have always taken in French Canada, and which is demonstrated by such delicate attentions.

" France has kept the remains of the hero of Carillon and Saint-Foy. But in giving us the manuscripts containing his " mémoires," the father of the noble Marquis who is with you returned us his heart.

" It is regarded as the most valuable legacy which this French Province could hope for from the grandson of Chevalier de Levis.

" Pray be most welcome to our midst.

" The gates of Levis are opened wide to receive you.

" We are sons of the same mother, France, and as brothers we greet you, as our hearts share alike in its glorious traditions.

" Kindly convey, Monsieur le Marquis, to Madame la Mar-

quise and the other distinguished visitors who are with you the expression of our deepest respect and homage."

To that most cordial address, the Marquis de Levis replied as follows :

" Mr. Mayor,

" I wish to thank you for the greeting which you have given me, this day will be a red letter day in my life. Through you, I also wish to thank all those who have come in such numbers to welcome me, and of whom you are the worthy representative. I thank you for myself, for my wife and her niece Mlle d'Hinnisdal, who accompanies us.

" In the name of the Marquis and Marchioness de Nicolay, I wish to tender most special expressions of gratitude, as the Marchioness de Nicolay is a grand-daughter of Chevalier de Levis.

" In the name of all, I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart. Such expressions were already on our lips last night, when we gazed with admiration upon the beautiful illumination, which was so wonderfully mirrored in the waters of the Saint-Lawrence while you were celebrating our arrival in such a friendly way.

" The evening was spent by me, admiring the sight which was really one of the most enchanting I have ever seen.

" I was there surrounded by a number of friends and my thoughts were those of admiration and gratitude.

" I am proud to see my name borne by such a thriving city, and this forms a link between the past and the present, and recalls to mind many most glorious traditions.

" It reminds me of that motto quoted by the son of the hero of Saint-Foy : " Noblesse oblige." It binds me to you irrevocably. No changes nor revolutions, nor anything in fact could ever make you forget your origin, nor could I on the other hand make little of mine. You have wished to place your city under the protection of the Mother of Christ, and it was your wish to choose as your patron that Virgin to whom, upwards of six hundred years ago, my ancestors erected a

chapel, where their remains are laid at rest, as well as those of some of the greatest religious warriors; where my father reposes and where I also will be placed some day.

" You have raised her above your altars, and personally I have had the joy of establishing that link between us. Thank you, Monsieur le Curé, for having given me that sacred trust. You readily understood the joy with which I would fulfil it. Together we shall kneel at the foot of this venerated image. We shall there offer up our prayers for Canada, for France and also for the kind Sovereign under whose dominion you have retained your liberty, virtue, and traditions, and under whom you are progressing with marvellous rapidity.

" Side by side we shall pray there to-day, and later on when the ocean which bore us here on her waters, will again stand between us, we shall not in reality be separated, as our souls will be united in thought and prayer, and more than ever then will we be brothers, children of the same mother " Notre Dame de Lévis."

After the cheers which greeted this speech had subsided, they entered the council chamber, where Marquis de Levis took a seat beside the Mayor.

There was a full meeting of the Council and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

" Proposed by councillor Ed. Couture, seconded by councillors Hamel and Lainé,

" Resolved :

" That this Council welcomes with joy and emotion the arrival at Levis of Marquis de Levis and Madame la Marquise de Levis, Marquis and Marchioness de Nicolay, Count and Countess d'Hunolstein and of Mlle la Comtesse d'Hunnisdal.

" That they wish to tender to these distinguished guests a most hearty welcome on the occasion of their first visit to Levis.

" Proposed by Councillor Carrier, seconded by Councillors Lamontagne and Lacerte,

" Resolved :

" That the Council of the City of Levis, wishing to do homage to the memory of Henri de Lévy, duc de Ventadour, vice-roy of New-France, and of Chevalier de Levis, general of the King's armies, and taking advantage of the occasion which so gracefully presents itself, owing to the presence here of Mr. le Marquis Gaston de Lévis, they do declare and order as follows :

" I. The seal of the City of Levis is hereby changed, and in that which will in future be substituted in its stead, will appear the crest and motto of the de Levis family as follows :

" Three gold sable stripes supporting a Crown and the following motto inscribed on an unfolded sheet : Dieu ayde au second chrestien Lévis.

" II. A copy of the above arms, bearing the signature of His Worship the Mayor and that of the Secretary-Treasurer, will be deposited in the office of the Council and in the archives, and another will be placed in the most prominent place on the wall of the Council Hall.

" III. The present regulation shall be published and put into execution within the shortest possible time.

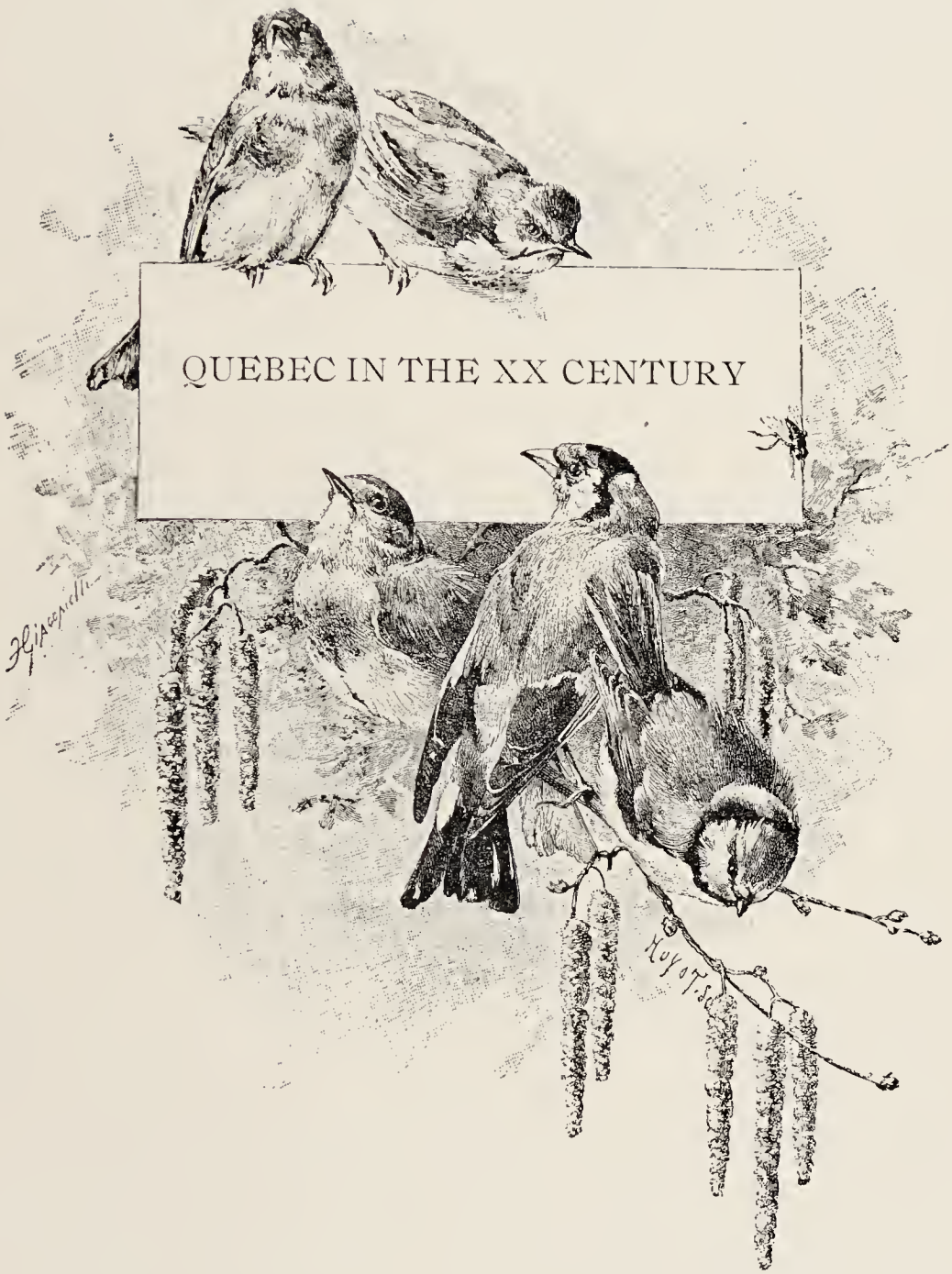
" Proposed by Councillor Robitaille and seconded by Councillors Beaulieu and Louis Couture,

" Resolved :

" That as a mark of appreciation of the visit of Marquis de Levis, Marquis de Nicolay and Count d'Hunolstein, and as a recognition of the interest they take in our city, this council confers upon them the title of Citizens of Levis, as well as the freedom of the City."



Arrival of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona, 1535.


QUEBEC IN THE XX CENTURY

I

Quebec in the XX Century.



Y task is drawing to a close, and I grieve at having been unable to devote more time and study to it. However, insufficient though it be to worthily sound the praises of the old City of Champlain, yet I trust that my work will result in making it better known, appreciated and loved. The object of this book is to induce people to admire and love Quebec; yet I wish the city to be loved less for itself than for that which therein is represented.

Canada is our country and we should love it as a whole. But the Canadian nation is divided into two races, and in Quebec the French race is more prominently represented.

As regards ideas and sentiments, it strikes me as though this province is our own particular country, of which Quebec is not only the capital, but the heart and soul as well.



AN IROQUOIS WATCHING THE COLONISTS,
By Philippe Hébert.

As I have stated in the introduction, Quebec is "The Monument of French Nationality," and it is owing to this characteristic that we should love it.

I have therefore made it a point, throughout this book, of praising those of our ancestors, who best loved New-France, and who toiled the hardest in order to defend it and maintain its existence.

Now, dear reader, if I have been happy enough to succeed in interesting you in the fate of our beautiful capital and in its past history, you will most naturally take an interest in its future. It is but legitimate curiosity to ask a man whom you meet and much more so a nation: "Whither goest thou? *Quo Vadis?*"

But who could be a prophet in his own country, when Christ himself could not? It is therefore quite impossible for us to fathom its future destinies.

Will the federal link, which binds the British provinces of North America, last many years more? Will not the colonial bond which is now so strong, be broken in the twentieth century? And should that bond be severed, what is to become of the confederated provinces? Will they join the great American Republic? Will they be formed into a federation of united states? Or will they form into separate small republics?

All these situations are possible, though some are more probable than others, but none can truly say what the future holds in store for us, nor what will be the ultimate fate of the French race, of which Quebec is the stronghold.

Let us not worry, however, about those obscure possibilities, for we may rest assured that the Province of Quebec will have a special part to play. Let us have confidence in our future welfare, and in the meantime, leave no stone unturned which may result in furthering our greatness and glory.

Quebec, at the opening of the new century, appears to be entering upon an era of material progress. Of late years it is certainly expanding and improving wonderfully; and all the schemes which are projected can certainly be realized.

As far as I am concerned, I am fully convinced of it, and am

now about to give you a description of what I fancy Quebec will be in years to come, and of what tourists, more numerous than ever, will see and admire before the twentieth century is half through.



WITHOUT MERCY—by Philippe Hébert.

II

There will then be more ways of reaching Quebec than there are now.

The Great Northern will have been considerably developed. It will extend through the chain of the Laurentian Mountains



WITHOUT MERCY—by Philippe Hébert.



WITHOUT MERCY—by Philippe Hébert.

and thousands of our western American neighbors will thus convey to Quebec the valuable products of their rich country.

The Quebec and Lake Huron railway, more recently constructed, will compete with the former; yet, the enormous Western American traffic will be great enough to keep both roads busy.



National Bank Building, lower-town.

The Hudson Bay Railway, more recently built and less popular, will however, be a most important channel for a different kind of trade. With the Lake Saint-John Railway, with which it will be connected, it will put Quebec in communication with the extreme North, and all its unknown wealth.

The Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Quebec Central Railways will pass into our city, as the bridge which is to join the two shores of the river will soon be built, and these lines will all meet in a Grand Union Station.

Great steamers, running twenty-five knots an hour, will ply between Quebec and Liverpool in five days, bringing out tourists and emigrants from old Europe. Thus not only will

our great river not stop travellers at our gates, but we will then have the most direct line of communication between the old and the new worlds.



Very old building, near the historic church of our Lady of Victories, Lower-Town.

Nor will Winter cause any interruption to navigation; as at that time people will have realized that Winter navigation on the Saint-Lawrence can be easily accomplished. Enterprising men will take the matter in hand, and thus insure its success; every week will bring to Quebec heavily laden vessels with travellers from both worlds.

New wharves, docks for large ships, transports and elevators will line our shores. There will be great bustle in our port, and the varied colors of the smoke stacks of vessels will present a busy and animated sight.

Quebec's gigantic bridge will in no way interfere with the largest vessels, for it will rise one hundred and fifty

feet above the water at high-tide, and its great central span will be eighteen hundred feet from one centre to the other of its giant pillars. Its total length between the abutments will be three thousand three hundred and twenty feet; and the cantilevers — those wonderful levers of modern industry, will reach about four hundred feet above the surface of the water.

That gigantic undertaking will certainly be one of the wonders of the twentieth century.



Famous photographic establishment in Quebec, near the City Hall.

Yet, Quebec's progress will not have been but of a commercial, industrial and maritime nature. Its artistic and monumental developments will be so great, that it will be considered as the most beautiful city on the American continent.

At present, tourists reaching Quebec by water, feel rather disappointed not to behold at the summit of the cliff, a monstrous tower or dungeon rising above all other fortifications. The Citadel looks buried in the verdure of the glacis, and is not quite striking enough, nor does it appear sufficiently imposing or formidable in its attitude of a lion rampant.

It would be more suitable that the British lion should be dominated by a dungeon tower, similar to that standing on the shores of the Thames at Windsor Castle, and it would be well that the head of the lion should be held high, facing the sea and the frontiers.

The twentieth century will not be very old before that deficiency is remedied, and then will Lord Dufferin's project become an accomplished fact. A Chateau, flanked with a tower and battlements, will there be erected, as a crowning to the fortress, and there will be the summer residence of our Governors general.

Another improvement already planned, is a park at Buttes-à-Neveu, which will be called Montcalm Park. There are few cities in the world having a more appropriate site for a park, within easier access to the people, or in a prettier or more picturesque spot.

Nature alone has done most of the work needed for a place of that kind. There are great ponds, which will be much admired, when bridges are built over them. There are pretty hillocks, graceful slopes, sharp declivities and ravines, which can be converted into noisy cascades.

There are springs surrounded by rocks, beautiful lawns, winding pathways which make the place most fascinating in every respect.

To transform that spot into a park it will be sufficient to lay water pipes and plant trees ; and considering that the boundaries will extend, on the eastern side to the high walls of the Citadel, on the western to the two Martello towers, on the northern to the handsome residences on Grande Allée, and on the southern, to the great river with its deep waves rolling four hundred feet beneath, it will be readily granted that a more picturesque ground could not easily be found.

Finally, after having viewed all these sights, tourists will be able to return from the noisy and dusty streets to the charming Dufferin Terrace, through the new aerial gallery attached to the cliff at Cape Diamond.

New monuments will then be seen upon that beautiful

promenade—Jacques-Cartier, Frontenac, Iberville, Montcalm, Levis, Laval and Plessis will have their own statues, while those of some of our Jesuit martyrs, as well as of some of the intendants, will stand around the City Hall.

Our Post-Office shall have been transformed, and will then be one of Quebec's finest monuments.



Quebec and Lake Saint-John Railway Station.

The ugly group of houses now in front of it will have disappeared, and grass, flowers and trees will be seen there instead. The front view of the Post-Office will then be quite an ideal one.

But, the main front of the enlarged building will be on the opposite side, and it will deserve the title of Postal Palace. In

order to form a contrast between its architecture and the mediœval style of Chateau Frontenac, the Post-Office will be a Grecian monument and the new facade, as well as the gable end fronting towards the river, will present the same appearance as the beautiful temples of ancient Greece.

Above the basement will rise a handsome double portico formed by two rows of columns in Doric style, and bearing upon the carved tops of these columns will be a massive pediment. What a sight that will be for promenaders on the terrace! And in winter, what a fine shelter from snow and rain will be afforded by that portico!



Harbour Commissioners' Offices.

Another great scheme will be considered, at a time more or less distant than that we refer to. There will be question of building a Pantheon upon the site of the old Parliament Buildings, where that pretty little Frontenac park is now established. Of course, it will not be on the same scale as the celebrated edifice in Paris, but it will be conducted on the same principles. Galleries of sculpture and painting will be opened, as well as an historical museum, in order to perpetuate the memory of our great men in various ways.

Some bold artists will also propose the erection of a graceful bridge joining the Terrace to the portico of the Postal

Palace, and that portico to the upper gallery of the Pantheon. The double row of columns supporting that bridge would be copies of the Propylœa the vestibule in the Acropolis of Athens. That would be the most beautiful of our fortified gates.

In the course of the twentieth century, what a number of other unforeseen improvements will be made to enhance Quebec's natural beauty! Then will the second part of its motto be more fully realized : *Industriâ crescit.*

Our city will then be so beautiful and pleasant to live in, that people will say of it what Lysippus said of Athens : " He who has no desire to see it is stupid; he who sees it and is not pleased with it is still more stupid ; but the height of stupidity is to see it, like it and leave it ! "

III

How far off are the days when Quebec, in the name of civilization, struggled against barbarism ! And what wonderful bravery our fore-fathers must have possessed to keep up that heroic struggle for so many years, while the help they received from France was so scanty.

The many Indian tribes, which at that time constituted the population of this country, stubbornly refused all the benefits of civilization, and for that reason merciless war had to be waged against them.

The Iroquois particularly, were cruel, dauntless and powerful enemies, and they kept up the struggle for a long time. Our, *coureurs des bois*, sternly fought them, and many were the hand to hand combats in which they were finally victorious.

In reading the tales of the Homeric exploits of Le Moyne d'Iberville and his brothers, of Lambert Closse and of so many others, one may at times believe that their cruelty was unworthy of Christian heroes.

Yet, it is well to bear in mind that their enemies were ferocious, and knew not the difference between inhumanity and strength and bravery. Kind treatment they considered a sign of weakness and cowardice, so in order to intimidate them, our

ancestors were compelled to be as cruel as the Indians themselves.

The customs of the times regarding warfare must also be taken into account; then it is known, that one of the commands of the Code of Chivalry read as follows: "To infidels thou shalt wage an incessant and merciless war."

Now, the Indians were infidels, who treated our ancestors with the utmost cruelty, and it was necessary to retaliate in like manner.

Even between the French and English, these transgressions of Christian international law were quite frequent, and both claimed in justification of their deeds, the urgency of inspiring terror to the Indians, as they were alternatively allied to the two parties.

How far distant those days are now! Yet, what a number of years it took to calm the bitter feeling which these terrible struggles between the two races had created!

The twentieth century will witness an increase of fraternal sentiments between the two elements.

The English in Quebec will at least bear in mind the following historical facts which are often forgotten elsewhere:

1° That we are the seniors in the Canadian family, the first who dwelt on its soil, and that it is customary with England to respect birthright.

2° That there were two battles on the Plains of Abraham, and that in the last we were victorious.

3° That in 1776 we saved British power in America, by repulsing the attacks and alluring offers of our neighbors, the Americans.

4° That we again fought for British power and possibly saved it in 1813.

5° That in the Dominion though we are in the minority, our numbers are greater in the Province, that it is less hazardous for the stronger ones to make concessions, as they are placed at greater advantage; and that we have in that respect given them noble examples.

All this is perfectly well understood in Quebec, at the very

dawn of the twentieth century, and nothing there now interferes with the harmony between the two races, though both still retain their characteristic features.

The old rivalry between Quebec and Montreal is also at an end. There were never any love quarrels between them, as formerly between Argos and Troy, and though some other Helens may possibly have changed cities, or even husbands, such grievous offences never caused war between Quebec and Montreal.

The cause of the misunderstanding between the two cities was rather like that which existed between Carthage and Rome, it was a rivalry for power, particularly in regard to maritime trade. Carthage had a fine natural sea-port ; and Rome had the turbid and muddy Tiber, which she dredged incessantly, in order to facilitate navigation. In those ancient times that was a sufficient cause for war, Rome then issued her famous Delenda est Carthago.

Montreal, however, never meant to destroy Quebec ; though Quebec may have had ill-feelings towards Montreal, she never intended to sack the city.

During the first decade of the twentieth century, perfect harmony reigns ; the two cities mutually assist each other, and each has fallen into its proper place. The western trade is enough for both, and though the greater vessels may favor Quebec, still Montreal seizes upon the smaller ones.

Another rivalry, however, has sprung up between the two great centres, and far from interfering with their progress, it helps them, as it is exclusively of a literary and artistic nature.

That is the noblest, the most generous, and I may add the most necessary emulation to our national life ; Quebec's ambition is not to equal Montreal or Toronto in a material way, but she will not be outdone in intellectual advancement, for she must worthily represent the French race in America.

And now, my beloved city, I offer thee this work, dedicated to thy glory. Be grateful for the effort, and indulgent to the author.

It has not fulfilled my hopes, and to thee also it may be a disappointment. Yet, my whole soul was in the work, and to its accomplishment I devoted my few leisure hours.

I began it with enthusiasm and the work then appeared to me not lacking in brilliancy. Yet! everything which then looked bright, now seems to me dull. Alas! I fear that I was unworthy to properly sound thy praises, and I still knew thee too little!

Vainly have I made a study of thee in the many works of of our historians; vainly did Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Casgrain, Sulte, LeMoine, Gagnon, Roy, Tetu, Turcotte and many others, unfold to me their stores of knowledge, and allow me to gather therefrom. Thy greatness still escaped from my grasp, and I have beheld but a fraction of thy beauty.

Nevertheless, I have endeavoured to fathom thy greatness, and I feel as though that effort has elevated me. My attempt will at least be appreciated. I did not wish my countrymen to be of those to whom the Old Testament refers in saying: "They wished not to remember the things of the past, and have disappeared as though they had never existed.

A. B. ROUTHIER.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.
Frontispiece	1
French Canadian Emblems, the Beaver and Maple Leaf	V
This book was edited	VI
Woman's head	5
Reverie	49
Saint Antony of Padua, Patron of the Church of the Franciscan Ladies	84
Young Canadian girl	102
Angel, Birds and ruins	115
Lambert Closse, an early Canadian settler, with his famous dog Pilot, watching the Iroquois foe. Bronze group by Philip Hébert	116
French soldier on guard on the lofty Citadel of Quebec, in 1759	124
DeRepentigny presenting the lodging permit to Philibert	128
Angelique des Meloises	133
Gossiping on the market-place	134
On the way to Beaumanoir	138
Following an Elk	140
Canadian huntsman's cabin on the road leading to Beaumanoir	141
The cheerful guests of Beaumanoir	143
Starting for Beaumanoir after a late meeting of the Council	145
Giving orders to Cadet	146
Montmorency Falls	151
Leaving Quebec, never to return	152
A gift from Heaven	173
The Merry Chime of Xmas bells	178
Christmas night	227
Spring Concert	278
Flowers and Fruit	336
Flowers and birds	
Arrival of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona, 1535	678
An Iroquois watching the Colonists. By Philippe Hébert	382
Without Mercy—by Philippe Hébert	384
The same viewed from another side	385
The same viewed from a third point	386

MODERN QUEBEC.

	Page.
The Citadel, Dufferin Terrace and Chateau Frontenac	10
Inscription showing the spot where Montgomery fell on the 31st of December 1775	12
The University Battery	13
Church of Saint-Columbia, at Sillery	16
Convent of Jesus and Mary, at Sillery	17
The Citadel viewed from the Port	19
The Terrace and Lower Town viewed from the Citadel	19
Montmorency Falls	22
Mountain Hill	23
Little Champlain street	24
Under-the-Fort street	24
The Esplanade	27
D'Auteuil street	27
Abraham hill	27
Citadel hill	27
Saint-Joseph street	31
Saint-John Street	32
Place d'Armes Square	33
The Parliament building	51
The City Hall	51
The Terrace and Chateau Frontenac	59
The Chateau Frontenac viewed from Laval University	59
Archbishop's Palace	61
The Prison	65
Custom House	65
New court house	65
The Basilica	69
Interior of the Basilica	71
Our Lady of Victories	75
Church of Saint-John-the Baptist	81
Convent and Church of the Franciscan ladies	85
Church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside	86

	Page.
Interior of the church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside	87
Villa Manresa	88
Parish Church of Saint-Roch	90
Parish Church of Saint-Sauveur	91
Church of Saint-Malo	92
Methodist Church	94
Saint-Mathew's Church	94
Finlay Asylum	94
Anglican Cathedral	95
Hotel-Dieu of the Precious Blood	96
Laval University	97
Grand Seminary	97
College	97
The Drill-Shed	100
The Skating-rink	101
Garrison Club-House	101
Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy	106
Interior of the Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy	107
Good Shepherd Asylum	109
The General Hospital	110
The Marine Hospital	110
Chapel of the Men's Congregation in upper town	111
Chapel of the Men's Congregation Saint-Roch	112
Our Lady of the Guard	113
The Golden Dog	120
The Post Office	121
Montcalm's House	137
Champlain's Monument	169
Frontenac, by Philippe Hebert.	187
Wolfe, by Philippe Hebert.	209
Montcalm, by Philippe Hebert.	210
Saint-Foy church.	227
Lévis, by Philippe Hebert.	229
De Salaberry, by Philippe Hebert.	243
Quebec, view from the Legislative Palace.	283
View taken from Chateau Frontenac.	283
Monument of the first Missionary.	289
Monument erected to the memory of many brave soldiers.	289
Monument of Wolfe and Montcalm	289
Soldiers' Monument on Saint-Foy Road.	291
Wolfe's Monument	305
One of the recreation grounds of the Ursuline Monastery	307
Birds' eye view of Ursuline Monastery	309
A corner of one of the recreation grounds of the Ursuline Monastery	309
Little Champlain street.	313
Sous-le-Cap street.	314
New Saint-Louis Gate viewed from both sides.	315
Hope Gate.	316
Kent Gate.	316
Prescott Gate viewed from both sides	318
Beauport church.	322
Interior of the Beauport Church	323
Beauport Asylum.	325
Abenaquis (a halt in the forest), by Philippe Hebert.	333
The Levis College.	363
Church of Notre-Dame de Levis	364
Church of Saint-Joseph de Levis	366
Convent of Notre-Dame de Levis	367
Hospital Saint-Joseph de la Délivrance.	368
Convent of Jesus and Mary, at Saint-Joseph de Levis	369
Chapel of the Sacred Heart and a corner of the recreation grounds of the Convent of Jesus and Mary, at Saint-Joseph de Levis	370
National Bank Building, Lower-town.	387
Very old building, near the historic church of our Lady of Victories, Lower-town.	388
Famous photographic establishment in Quebec, near the City Hall.	389
Quebec and Lake Saint-John Railway station.	391
Harbour Commissioners' Offices.	392
OLD QUEBEC.	
Old Saint John Gate.	32
Saint John street showing the famous old bakery.	32
Demolishing old Quebec.	38
Inside of old Saint-Louis Gate.	40
Old Prescott gate.	41
The Royal engineers departing from their barracks, 1871.	42
The 60th Regiment departing from the Citadel, 1871.	43

Page.

Old war materials exposed for sale on the Queen's wharf, 1871. . . 45
The Wolfe and Montcalm monument, 1871 47
The old Jesuits' College. 54
Old court house. 65
Snow lion modelled by the students in front of Laval University in 1894. 120
Chateau Saint-Louis in 1698. . . . 137
Ruins of the Chateau Beaumanoir. 137
The Intendant's palace. 143
Jacques Cartier's conference with with the Indians. 162
Cape Diamond 163
Champlain's monument. 169
First dwelling in Quebec. 172
Statue standing upon Champlain's monument. 177
First Ursuline Convent, built in 1642. 183
Ursuline Convent rebuilt in 1687 . 184
Defense of Quebec in 1690. 188
A glimpse at Old Quebec:
Second Recollet Convent. . . . 191
The Intendant's Palace. 191
Jesuit's Church and College. . . 191
The Cathedral in 1760 191
Ursuline Convent in 1759. 196
Quebec in 1720. 197
Plan of Quebec in 1759. 203
Plan of the St. Lawrence from Sillery to Montmorency in 1759. . 207
Quebec, view taken from Beauport, 1851. 211
Quebec from Indian Cove, 1759. . 212
Upper Town Market and Parish Church, 1832. 213
The lower part of Quebec from the parapet of the Upper Town, 1833 214
Death of General Wolfe. 215
View of Esplanade and Fortifications, 1832. 217
View of the Place d'Armes and Episcopal Cathedral, 1832. . . . 218
Death of General Montcalm. . . . 219
Quebec from Point Levis, 1759. . 221
The Intendant's Palace, 1759. . . 222
Quebec from Point Levis, 1832. . . 223
Haldimand Castle, 1704. 224

Page.

Quebec from Wolfe's Cove, 1833. . 225
Old Saint-Foy church. 227
Quebec, from below Aubigny church, Point Levis, 1833. . . . 230
After the siege of 1759 — Ruins
General view of Quebec. 236
The Cathedral, Jesuits' College and Recollet Church. 236
The Treasury and the Jesuits' College. 237
Interior of the Jesuits' Church. . 237
Interior of the Recollet Church. 237
Church of Notre-Dame des Victoires. 240
Bishop's Palace. 240
Parliament Buildings, from 1833 to 1851 294
Parliament Buildings, from 1851 to 1854. 296
Old Saint-Louis Gate viewed on both sides. 315

PORTRAITS.

Samuel de Champlain, Founder of Quebec IV
Lady Minto VII
Nelson 148
Jacques Cartier 166
Bishop of Laval 181
Cardinal Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau 245
Lord Minto 250
Lady Minto 251
The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G. C. M. G. 252
Honorable Sir Louis Amable Jetté. 253
His Grace Mgr. Louis Nazaire Bégin 254
Honorable N. S. Parent 255
Hon. Sir Charles Alphonse Pelletier 256
Honorable Adélard Turgeon . . 257
Honorable F. G. N. Dechêne . . 258
Honorable Justice H. C. Pelletier. 259
Honorable Charles Fitzpatrick . . 260
Judges of the Court of King's Bench:
Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste . . 261
Hon. Joseph Guillaume Bossé . 261
Hon. Jean-Gervais-Protais Blanchet 261
Hon. Jonathan Sexton Campbell Wurtele 261

	Page.
Hon. Robert-Newton Hall	261
Judges of the Superior Court of Quebec:	
Hon. Sir Louis-Napoléon Casault	263
Hon. Adolphe-Basile Routhier	263
Hon. Louis-Bonaventure Caron	263
Hon. Frederick-William Andrews	263
Mgr. O. Mathieu, P. A.	265
Mgr. C. A. Marois, P. A.	266
Mgr. C. O. Gagnon, P. A.	267
Mgr. T. E. Hamel, P. A.	268
Mgr. H. Hétu, C. S. S.	269
Mgr. J. C. K. Laflamme	270
Hon. Thomas Chapais	271
Dr. N. E. Dionne	272
Hon. Pierre Boucher de la Bruère	273
Lieut. Col. Oscar Pelletier	274

INDEX TO CHAPTERS.

Dedication to Her Excellency the Countess of Minto VII

Acceptation of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto VIII

Introduction 1

PICTURESQUE QUEBEC.

I. Its incomparable site . . . 9
II. Arrival at Quebec 15
III. Quebec at night 30

MONUMENTAL QUEBEC

I. General view 37
II. Fortifications and Terraces . 44
III. The Palaces 50
IV. The Churches 67
V. Other Monuments 93

SYMBOLIC AND RELIGIOUS QUEBEC 105

LEGENDARY QUEBEC.

I. The Golden Dog 119
II. Bigot's love affairs 136
III. Nelson's romance 148

HISTORIC QUEBEC.

I. Prehistorical Quebec . . . 157
II. Foundation of Quebec . . . 167
III. From Champlain to Frontenac 179
IV. First half of the XVIII Century 189
V. The last Battles 200
VI. Quebec under Britisa domination 235

SOCIAL QUEBEC 249

ARCHEOLOGICAL QUEBEC

I. Stones that speak 281
II. Here and there 312

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

I. The After Life 339
II. In the Crypts 341
III. In the Catholic Cemeteries . 351
IV. Two Protestant Cemeteries . 355

LEVIS 362

QUEBEC IN THE XX CENTURY. 381

F 5497 .Q3 R78
Routhier, A. B. (Adolphe
Quebec, a quaint mediaeval Fre
010101 000
0 1163 0201838 1
TRENT UNIVERSITY

F5497 .Q3R78
Routhier, Sir Adolphe Basile
Quebec, a quaint mediaeval French city in America...

DATE	ISSUED TO 185933

185933